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~~My dear, My dear~~

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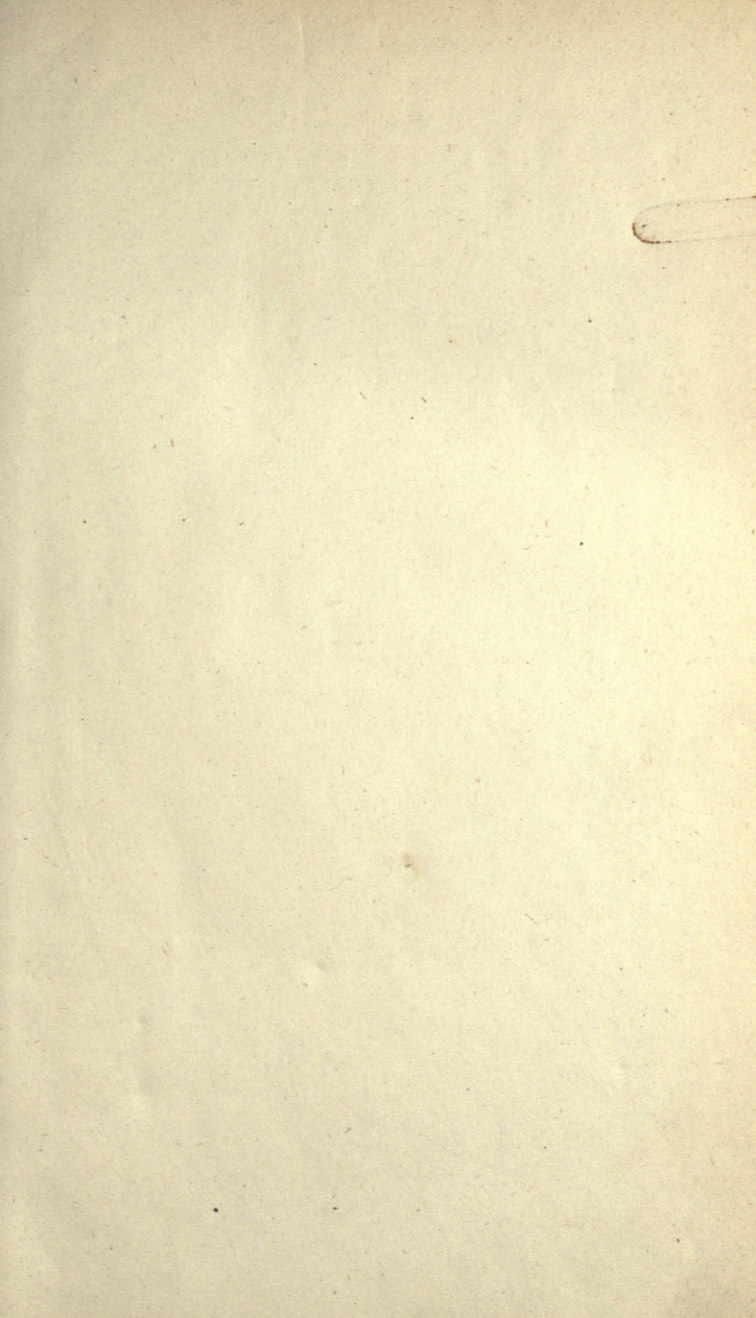
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THE AUTHOR CONTEMPLATES THE "PERILS OF THE PERIOD."

PERSONALS;

OR,

ERILS

OF THE

ERIOD.

BY JOSEPH HERTFORD.



NEW YORK:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1870.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by

JOSEPH HERTFORD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Southern District of New York.

AUTHOR'S DEBUT.

IT is an absurd notion with authors generally that it is essential with them to apologize in the commencement of the work they put forth by asking, or rather claiming, an indulgence for any errors or imperfections that may be found in the pages to which the attention of the reader is directed. Others there are who as often beg that the critical public may extend to them such a meed of leniency as will enable them at some future period to stimulate them still further in their literary labors, that their sphere of usefulness may be in some measure extended. It may be proper, therefore, for me to respectfully ask that such favors may be granted by the indulgent reader in this, my first effort, for in truth, I have never written for the *Ledger*; am not a minister; a curate's wife or daughter; but simply a plain matter-of-fact person, whose best efforts have ever been directed to point out the evils and the good of this life; ever remembering that our mission here on earth should be (as it was intended by the Creator) one of "Christian Charity, Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth." The object of the author is, to a great extent,

intended to propagate these moral principles, thereby pointing out to them, whose special province it is to direct the minds of those under their special guardianship and to inculcate into their young hearts the lessons taught by their own experience, and to direct their thoughts in the channel of virtue and morality; and also show them that, by adopting an opposite course, they lessen themselves in the estimation of those who regard prudence and honor as the high moral standard of perfection in the female character. The reader will not for one moment imagine that in offering the succeeding chapters to them, that I will be guilty of the unpardonable sin in giving real names or places in the incidents I have related; but the facts from which the subject is taken may be relied upon as truthful and correct, not with the view of adding embarrassment to any, but for the purpose of showing the evil tendencies of such advertisements as those styled "*Personals*." Dr. Johnson playfully pushed away a little girl who had not read the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," saying: "Then I'll not give a farthing for you." This was not intended in unkindness, but would incite the child's attention to the book. Let me, therefore, say in the same spirit of kindness, read this, my first simple effort as an author.

THE WRITER MAKES A PROPOSITION TO AMELIORATE THE
CONDITION OF FALLEN WOMEN.

In submitting the manuscript pages of this book, a short time ago, to a well-known publisher, he predicted

for it a very large sale, saying: "That such a work, from its moral tone and apparent truthfulness, would be read by a large portion of young persons of both sexes, but more especially females, who, from motives of curiosity, rather than a desire for improvement in their morals, would eagerly peruse each page and chapter to discover what course this Miss or that Mrs. had next taken in her career. And again, on the other hand, parents would recognize in it such readable matter as could well be introduced into any respectable family with propriety, because it would caution young ladies what they should guard against, and what undoubtedly would be the result of their imprudence in disregarding the lessons of advice it contained."

I inquired of Mr. H—, the publisher, if he could give me an approximate idea of the number of volumes their firm would be likely to dispose of. He replied, "that he thought in the neighborhood of 10,000 or 15,000; probably a much larger number."

This flattering recognition of my authorship, although spoken in a tone of apparent sincerity, I, however, accepted "*cum grano salis*."

I then remarked to Mr. H—, that without questioning his judgment or the calculations upon which he had based his figures, I would make a proposition, viz.:

That all the net profit which might be derived after the sale of five thousand copies, I would most cheerfully give to some such institution as the House of the Good Shepherd, to aid in the good work over which

the ladies of that home so faithfully preside; or, I would as cheerfully join hands with any philanthropist, of whatever persuasion, who would contribute a like amount, having for its object the founding of a home of a similar character, for the good and reformation of that class of society.

There were many reasons that presented themselves which it is needless now to repeat, why I did not employ this enterprising firm to introduce the book to the public, the principal one being a proposition, that they should have the entire control of the work, copyright, &c., &c., and at the conclusion of sales, to render an account to me of profit and loss. This seeming to me like the handle of a pitcher. all on one side, I of course dissented.

J. H.

Personals, or Perils of the Period.

INFLUENCE OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

THE public press can exert a most powerful influence either for good or for evil ; it is a fulcrum of thought from which we may be directed to branch out step by step in the advancement of civilization, or it may have a tendency to degrade our manhood so low as to vitiate our intellect by creating a morbid appetite for such novelties as neither tend to elevate the mind nor the heart. It may be offered by journalists that their pages are open to the public for all legitimate matter that may come within the meaning of that term, and further, it may be advanced, that it is not their province to question the propriety or impropriety, morality or immorality, of the subject-matter handed to them for publication, but simply to regard it with the one all-absorbing view or idea, "will it pay." Again, it may be said, oh ! here is some modern philanthropist, who steps in, forsooth, and directs especial attention to our columns, that we may be held up to public odium for having devoted the first page of our journal to the heading of "Personals;" be it so. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Yet had those same journalists a regard for the public weal, or a

desire to elevate the condition of society, and not degrade the moral circle by pandering to the tastes of their patrons (who either being uneducated or their sense of prudence had so far forsaken them as to stoop to the impropriety of replying to the tempting advertisements which appear from day to day under the head of "Personals"), they would divert their columns to a more legitimate and healthful sphere of enterprise. It is presumed that the proprietors or editors of such journals referred to are gentlemen who are blessed with happy families, or have sisters or mothers, and it is earnestly hoped that this simple and unpretending volume may be placed in their hands, in order that the lesson it is intended to convey may be read and disseminated by them, and become, as it were so to speak, a "household word." There is another class into whose hands it is hoped that this may fall; I refer to brethren as well in a fraternal sense as those, who may have a kind and loving sister who may, by a like kind and loving affection from him, be shielded and protected from the evils arising from the vicious influence and tendency of these "Personals." Let him look in his own pathway and see the most beautiful flowers of God's creation plucked by the hands of the destroyer, and cast aside only when their fragrance is gone, and all their beauties and purity faded forever. Yes, brothers, you can, by your kind and loving counsels, direct the minds of your dear sisters to higher and nobler aims; elevate them by your honorable example; it is you, whose every day experience of the world can point out to them the snares and temptations by which they are surrounded, and are thrown around their pure hearts; and rest assured that the advice which you may offer to them in that direction in guarding them against such evils, will

not be disregarded by any virtuous mind, but will be more attentively listened to coming from you than emanating from any other source, for none could so well advance the subject with more propriety except a pastor, parent, or guardian; you will also have the pleasing reflection in after life, when perhaps you may be surrounded by a happy family of your own, of knowing that you had aided in directing the path of those who, by the influence you exerted, were then leading a well-spent life through the advice and effects of the lessons so taught by you.

A public journalist makes the following remarks in one of his editions, yet the scathing rebuke seems but to add new power to their pen, and the rate is increased from forty cents per line of nine words to seventy-five cents per line. This may be cited as an additional evidence, if any were wanting, to show the pernicious influence they exert on the minds of young persons.

“Almost everything useful is liable to be made an instrument of evil by unscrupulous persons. The advertising columns of a leading newspaper are a striking illustration of this truism. They are invaluable as media of communication between business men and the public, but they also serve the purposes of charlatans, sharpers, profligates, and indeed of scoundrels of every phase and type. Body and soul are poisoned through their agency—the one by plausible recommendations of pernicious philters, purporting to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to; the other by lures thrown out and traps ingeniously set by debauchees and the panders of debauchery. Thieves and other villains safely correspond through the advertising department of a metropolitan journal, and make occult arrangements for the perpetration of crime and the division of plunder. The police are aware of the fact, but are seldom able to pierce the meaning of the mysterious and seemingly senseless jargon in which rascals thus carry on their secret intercourse under the very noses of the public. Sometimes our detectives discover the key to a communication of

this nature; but no sooner is one species of cipher "blown upon" then another is invented, and justice is again baffled and left in the dark. That the publishers of advertising newspapers ought to exercise a sharper moral supervision over their business columns than they appear to think it necessary to do, is felt by every good citizen. There is a class of advertisements the *animus* of which is unmistakable. We refer to certain insidious and villainous little paragraphs which are conspicuously paraded under the head of "Personal." Society knows what they mean. There is not a boy or girl of sixteen years of age who is not aware of their object and intent, and of course publishers and editors understand them perfectly. They do infinite mischief; are a disgrace to Christian civilization, and a foul outrage upon public decency. They foster pruriency and promote demoralization. Immoral books can be suppressed by law, why should indecent advertisements be tolerated? The profligate volume is read by comparatively few, but the more directly pernicious invitation to vice in a two or three line "Personal" is seen by everybody. It goes where Byron says his publishers informed him that certain cantos of his *Don Juan* could never go—into families. Thousands of young women read it, and we are sorry to say that the "Personal column" is a part of the paper which seems to have a peculiar interest for many of them. Nay, more; hundreds of young girls thoughtlessly make use of the facilities it affords to have a "bit of fun," as they phrase it. Such fun is dangerous. It is impossible to touch pitch without being more or less defiled.

"A journalist occupies a most responsible position. He is, or ought to be, a conservator of public morals, and when, either through carelessness or design, he permits his sheet to play the part of a vicious go-between and a tempter, he brings his profession and the press to shame."

And still another, in even stronger language says:

"And it is to be desired that the law may reach that notorious public assignation-house, the "Personal" column of a nameless and shameless daily journal—a column specially set apart for the use of lewd villains who insult school-girls in the street, and follow married women to their doors, nay, even into their homes, by means of this scandalous 'Personal advertising.'"

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE—THE SCENES PRESENTED THERE
DAILY—THE AMERICAN GOLGOTHA—BONES AND BILLET
DOUX.

To the stranger who has never visited this vast metropolitan city, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief description of the above institution. Unlike similar places in other cities of less magnitude, it is situated in a narrow, confined street, called Nassau Street, near the great moneyed centre of America, Wall Street. In former times it was used as a meeting-house, but for years past has served the community and the government in the capacity of a post-office. Anxious crowds are seen from the hour of opening in the morning until its close at night; all nationalities mingling in the throng, each finding partial ingress and egress through its narrow doors, and as anxiously making the usual inquiry for some brief response in the form of a letter, perhaps from some loved sister, brother, or nearer relative. This interesting building, although inconveniently situated, affords partial accommodation to the stranger lady or gentleman, and also to the commercial community. The former are attended at separate windows and corridors, and the latter are provided with boxes or compartments for better security as well as conveni-

ence, for which a yearly rental of \$12.00 per annum is exacted, returning a handsome revenue to the government. The clerks are gentlemanly and polite to all, and such is the precision and accuracy with which business at this establishment is conducted, that no unnecessary delay is occasioned, and fewer mistakes occur in this office than any other in the country, when, taking into consideration the daily distribution of tons weight of mail matter passing through the hands of the employees, directed to all quarters of the globe. It is often made a channel of communication by those who pervert the legitimate course of its usefulness to subserve some base purpose; but by a recent wise enactment of the post-office department it has been adopted that all such mail matter as may come within the portals of the office, of that character, is considered (to use a war expression) "contraband," and is at once consigned to the chirographical morgue—the dead letter office at Washington, where it is destroyed. This system being adopted, it becomes necessary for those resorting to such a course to have their communications addressed to the office of some journal; hence we find in almost all newspaper offices a division set apart for that purpose, where replies may be obtained to advertisements inserted in their columns, whether for good or for evil purposes.

The government, seeing the urgent necessity of meeting the growing wants of this great commercial community here, wisely resolved to erect a suitable edifice that will, it is hoped, be not only an ornament to the most conspicuous part of the city, from its beautiful architectural design, but also afford the accommodation the public so greatly needed. The wealth and commerce of the nation demand all the facilities that can

be afforded to further the cause of progress and civilization.

In the report of the late Post-Master General (Randall) to Congress, he incidentally refers to the present inconvenient building, and gives the following facts and figures to show how near-sighted our government has been in adopting the "penny wise and pound foolish" system so long, that he has succeeded in convincing our law-makers of the unsoundness of their policy in this one particular at least. He says:

"I must again urge that steps be immediately taken to erect a suitable post-office in the city of New York. A most eligible site has been purchased there for this purpose. The necessities of the public service demand that there shall be no further delay in this case. The building now occupied for a post-office is what is left of an old church. It is patched and battered, full of dark corners and discomforts. The sunlight can scarcely penetrate its gloomy interior. Gas is burnt there day and night, and men work by it. It is over an old grave-yard, and under its rotten floors lie skulls and bones, and the damp mold of dead men. On removing the floors for repairs a short time ago, these unwholesome sights were exposed to view. The building is unfit for any use whatever; yet there, in summer and winter, in heat and cold, by gaslight from night until morning, and from morning until night, 300 men are at work for the people of the whole United States, and inhaling a poisoned atmosphere every breath they draw. It is a disgrace to the city of New York and a disgrace to the nation. An average of nearly thirty men are sick all the time from laboring in that unwholesome place.

"The post-office department pays every year for extra help on account of it a sum equal to interest on half a million of dollars. It is not always that a commercial and moneyed centre of a nation is the same. But the city of New York is both the moneyed centre and commercial centre of the Western Hemisphere. In fifty years it may be the moneyed centre and commercial centre of the world. In less than 20 years the city will contain a population of at least 3,000,000 of people, a population equal

to that of all the colonies at the date of the Revolution. It is time now to begin to do something to meet its growing necessities. The post-office building is unsafe. It is liable at any-time to burn down, and scarcely a day passes but there goes through that office in money drafts and securities, from \$10,000-000 to \$30,000,000 in value. To erect suitable public buildings there is the nation's work, and the nation's representatives ought to attend to it.

CHAPTER II.

AN INCIDENT AT THE WICKET—FINDING A LOVE LETTER—JUAL
AMEGIO'S ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HERALD.

As I entered the post-office referred to (in the last chapter) one morning in the fall of 1866, my attention was directed to a young man of very uncouth appearance, coming from the stranger's window with a large bundle of letters—so many, that his two hands could not quite hold them—and in his well-directed efforts to more securely grasp them in his palms, he allowed one of them to slip on to the floor or passage way. As I happened in such close proximity to him, and with the intention of relieving his temporary embarrassment, I stooped and picked up the interesting missive; but while I was in the act of so doing he seemed anxious to hasten away, and muttered to me something to the effect, "that I might retain it."

The singularity of the remark and the unusual circumstance, created my surprise, and I went forward to the window from which the person just a moment before had come with the letters, and stated the occurrence to the clerk (who knew me), and offered to him the letter, at the same time stating what I had fancied the person remarked to me, when I had stooped to aid him in its recovery—"that I might keep it." The

clerk also advised me to do so, saying that "he presumed the person meant what I had told him that he had said," at the same time remarking that they were only replies to advertisements, and were, for the most part, written for amusement; and that if I was so inclined, I might have a little pastime as well in that way as in any other. So I came to the same conclusion, and in his presence I opened the letter. I was at once struck with the apparent sincerity and style of the writer, such was the character of the language employed, and the force of reasoning embodied in every line of the note, wherein excuse was offered for undertaking the step she had taken (for the letter was from a lady) in thus addressing a stranger, although a fictitious name and address were given, that I felt an irresistible impulse, first to find the advertisement to which it referred, and next to (if possible) make the acquaintance of the lady. With that view I hastened to purchase the *Herald*, where I found the following:

A young gentleman twenty-eight years of age, and a lover of fun, would like to make the acquaintance of a limited number of young ladies, who would be willing to exchange photographs; object, amusement and perhaps matrimony.

Address,

JUAL AMEGIO,

Post-office, New York.

Here was a theme for reflection; could any young lady so far forget her dignity as to answer such a production as the above? was the question I inquired of myself; and how gladly did I thank myself for being the lucky possessor of the missive which I had picked up, and which was worthy of falling into better hands than those of Jual Amegio, who certainly had more the appearance of serving at a counter in some neigh-

boring shambles, than one who could make the acquaintance of a lady of talent, such as the one referred to, and to whom I had the pleasure of restoring that same missive, with its accompanying lessons and explanation, on the banks of the Hudson. Yet my curiosity was further aroused, and having the force of bad example for my tutor, I was tempted to follow in the footsteps of my predecessor, and pen such an advertisement as would call forth at least some other evidence that there were other ladies who might be as easily induced to reply to an advertisement from my pen, as from one who had evidently assumed a Spanish name for the purpose of attracting ; or rather dissembling his true character.

About that time there appeared in the columns of the *Waverly Magazine* (a journal devoted to literary thought of a higher order, published and edited by Moses A. Dow, Esq., Boston), an allusion to this character of advertisements, from the pen of the editor, which ran thus, and which still appears in its columns in every issue :

“ Being assured by some of our correspondents that there is no objection expressed about these notices, and being convinced that most all are from those who wish only to relieve the monotony of daily life, we have concluded to insert them for the present. We particularly caution the young of both sexes not to write anything they are not willing every body should read, for they may regret it if they do ; they are only intended for amusement for the time being, and no one should look upon them in any other light.”

There is hardly a better way of understanding mankind, than that of narrowly examining our own hearts. Whatever we observe in others, we have the germ of it

in ourselves. I accordingly wrote my personal, and enclosed \$2.00 for its insertion in the *Waverly*—and which appeared after a lapse of two or three weeks.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR'S APPEAL FOR INTERCHANGE OF THOUGHT—MISS
LOTTIE E. LATROBE—WHISPERS FROM THE CATSKILLS.

A lady of moral and intellectual culture, desirous of passing the evenings of the coming fall and winter in a pleasant interchange of thought on any subject (matrimony not excepted), will find in the advertiser a gentleman of undoubted respectability, and willing to furnish parent or guardian the best evidence of his honorable motives and social position.

Address, J. H. DAVENPORT,
Post-office Box 6825, New York.

The reader will very naturally say, here is also a theme for reflection; and so it was, and turned out subsequently to be so. I had just at that time emerged from a series of unforeseen troubles, and my mind naturally wandered to some channel of thought that would at once divert the intellect from reveling in the sorrows of the past, and perhaps I might find in the replies to such an advertisement some such genial warmth, or purity of heart, that would not only give peace to a troubled spirit, which had been bowed down with affliction of no common character, but might also lead to a better understanding of mankind, by learning more of the class of persons who replied to these advertisements. There are many young men who seek to enjoy themselves in a variety of ways, in such

a large city as New York. The places of amusement are almost always crowded at every season of the year—billiard saloons forming no mean exception—

“Nor envies he ought, more idle the sport,
Who pant with application missapplied to trivial joys,
And pushing ivory balls across a velvet level,
Feel a joy akin to rapture when the bauble
Finds its destined goal of difficult access.”

My source of amusement lies in cultivating a taste for the good and beautiful in nature and art. Yet I would not have my good readers think for a moment that I am perfection, for it seems a sort of principle among mankind to appear other than they really are. There are proud and supercilious skeptics, who affect to pity simple-minded Christians, referring pride and destruction to humility and peace—what a continuous source of pleasure to the heart, what an increasing source of joy to the spirit, would it be if mankind would always dwell together in peace and love. We have the inspired promise that it shall come. The leopard and the lion, the wolf and the lamb, will lie down together—but the time is not yet; while sin is alive, sorrow will never die, and therefore though our paths are thronged with countless mercies, we must not expect them to abound with thornless flowers.

What traveler along the Hudson has not been struck with the magnificence of its scenery, the sublime grandeur of its mountains, the picturesque beauty of its fertile hills, with its flourishing towns and villages, jutting out at intervals along its banks. The tourist in pursuit of pleasure can not fail to find enjoyment in gazing upon the natural beauty of the landscape presented to his view, on rounding every curve by steamboat or railroad. The suburban villas and residences

dotted all along the public highway form no mean part in rendering the abounding scenery attractive; the interstices being fitted up by the skillful hand of the architect and artisan, cunningly embellishing and replacing what nature had neglected or forgotten. Here and there all along the river may be found those beautiful residences which lend additional charm to the scenery: the house of some retired merchant, or banker, seeking repose and peace in his rural retreat, after the lapse of a struggle with the varying commercial world; or, perhaps, more favored by some fortunate speculation, he seeks that recreation in such a home, which is at once conducive to health and longevity. It was here that Washington Irving found a pleasant seclusion from the bustle and confusion of city life, where he compiled that beautiful tribute of his taste and genius, and which adorns nearly every well-selected library (see Irving's life of Washington).

It was at one of these beautiful suburban retreats that the letter was written which I picked up in the post-office, and addressed to my quondam donor—Jual Amegio—as stated in a former chapter. It was from the pen of a lady possessing an education of no common character—the style of chirography being of the first order. It ran thus:

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, August, 1866.

SIR—I trust you will overlook my seeming want of propriety in thus addressing you, a stranger, in reply to your advertisement, which appeared in the *Herald* of yesterday. It is due to truth to say that this is my first attempt in departing from what may be termed a breach of good sense or etiquette, but if you please take into consideration the monotony of life in this dull region (although surrounded by all the charms and beauties of nature), for a young lady of nineteen summers, and whose only

companion at present is a stern, middle-aged housekeeper, whose frown sends a chill through my veins, you may probably say, that I need some such relief as answering an unknown correspondent ; certainly, the novelty of those advertisements I have noticed from time to time, and the very idea of finding something to base a subject for future study, induced me, at this time, to favor your request—besides, it is just now vacation, and in a few weeks more I will resume my studies at the seminary not far from this place, where all my leisure moments will be fully employed in scholastic duties, and in the genial companionship of warm hearts—until then I am willing to be your correspondent.

Very respectfully,

LOTTIE E. LATROBE.

To JUAL AMEGIO,

Post-office, New York.

There were two paths now open to me, either of which I might select with profit to both ; besides, courtesy demanded of me that at least I should either return the letter to this lady, with its accompanying explanation, or that by acceding to the favor she so kindly granted, I might be enabled, by a course of reasoning, to point out to her that what she termed a “seeming breach of good sense and etiquette,” was in reality so ; and surrounded with all the dangers arising from which she might not easily retrograde, and which might also be attended with all the manifold evils, by a dereliction of duty, entailing upon her the worst consequences of such imprudence. I might also find a very agreeable pastime in improving my literary taste ; with these views I addressed a note to—

MISS LOTTIE E. LATROBE,

Catskill Station, Hudson River, N. Y.

Miss—Courtesy, which forms one of the characteristics of a true gentlemen, demands that I should acknowledge the receipt

of your esteemed favor of 16th inst., although not addressed to me personally. The circumstances under which I became the fortunate possessor of your note, is at once novel and interesting, and admits of some explanation from me, although I can not affirm that I could consistently fulfill the terms of the advertisement referred to in all its particulars, yet I am persuaded to the belief that a correspondence with a lady (such as I believe you to be) would prove to be a source of mutual benefit to both, and might probably lead to the most pleasing results. If I can relieve the *ennui* of one dull hour in the seclusion of your rural home, by relating the incident of the letter, or otherwise employ language to improve an acquaintance so strangely begun, I shall indeed be amply repaid.

With respect, I am, Miss,

Your obedient servant,

J. H. DAVENPORT.

Box—Post-office.

This note called forth a very pleasing reply from Miss Lottie E. LaTrobe, and which resulted in still further correspondence on the subject of the "Personals," and the peculiar circumstance of my finding the letter. Each succeeding missive which came from the mountains of Catskill breathed forth a purity of sentiment and pathos that would do credit to a lady of more mature years, and it became at once apparent to me that Miss L. had attained a more advanced stage of womanhood than nineteen summers; however, the motives for avoiding the accustomed channel of epistolary correspondence at once directs that a certain disguise is necessary to ensure that secrecy from insult and exposure, which might be naturally expected to follow from so clandestine a course. Miss LaTrobe was perfectly secure from this humiliation. I had taken the best method of informing myself that I was corresponding not only with a lady of education and refinement, but

of respectability, whose only apparent fault was a departure from prudence and good sense, in which she hoped to find something that would serve the double purpose of pleasure and happiness. If there is one thing more than another that can assume different shapes, it is the phantom we all pursue and take for happiness. In her mistaken zeal to find some new object to divert her thoughts, she sought to follow a path strewn with innumerable thorns, the puncture from any one of which might rankle and destroy the brightest hopes of her future. Excited by such novelties as these, and a still further desire to see the person whom she kindly flattered, by stating "that sentiments like those which I had written could only emanate from a gentleman actuated by honor and honorable motives," and feeling secured in this, she resolved to grant me an interview at such a time and place as would meet her convenience, and as I had positively assured her in an unmistakable manner of my respectability, she felt no hesitancy in granting it, as under other and less convincing assurances she would reasonably entertain, and having made her mind at ease, she finally agreed to grant me an interview, appointing a time and place that would suit the convenience of either.

CHAPTER IV.

A VINDICATION AND REPROVAL—DUTIES OF WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

It is not an unusual circumstance that we sometimes find men who turn aside from the study of their pursuits, whether in the commercial world, or in the halls of legislature, to follow in some indirect path, where they can not either profitably employ their time or minister to the well-being of our common society. They are temporarily blinded, as it were, by the evil genius inherent in our nature; whereas, had the same leisure moments been employed in some laudable pursuit, they might subserve their fellow-men and the best interest of society by their social and moral example. Oftentimes such wanderings lead to a diversity of sorrow: business becomes neglected; embarrassment creeps in; the happiness of home is forgotten, and frequently blighted; then looking forward, on the brink of despair, they find the slippery sands of hope leading them still onward to perhaps some fatal step—despairing that they can ever regain that which they once held, fame and fortune, or the influence they once wielded for good. Other causes there are which lead to this abandonment of principle, and the most fatal one of which is that the home circle was not made happy—many a home that might have been made cheerful and happy.

by an agreeable and pleasant smile, or forty-and-one little endearing words that would bind the most obdurate heart, and alleviate the asperities incident to the business cares to be met with during the day, are either left unheeded or forgotten. It is not an infrequent occurrence that the wife has to mourn over the alienated affections of her husband, because she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment; she thinks that because he once loved her that he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart at the beginning; many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns home from the labors of the day, who will not try to endear him to home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one husband in a thousand so unfeeling, or who disregards the finer impulses of human nature, as to be capable of withstanding such an influence, and of breaking away from such a home and such a wife. I would therefore add: wives, look well to your husbands, and husbands, look well to your wives; act well your part, for 'tis there all honor and happiness lie. The ancient Greek poet, Sophocles, who died more than 2,200 years ago, wrote a beautiful stanza on woman, and proves that then, as now, a fond and faithful woman was regarded as the perfection of all human beings:

“Faithful as the dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;
 True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
 Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome;
 Sweet as to shipwrecked seaman land and home;
 Lovely as child, the parents' sole delight;
 Radiant as morn that breaks the stormy night;
 Grateful as streams within some deep recess,
 With rills and hope the panting traveler bless.”

CHAPTER V.

LOVE'S RAMBLES AMONG THE CATSKILLS—A MEETING BY APPOINTMENT—MY FIRST LESSON IN DECEPTION.

The invitation from Miss L. was duly received, and as in her former letters, was clothed in that style of language that at once betokened a mind of mature experience, setting forth that as she was now about to take a step in granting an interview to one to whom she was an entire stranger, she felt that she was treading on very dangerous and insecure ground, the consequences arising from which might prove very detrimental to her good name. Truly, when a young lady seeks amusement or gratification in things without the pale of her sympathies, she sets her foot on very dangerous ground; she courts, or rather invites, inquiry into all the motives which impel her to adopt such a course; but many young ladies, I presume, cheat their consciences into quiet on this score, reasoning to themselves that their sense of morality and good judgment is not at fault, but is strong enough to be capable of resisting any outward influence. It was arranged that the interview should take place a short distance from Catskill, for the purpose of avoiding remark, and simply with a view, as expressed by her, of making the better acquaintance of one in whose literary taste she had become so much pleased and interested. It was further

agreed, that as we were comparatively strangers to each other, that a mutual understanding be had as to the mode by which we might recognize one another (as in all such cases made and provided), which should be by a certain sign or token. The lady would be intently reading a book, which subsequently turned out to be one of those fictitious works, so cheap and so easily obtained that they creep, how, one scarcely knows, into every family, and young persons who are naturally averse to the labor of thinking, and love whatever keeps pace with their own imaginations, seize on them with avidity. The gentleman would be recognized by having in his hand one of those same interesting missives, written and mailed at a branch post-office, near the picturesque mountains of Catskill. All these necessary preliminaries being arranged, I departed next morning from New York by the train designated, and having traveled along the beautiful slopes of the Hudson to the neighborhood of Catskill, reached there, as a conductor would say, "on time." Having walked some distance, according to the map laid down by Miss L., I came to a turn in the road, from which I could see uninterruptedly for at least half a mile. The reader can hardly imagine a more beautiful spot, or one better selected for a first interview. It was a beautiful autumnal morning, wherein everything betokened the beauty and wisdom of Divine Providence, the beautiful foliage of the trees still wearing their vernal grandeur, and called forth from my memory Moore's exquisite lines :

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night—

Give me back, give me back, the mild freshness of morning ;

Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light."

If parents felt the value of promoting a love of nature in their children merely as a preventive of foolish and injurious pursuits, they would make it a far more prominent object in their training than is usually the case ; but to return to my interview. I had walked probably about three to five hundred yards in the direction above referred to, when I saw in the distance coming toward me, a lady, whom I knew was the one who so kindly granted me the interview, and holding in her hand a volume of some novel, which she seemed to peruse with the usual interest that engages the attention of all readers of light literature ; but of course it was apparent to me that her mind, and perhaps her heart, too, was absorbed in a more interesting study. On my near approach, the lady raised her eyes from her book, and made a respectful bow to me, which I as respectfully acknowledged, at the same time apologizing for my seeming intrusion, or rather interruption of her morning studies. She reminded me that it was then her vacation, and she was seeking in other and more pleasing pursuits a little recreation and relief from the monotonous routine of school studies. Of course I could not fail to find in this remark something that favored the idea in my mind that she was slightly departing from candor. Miss L. was a lady of about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, about middle height, of graceful and lady-like figure and deportment, having large, beaming blue eyes, lofty forehead, and a proud, earnest look and manner, that betokened a lady of mental culture and accomplishments—this was somewhat counterbalanced by a vivacity of manner and an uncommonly lively imagination ; although not the counterpart of prudence at first sight, nevertheless, it was the genial enthusiasm of her nature, and harmo-

nized with the external charms of her person. The interview and conversation were both pleasing and instructive; the incident of the letter addressed to Jua Amegio being freely and fully commented upon; and when the time of my departure had arrived, it was with feelings of extreme regret on the part of both that we separated; and such was the interest manifested by Miss L. at the pleasure of the meeting, that she expressed the hope that it might be the precursor of many such pleasant interviews to both. I coincided in the same feeling, and a mutual good understanding began to pervade the minds of both parties. I then retraced my steps to the railroad station, and returned to New York, dwelling at intervals on the singularity of the occurrence, and the day I had so pleasantly spent in the society of Miss LaTrobe.

“A strange emotion stirs within him—more
Than mere compassion ever waked before.”

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST FRUITS OF MY PERSONAL—A SINGULAR RESPONSE FROM A MERCHANT MILLIONAIRE.

The following day, on my going to the post-office and making the usual inquiry for my mail matter, I was somewhat startled at finding, in addition to my usual business correspondence, that there were twenty-seven other letters, the addresses on which indicated that they were evidently from persons who ignored business pursuits, as fit employment only for the sterner sex ; and I then revolved in my mind that the incident of having sent my advertisement to the editor of the *Waverly Magazine* was bringing forth its own fruits. I found that I had thirty-four letters in all, a goodly handful, and having been warned by the carelessness of "Jual Amegio," I securely grasped the precious bundle, and wended my way to my office. On reaching there, I separated from the thirty-four those which were addressed in a more business hand than the others, and carefully made a parcel of the remaining twenty-seven, and placed them in a place of security till after business hours, when I could devote more time to mental culture, "and social interchange" of thought upon any subject (matrimony not excepted). Fancy my surprise, on opening the first one of the seven, addressed in a good bold hand, to find a reply to my advertisement. Being naturally of an impulsive temperament, my first

thought was to destroy the letter, supposing that the writer, from mere curiosity, desired to have a little sport at my expense; however, reasoning from analogy, I concluded that as I had embarked in such a field of enterprise, that it might be construed into cowardice were I to retrograde from the line of demarkation which I laid out for myself. Acting from this standpoint, I concluded that I would fulfill the engagement to the letter, and call upon the writer, who was a gentleman, and not a lady. He respectfully and kindly invited me to call upon him, at his house in—, New York, on the subject to which my advertisement referred. The letter ran thus:

NEW YORK CITY, September 25, 1869.

SIR—My attention has been directed to your advertisement in the *Waverly* journal of this week. I was not only attracted by its uniqueness, but also by its general tenor, wherein you propose to offer evidence of your respectability and social position; with these guarantees, I will be pleased to meet you, with equal candor on my part, at my house to-morrow evening, say eight P.M.

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR TINSLEY STRANGEWAYS.

To J. H. DAVENPORT,

Box—Post-office, New York.

The reader will see by the above that no allusion was made to a lady being in the background, consequently I did not feel the same amount of reserve or hesitancy in calling upon the gent, as if called upon to visit a lady in such a mansion as his. The reader will also discover, that I have not given the real name of the gentleman (having stated in the first that real names would not be introduced) and for the want of

one more appropriate, we will call him by the more euphonious name of Arthur Tinsley Strangeways.

I addressed a letter to this gentleman, acknowledging the receipt of his letter of 25th September, at the same time expressing regret that I could not consistently accept his kind invitation for the evening named, inasmuch as I had made a previous engagement, which precluded the possibility of my accepting his, but any other evening of that week that suited his convenience, I would have pleasure in calling upon him. This apology was accepted, and any evening that week at the same hour would answer as well. The evening but one following the above, after a brief sojourn at my toilet I repaired to the house of Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways.

CHAPTER VII.

ARTHUR TINSLEY STRANGEWAYS AT HOME—STRIKING A BARGAIN—THROWING "STEWED PRUNES" UPON THE MARKET

Agreeably with my promise, I arrived at the appointed hour at the palatial mansion of the above-named gentleman, whom I have before introduced to the reader as Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, situated in the most fashionable and aristocratic thoroughfare of the city, and comes under that style of residences usually known as "brown stone front;" it is in no way remarkable for its beauty or architectural features. It has an importance, nevertheless, in the eyes of the community, which does not belong to any other house on the street, or even to many a stately edifice of a similar structure in the same neighborhood, simply on account of the owner being associated with commerce and wealth. The servant having presented my card, returned and politely showed me into a parlor, where I was allowed to remain a short time. There I sat in an easy chair, most probably at times occupied by the owner of the mansion. Around the room and dwelling were evidences of luxury and ease, taste and magnificence, and entitling the owner to the appellation of a "philanthropic merchant." Whether this title is given in good taste or otherwise, those who repair there on a benevolent mission for the good and well-being of so-

ciety, are the best capable of judging. In a short time my musings were brought to a close by the door being opened, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways was bowing before me, with my card in his hand. I arose from the chair on which I was resting on his entering the room, and he very kindly requested me to be seated. He drew an arm-chair which stood near to him, close to mine, and sat down, also, he opening the conversation by referring to my note of apology, &c., &c. ; he then stated to me (what I had known previously) that in all matters of commercial business he delegated the authority to others who attended to that for him, as the multiplicity of his engagements were such, both at home and abroad, that he could not well devote his leisure to the many objects of interest that presented themselves from day to day before him, but in this particular instance he felt that he had a duty of a more than ordinary interest to perform. I felt at the moment of this speech being made as if I was on the eve of receiving some good or profitable advice, and that the spirit of philanthropy lay smouldering in the bosom of one who only needed to be reminded of its dormancy by the gentle tones of an advertisement, such as mine that appeared in the *Waverly Magazine*. It would be a manifest libel on my powers of perception and understanding, did I fail to discover in this man his true character, and the object he had in requesting an interview with me ; I do him no injustice by saying that there certainly appeared a masking of the one he was then assuming, and at the same time displaying a suavity of manner that seemed to me to be altogether unnatural, so strained and overwrought that I was forcibly reminded of an amateur undertaking to play a role or rehearse a piece for which

he was wholly unfitted, unmindful that his efforts were likely to be the subject of public critique. No secrecy being enjoined upon either, I do not feel that in this, no more than in the recital of other interviews equally truthful or interesting, that I am committing any breach of privilege or good taste in its recital; but the moral (if such can be obtained from it) may subserve that class of society whose curiosity leads them to bury their intellect in the sweets of a fascinating romance, or what is far worse, in replying to unknown correspondents who advertise under the head of "Personals;" and here let me add that it would be as difficult (in many cases I have known) to purify the poisoned stream flowing from a fountain, as to point out the manifold and wide-spread evils which have their origin in a misguided and perverted judgment on this particular fancy. But to return to Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways. After the usual preliminary conversation had transpired, he informed me, as he had stated in his note, that his attention was called (whether by another he did not say) to the peculiar wording of my advertisement in the *Waverly Magazine*, and he did me the honor (whether from sinister motives or otherwise) in saying that it bore evidence of a gentleman of good taste and education, and having assured himself beyond doubt of my respectability, he felt no hesitation in naming the object he had in summoning me before him. He commenced by saying, that he had a young lady then under his charge, and as her guardian he felt anxiously solicitous for her future welfare in life; that she had had, so far, but little introduction into society, although possessing all the graces and accomplishments that adorn the female character; she was also gifted with a liberal education, and was in every way

calculated to ornament the home of any man. He then paid an additional tribute to my good judgment, in taking that mode of selecting a partner for the future, and he was also much pleased to find that I was apparently a man of years and discretion, and whom he presumed had advanced to the age of thirty-five years; and as his ward was then in her twenty-fifth year, he felt that the disparity in the age was an immaterial difference, inasmuch as the well-being of society depended in a great degree on the quality of good sense brought to bear in our business relations with the world, and that a youthful wife could reap all the advantages to be derived from the lessons of experience inculcated by one so far advanced in years as myself. I was of course respectfully silent during the recital of this glowing panegyric of the married state, which was well calculated to influence a life of single blessedness. "*Cujuslibet rei simulator atque dissimulator.*" Nevertheless, I was forcibly reminded of the absence of those parental blessings which adorn the household and enhance the happiness of parents; then again, there was no appearance of maidenly or motherly grace that might call forth the admiration, and serve to strengthen his argument, for as yet I had not seen the semblance of female "influence." There was a still solemnity in that abode of wealth.

I coincided with Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, and that all he had stated, to which I earnestly and attentively listened, was excellent in theory; and in order to find a practical illustration of all that he had advanced, that I was endeavoring to reach that goal through the medium of the advertisement to which his attention had been directed, at the same time reminding him of the proviso in it. The interview lasted a rea-

sonable length of time, and at its conclusion I was very agreeably disappointed at the turn the conversation had taken, when I was informed by him that if it should meet my convenience he would be pleased to introduce me to his ward (with whose guardianship he was the sole trustee) on a subsequent evening.

In ordinary matters, it would be of real intrinsic value to receive an introduction from such a gentleman, the high-sounding influence of his name being considered all-potent with a great many ; but, "what's in a name," the sequel will show.

He had sufficiently sounded the depths of my views (as he very nautically expressed it) to enable him to judge that the acceptance and selection he had made would warrant him in saying that the interview would be alike acceptable to both. "If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own." The singularity of my being accepted as a suitor to an unknown lady, reminded me very forcibly of the evil consequences of forced alliances, and this fact forewarned me that I should examine very closely the other side of the picture. I put the interrogatory to myself: Can this be reality? Is it possible that such a man, one of the wealthiest in New York, who could secure for his *protege* the best position in society, is not seeking some channel into which he can pour the dross from the crucible held in his own hand, having extracted the purer metal by an analysis known only to himself, and by which he alone would be benefitted? Or are the portals of communication between those seeking matrimony so far closed that when maidenly modesty comes along, arrayed in the garb of innocence and virtue, that she can not gain entrance? No, it can not be so. Society ought not to be reduced to so low a

standard as to be obliged to seek the unreal where the real is within the reach of those who prefer morality and virtue, instead of vice and shame.

Mr. Strangeways had promised me much, when I should have an interview with his ward. That which promises much frequently yields but little, while that which has been undervalued is often abundantly productive. Whatever may be the outward words and deeds, there is so much that is deceptive shielded beneath them, and we know, at the very best, but part of the truth, I sometimes think that the best and worst deeds of men are yet unchronicled. History affords illustration of men who have been effigied in marble, calling forth the admiration of mankind, who have surpassed in crime the meanest culprit; while virtuous hundreds have lived and died whose names the dust of oblivion have rendered illegible forever. Could we discern the passions and motives that influence the worst, aye, and the best of men, we should be compelled to regard every man as wearing a mask, and concealing thereby the real features of his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS CLOTHILDE HAMILTON IN STRANGWAYS'
PARLOR—THE "PRUNES" THAT HAD A PRICE—GRADUAL
APPROACHES.

A few evenings subsequent to my interview in the preceding chapter, I stepped into a Fifth avenue stage, and reached the residence to which I had been so kindly invited. I requested the servant to take my card to Mr. Strangeways, as I had been informed that he was at home. I was politely ushered into the parlor by the servant, with a request to be seated until I was announced. On entering the room, I saw a young lady was sitting engaged in the agreeable pastime of crochet work. The servant, probably not being aware that the parlor was occupied, had unintentionally committed an error in placing me there. The lady, somewhat embarrassed, politely bowed and arose from her seat, taking with her the fancy basket containing the paraphernalia of her pleasing industry, and retired.

Here, let me say a word or two on the subject of those fancy accomplishments. Any one who has studied the aggregate character of young ladies of the present day, must have noticed their helpless dependence, their want of moral strength, and their deficiency in physical energy, mainly superinduced by light novel-reading and fancy needle-work. Many of the young ladies of the

present time have not the strength or knowledge necessary to do any active labor, but instead of being ashamed of their ignorance of what every woman ought to know, they glory in their deficiency, and if perchance they (in Grecian bend style) stray into the kitchen (frequently occupied by their mother), they are continually on the alert lest some one should surprise them there, and they would consider it a lasting disgrace to be found in any sort of household labor, except, indeed, some light part which they consider genteel. Be assured, young ladies, you will, by a neglect of domestic duties, sow the seeds of unhappiness, not only for yourselves, but for all those who are in any way dependent upon you for the comforts of home, by adopting such a course as this. Perhaps some young lady, whose conscience convicts her of having thus added to a mother's cares, may make her apology by saying that her mother prefers to attend to those matters, because she can do them so much better than her children, or because it is her desire that they should improve themselves in their education. But let me remind her that education does not consist in filling the mind of the girl with the ideas of others, or smothering her with accomplishments, but in regulating her temper, cultivating her reason, subduing her passions, directing her feelings, and fitting her for that station in life to which God in his providence has called her.

Soon after the retirement of the lady with the fancy work-basket, Mr Arthur Tinsley Strangeways entered the room and bade me welcome with a bland smile, and with the same suavity of manner as on a former occasion, at the same time informing me that he had already introduced the subject to Miss Clothilde Hamilton, who was then finishing some fancy work, and would join us presently.

If dissimulation is ever to be pardoned, it is that which men have recourse to in order to obtain situations which may enlarge their sphere of usefulness, and afford the power of bettering their fellow-men. Many men who have gained power, wealth, and influence, by hypocrisy as gross as that of Pope Sixtus, have not used it half so well. This Pope, when Cardinal, counterfeited sickness, and all the infirmities of age, so well as to dupe the whole conclave. His name was Montalto, and on a division of the vacant apostolic chair, he was elected as a stop gap by both parties, under the idea that he could not possibly survive out the year.

The moment he was chosen, he threw away his crutches, and began to sing *Te Deum* with a much stronger voice than his electors had bargained for, and instead of walking with a tottering step, and a gait almost bending to the earth, he began to walk not only firm, but perfectly upright.

My would-be benefactor appears to walk upright in the eyes of most men; probably so; but should a learned divine have the temerity to visit him with the view of aiding a home or foreign charity, or to plead the cause of suffering humanity, that woebegone countenance is at once assumed, and the voice so modulated as to damp the ardor of the benevolent visitor; but when the applicant takes his departure to more charitable regions, and Mr. Strangeways is left to the musings of his avaricious intellect, he discards the sanctimonious voice, and assumes one that comports with his usual business resolves. Then, as if to make reparation for the temporary abstraction from his coffers, he seeks to embarrass some successful competitor in the commercial center, until he is obliged to succumb to the influence of his capital. There are many indirect paths by which this

is accomplished, and when the issue is determined, it is known that one more generous-hearted merchant has left the field of enterprise to become perhaps the employe of some sordid rival.

It is said that noted men, like noted cities, have many crooked arts and dark alleys in their hearts, and that there are some who are fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light forever upon their limbs. The indulgent reader may probably inquire why such similes are introduced, or why Mr. Strangeways' peculiar tactics in business are reverted to? It is because of their singularity, and their having a special bearing on the history of his ward (Miss Hamilton), that it is for a moment alluded to, as the sequel will show.

So far, matters seemed to be progressing favorably, and without any undue exertion on my part. My agent, to all appearances, was an experienced diplomat; was, in fact, *au fait* in such affairs, and exercised the functions of his office in a remarkably skillful manner. He played the master of ceremonies on this occasion, and it was laid down in his programme that I would be introduced by him in my proper name, and as engaged in New York in commercial circles, in what capacity it was not then explained. At length Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways touched a bell, which seemed as though its magic sound had reverberated through that solemn apartment on other equally interesting occasions than the one then engaging two mature minds. It was some minutes before the servant entered, when Mr. Strangeways explained the object of the call, viz.: to inform Miss Hamilton that he waited her presence. The servant retired, and soon after Miss H. appeared, and the usual formality of an introduction took place.

The writer who would describe a favorite character

as faultless, raises another at the expense of himself, and it is as vain for the moralist to look for perfection in the mind, as for the painter to find it in the body: in fact, the sad realities of life give us no great cause to be proud either of our minds or of our bodies; but we can conceive in both the possibility of much greater excellence than exists. The statue of the Belvidere Apollo is quite as likely to be married, as he who will have no wife until he can discover a woman that equals the Venus of Cleomenes.

But Miss Hamilton was as lovely and as amiable-looking as most young ladies of the present day. A petite figure, slightly inclining to *embonpoint*, noble, high forehead, aquiline nose, large black eyes, small mouth, and a head of rich, beautiful black hair, flowing in wavy ringlets on her well-formed shoulders, together with a graceful dignity of deportment, and *tout ensemble*, went to show a lady of ordinary personal charms; in addition to which she was possessed of good conversational powers, and a versatility of style and language that would suit her company; than there was a certain vivacity of manner that rendered her very pleasing, to say the least, and which was strikingly contrasted by the mute observer to whom I was indebted for the honor of an introduction; he occasionally venturing a casual remark on the ordinary topics, in an edgeway style. There was only one remarkable feature in the dress of the lady that seemed to me to be somewhat censurable. I allude to the wearing of ornaments—their use is humiliating. It seems to intimate that the female sex are conscious of some deficiency, and need something extraneous to make them equal and acceptable to the other sex; but, “it’s an ill wind that blows naebody profit;” consequently, trade and commerce is to a great

extent benefited by their little weaknesses. Yet it would be a blessing if this seeming defect could be remedied in extra efforts to improve the mind, cultivate the affections, and sanctify the heart. I was at some loss, in the course of our interview, to ascertain what character I should assume in the presence of Miss Hamilton. I had not been previously made aware of whether I was to appear in the form of a suitor or merely a guest for the evening; but my mind was soon set at ease on that point by a rather lucky incident, which gave Miss H. and I an opportunity of saying a few words of agreeable import. Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways had been summoned by the servant, by a call from some visitor who had rang the door-bell. This, unexpectedly, gave Miss H. an opportunity of asking me some questions in the shape of interrogatories; and taking advantage of the brief absence of Mr. Strangeways, informed me that she would be pleased to have me exchange cards, and also that she would be pleased to have me write to her to the address designated on the card (which was not on Fifth avenue). I promised the lady I would have pleasure in so doing. She assured me, that from the high terms in which Mr. Strangeways (her guardian) had spoken of me, she felt a certain degree of confidence that induced her to present me with that token of respect, offering her card and accepting mine.

The agreeable *tete-a-tete* lasted for a reasonable length of time, until the return of Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, who apologized for his absence and the interruption, by stating that it was an unexpected summons from one of his establishments, and would require his early attention on the following day, as something of an unusual character had occurred.

The conversation then branched off into a diversity of

subjects, without treating of the one then at issue, in introducing me; but I set this down as a very diplomatic course, and showed mature skill on his part in leaving the more delicate details to be carried out by his fair charge and myself. But Miss Hamilton was not as *au fait* in manners requiring skillful deploying as her guardian. She had departed from the companionship of prudence, and forgot that caution was as essential in the attainment of the object she was then in pursuit of, as the possession of outward charms. Ladies do not transgress the bounds of decorum so often as men, but when they do, they go greater lengths. For with reasons somewhat weaker, they have to contend with passions somewhat stronger; besides, a female by one transgression forfeits her place in society forever. It is hard, indeed, that the law of opinion should be most severe on that sex which is the least able to bear it; but so it is, and if the sentence be harsh, the sufferer should be reminded that it was passed by her peers. Therefore, if once a woman breaks through the barriers of modesty, her case is desperate; and if she leaves the pale of propriety behind her, it is because she is aware that all return is prohibited, and by none so strongly as by her own sex.

CHAPTER IX.

AT NIBLO'S BY GAS-LIGHT—FOREST'S OTHELLO—CLOTHILDE'S
EMOTIONS—SCENES IN HER OWN LIFE DEPICTED—HER
CRITICISMS.

The usual arrangements, in reference to my subsequent interview with Miss Hamilton, were effected by the ordinary process known to the readers of "Personals," and having the lady's card of address, she availed herself of an invitation sent by me to visit Niblo's Theatre on the following evening after receiving my note. I accordingly secured good seats on the second tier in the dress circle of that establishment, in which an excellent view was had, and for sometime during the performance everything went along as well as could be expected; yet there seemed a peculiar uneasiness, coupled with a dislike, on the part of Miss Hamilton, at the character of the play that was in course of performance (which was deep tragedy). Miss H. expressed no dislike to the performers, or to the characters they assumed, but to the play only. It was Othello, in which Mr. Forest so well sustained the character of the jealous Moor; and to such a height had Miss H. carried her aversion, that she became exceedingly nervous, so much so, that it was absolutely painful to her to remain, and she expressed a desire to retire at once from the theatre, which culminated at that par-

ticular part where Mrs. Farren (who performed the part of Desdemona's attendant), or rather the wife of Iago, remonstrates with Othello, for his unfounded jealousy of Desdemona, and the foul aspersion he had cast upon his wife's honor. At that passage Miss H. arose and we left the theatre. On reaching the hall leading to Broadway, she gave way to emotion, and wept quite freely, at which I was somewhat astonished, and came to the rash conclusion that some one in close proximity to where we sat had offered her insult; but such was not the fact, the circle of audience surrounding us being apparently of the first order. I endeavored to divine the cause of the unusual proceeding, and was assured by her that it was only a violent attack of headache, and that as she should obtain the fresh air she would be somewhat restored. I accepted this excuse as a truth, until, on making some casual allusion to the play, she expressed a great aversion to the character of it, and a dislike generally to Shakspeare's writings, alleging as a reason that his language was not refined, and that he wrote and thought corruptly and licentiously. There were moments when that great author thought himself no poet, yet he held up the mirror so close to nature that she almost blushed crimson at his truths written in such plain and unmistakable language, that even in the corrupt age in which he lived, he found admirers as also fault-finders.

Miss Hamilton and I walked some little distance to a neighboring refectory, where she enjoyed some seasonable fruits and confections, and we occupied the interval in discussing the previous question, that lady assuming the negative, and I the affirmative, the argument being conducted in a very friendly spirit, each giving way to conviction as opportunity presented.

Miss H., in assuming the negative, used a reasonable amount of logical reasoning in her endeavors to convince me that Shakspeare's works were not written to advance the cause of morality ; but her reasoning lacked the force of thought necessary to sustain her point, and it was evident to me that her adverse opinion was based upon other convictions, a chord having been inadvertently touched (at the juncture in the performance already alluded to) that vibrated through the inmost recesses of her conscience. Subsequent events established that fact fully. I assumed that Shakspeare's resources were exhaustless. No author ever excelled him in his portrayal of the human heart. He knew exactly where human nature failed in obedience to the divine law, and pointed out the remedy by his logical deductions ; and in all the ebbings and flowings of his genius, in his storms, no less than in his calms, he is completely separated from all the other poets. He abounds with so many axioms applicable to the circumstances, situations, and varieties of life, that they are no longer the property of the poet, but of the world—all apply, but none appropriate them.

Miss Hamilton became very communicative, and was indeed pleased with my conception of the great author, and the great aim he had in view, and she gradually gave way to my affirmative argument. The time wore steadily on, and after the seasonable refreshment, I escorted her to her home (as she assured me it was) on Twenty-third street, near Seventh avenue, and left her with the assurance that I would accept an invitation (she then extended to me) to visit herself and Aunt, with whom she was then living, at an early opportunity ; and with that understanding I bade her good night.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. ARABELLA GROVES AT HOME—HER TEA PARTY—A LITTLE OF HER HISTORY.

I omitted to state in the preceding chapter that I was introduced by Miss Hamilton to her Aunt, Mrs. Groves (on the evening I left Miss H. at her house), when I apologized in the usual form for keeping Miss H. from home until so late an hour; but the kind old lady made me perfectly at ease, assuring me that it was not unseasonably late, reminding me that the last "buss" had not passed the door. The good motherly dame was *au fait* in her own peculiar way. She was one who had an agreeable word and a pleasant smile, besides an open countenance, to greet her guests, whoever they might be. Mrs. Groves was about sixty-five years of age, her locks silvered by time's measuring hand; her contour was that of a true gentlewoman of the olden time; one who had in former days walked proudly in the consciousness of right; whose virtuous mind had exercised its sway in the bosom of her own family, and one who would not willingly do a wrong or suffer an injury to be done to another, if she could possibly prevent it. But she had been buffeted by the hand of adversity, and was at that time the recipient of a yearly stipend that enabled her to live, not in luxury and ease, but frugally and in comparative comfort.

Mrs. Groves and I at once became friends. I was convinced that a rectitude of thought and right had not forsaken her in her advanced years; the good open countenance portrayed no guile therein, and no selfish end could be subserved if confided to her to enact the part of *particeps criminus*. Her estimation of me was made up from the manner in which I had been eulogized or spoken favorably of by Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, for the reader will learn that Mrs. Groves claimed a near relationship to that personage. I was not informed by her that my name had been heralded to her previous to my visit; but I subsequently learned that she knew of my visiting at the house of that gentleman, and also of the nature of the visit, and of the part laid down for her, in which she was to perform a conspicuous role.

The conversation on that evening partook of the ordinary topics and incidents of every-day life; and nothing occurred between Mrs. Groves, Miss Hamilton or myself, except an earnest solicitation on the part of Mrs. G. that I should see her at all hazards, to use her own expression, at an early opportunity, as she had something to impart to me that was of the most vital import, and with an additional earnestness of manner enjoined me to confide in her as my friend. This was all a side scene, enacted during the temporary absence of Miss Hamilton, and in such an undertone that it was apparent I was receiving the advice of a true friend, and I should be reticent, at least for a time, and await the culmination of future events. In a somewhat different tone (as Miss Hamilton drew near) I received a kind invitation from Mrs. Groves to "call again." I gave assurance that I would avail myself of her kindness, and respectfully retired, leaving the good old lady and adopted

niece to their own reflections, and I to repair to my peaceful lodgings, "two pair front with modern improvements," in a quiet mansion on Fourth street, where the comforts of a home were supposed to be thrown in, night key included.

About ten days after I received the invitation from Mrs. Groves, I called upon that lady at her residence on Twenty-third street. I was very cordially welcomed by her, and all the hospitality that one honest heart could extend to another, seemed to have been stored by her for this particular occasion. The hour was about five-thirty, P.M., as I had intended to make a temporary call, and then to visit a theatre, for which I had a complimentary ticket presented to me on that day. I was agreeably disappointed on finding that Miss Hamilton was not at home, as the circumstances led me to suppose that the secret (if any there was) would afford Mrs. Groves an opportunity of imparting the whole truth, to her great relief and my great benefit.

I learned that Miss Hamilton had accepted an invitation to visit a sewing circle in the neighborhood, and would not be home in time for supper. Although I did not doubt for a moment the truth of the good dame's statement respecting her niece's laudable employment at the sewing circle, still I was inclined to the belief that it was delicate fancy-work, in the circle of the fancy basket at Fifth avenue, that she was finishing or engaged in. After a lapse of half an hour or so, spent in a very agreeable conversation with her, I was kindly invited to supper, to which I respectfully assented, and in due course the tinkling sound of a bell announced that the evening meal was ready and waiting our pleasure of acceptance. I was conducted by my good silver-haired friend to the tea-table. I men-

tion silver-haired not in an ironical sense; I regard them in any one with the profoundest respect, but more particularly when worn by a lady; they indicate that something akin to reverence should be accorded to those wearing them. I never see a lady or gentleman so adorned that I do not accord to them more than ordinary deference.

There were chairs arrayed at the table for six persons, as I was informed by Mrs. Groves that her large house afforded her ample room to accommodate a gentleman, wife, and child of ten years, a little girl, who were then boarding with her; besides Mrs. G's adopted niece, herself, and a faithful domestic, this comprised the whole family. The gentleman, to whom I was formally introduced, as also to his lady, was a stock-broker, engaged in that laudable business in Broad street, and paid a very liberal compensation for the apartments occupied by himself, lady, and child. It may not be out of place to give a brief description of the circle. His lady, the pink of politeness, bordering on old maidish prudery; the gentleman wore a quizzing glass suspended by a silk cord, which so distorted his features that when his glances were directed at you it came from the orb which was not so obstructed, and the imperfect one borrowed so much sympathy from it that it was a great relief to one's own eyesight not to observe his efforts to see, or his snobbish airs of affectation, which his lady endeavored to imitate to a certain extent. The little girl had an imperfection in her hip-joint, and was obliged to use crutches; when assisted by the waiting-maid, she was placed directly opposite to where I sat. She was doubly afflicted, so to speak, both her eyes, when directed toward an object, looked directly across her nasal organ, so that her malady, if

it might be so termed, was inherited, as we suppose, from her parent. The trio seemed to regret the absence of Miss Hamilton, which was a goodly evidence that she was a general favorite in the family circle. When the usual topics of conversation were exhausted, and the repast dispensed by the hospitable matron, Mrs. Groves, the young squinter asked to be excused, and in her hurried desire to retire she caught her spoon, which was standing in her cup, in the sleeve of her dress, and upset it, to the evident chagrin of my right bower, Mrs. G.—the cause of her sudden retirement before her parents was occasioned by an over indulgence in ice cream, demolished too hastily. However, the faithful domestic attendant restored her to convalescence, much to the relief of my friend Mrs. G. and myself.

Society, like a shaded silk, has to be viewed in all situations, or its color will deceive us; "in fact, if you wish not to know mankind, vegetate in a village; but if you desire to study human nature, live in a city like Gotham," and particularly up town in a brown stone front.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. GROVES' HOUSEHOLD—A REVIEW OF FAMILY HISTORY— SHE DETAILS CLOTHILDE'S LIFE-TRIALS AND JOYS.

As before stated, Mrs. Arabella Groves was living on a yearly annuity derived from some property, left by her deceased husband, in the north of Ireland, and was partially under the control or guardianship of Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, and which he held in trust for the legatee. Mrs. Groves being a frugal and industrious spirit, believing in the maxim of self-dependence, turned every means she possessed to a good account. She lived in a style of becoming respectability, without pretending to be classed in the school of upper-tendom. Her commodious dwelling afforded ample accommodation for all her household wants, with plenty of room to spare; and with a view of living within the bounds of her patrimony, she concluded to meet the growing wants of our community, by receiving into her family a portion of that aristocratic society who are prohibited from Fifth avenue circles, and who invariably advertise for select board, "in a quiet family up town, where there are no other boarders, and where the comforts of home may be enjoyed." Mrs. Groves was singularly successful in her selection of a family of the latter class, who paid her quite liberally for the use of a suite of rooms, with board. The family, when

formed into the domestic circle, consisted of Mrs. Groves, her adopted niece Miss Hamilton, Mr. Littleworth, Lady, and a little Miss, his daughter, about ten years old, two domestics, one a cook, and the other a waiting-maid. During the temporary absence of Mr. Littleworth at his office down town, (Broad street broker) his good lady, Mrs. L., was found to be as companionable as most ladies of her class are found to be. She possessed some eccentricities, of course; as all persons do in a greater or less degree; yet she found a very agreeable companionship with Miss Hamilton, from the fact that she was a fine performer on the piano-forte, besides being in possession of the ordinary accomplishments of the day.

Society would be in some measure incomplete if such a variety of contrasts did not present themselves for our inspection. The very best way for one in the pursuit of a knowledge of such society as are aspiring to the *le beau monde*, is to find a suite of rooms in an English basement, three or four story house, up town, "where there are no other boarders;" sometimes is added, "where the comforts of home may be enjoyed." It will not require a microscopic power of intellectual vision to learn this character of society *le savoir viore*.

Mrs. Groves having been informed by Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways that I was a suitor for the hand of her niece (whom I then learned was adopted only), she expressed her approbation of the selection he had made; but by a series of unmistakable innuendoes, which she very delicately introduced, informed me that I was one of three whom she had learned of; but as a convincing proof that she regarded me worthy of the confidence she was then about to repose in me, she would give me an outline of the history of her early life, and

also would confide to me the particulars of a secret, of which she supposed I had been previously made aware. I nodded in an affirmative sense, and in such an ambiguous manner, that she at once concluded that the very delicate subject relating to her adopted niece, Miss Hamilton, had been confided to me. It is proper for me to say that no secret, or even a semblance of one, relating to the cause, or the extraordinary confidence that was supposed to exist between Miss Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, and myself, was imparted to me; and up to that moment my optics and my understanding were partially at fault in the matter. The good old lady did me an act of injustice (unconsciously, I believe) to suppose that I was intriguing with her relative, Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, to consummate that which would rid him of a very precarious charge, besides relieving him of a certain amount of odium which was, however justly or unjustly, imputed to him. "*Marie ton fils quand tu voudras, mais ta fille quand tu pourras.*"

Mrs. Groves, in that cheerful suavity of manner and enthusiastic hospitality of her nature, so proverbial to the Irish heart, was in a mood to unbosom herself of all of her sorrows and all of her joys, and continued the narration of her early life, occasionally calling my attention to different little episodes, in which I was supposed to somewhat sympathize.

There is a certain aristocratic pride in family names, in the four provinces of Ireland; each province religiously preserving the traditional character of their race and name, and the seat from which they sprung. Mrs. Groves was true to this characteristic, and felt proud, as she said, in being the daughter of a Blenerhasset, and her birth-place the county of Tyrone, near Strabane;

and she further boastingly informed me that her ancestors did not in any way participate in the battle of the Boyne, and did not inherit any of her property from any emissary of the British government (for in those days, as well as at the present, titles and lands were freely bestowed by the crown on those who aided in sowing the seeds of dissension among the sects, and espousing the cause of Royalty).

I have diverged a little to give the reader some idea of the condition of that unhappy Island, from one who vouches for the truth of what he writes:

“The landed system of the north of Ireland is very peculiar, and, to understand it thoroughly, a knowledge of the times preceding and following upon the plantation of Ulster, is indispensable. Whoever undertakes to trace historically the events which produced it, ought to begin at Derry, for Derry was the first of the six counties confiscated to James I., in which the plantation by English colonists of the escheated lands was undertaken. It is a fact which can not be disguised, that from the first settlement of the English in Ireland, their leading idea was how to obtain possession of the soil. Elizabeth had long looked with wistful eyes toward the rich plains of Ulster, and was anxious, no doubt, to reward her servants and retainers with these lands. Her troops, during a great part of her reign, were engaged in reducing the refractory Irish chieftains to submission, and in parceling out the lands of the old population to English and Scotch adventurers. In the south, her arms were partially successful, but in Ulster they made little progress, owing to the formidable resistance they received from the warlike chieftains of the north. The two attempts made during the reign to colonize Ulster were signal failures. Her successor was more fortunate. The fruits of her conquest of Ireland fell to the lot of James, and this circumstance, together with one or two other incidents, equally fortunate and adventitious, enabled him to succeed where his wiser and more accomplished predecessor failed. By the flight of the earls, James had an opportunity of introducing what he called “English law and civility” into no

less than six counties of Ulster. These were Tyrone, Fermanagh, Derry, Donegal, Cavan, and Antrim. Half a million of acres were thus escheated to the crown, and, in one fell swoop, the simple, unoffending people who had lived and toiled on these lands, were banished forever from the homes of their fathers.

James next conceived the idea that the body best qualified to undertake the plantation of Ulster was the corporation of the city of London. These civic functionaries being spoken to on the subject, were not backward in availing themselves of the King's offer, particularly so, as they foresaw that it was likely to benefit themselves. Accordingly, an order was drawn up by the King, making over nearly the entire county of Londonderry to twelve London companies, and these twelve London companies are in possession of the best part of the county of Londonderry to this day. In fact, more than two-thirds of the entire lands of the county are in the possession of lay and ecclesiastical corporations. Eight of the London companies are in possession of no less than 250,000 acres, while the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Bishop of Derry, hold broad acres, not including the glebe lands. The rental of the church lands is about £20,000 per annum, and the rental of the companies exceeds £100,000, not including the four freehold properties. Though the injustice of the great plantation can not be defended, it must be said, to James' credit, that he did not undertake it through any consideration of personal interest. His object was to introduce English civilization into Ulster, and to place upon the lands a peaceful and industrious population. When, afterward, he found that the companies had failed to fulfil the conditions implied in the grant he threatened to dispossess them, a fact that clearly proves that he did not bestow these lands as a favor, but for a useful and important purpose. It is, perhaps, superfluous for me to say that the original conditions have never been fulfilled, nor is it at all likely that they ever will.

So much of the land being in the hands of these corporations, there are comparatively few landed proprietors in Londonderry. Some of these have the reputation of being excellent landlords, and others have a reputation quite the reverse. There are, I find, a few of the landed proprietors in this county who still fully recognize the custom of tenant-right. A large proportion of them, however, during the last twenty years, have made en-

croachments upon it, while others have abolished it altogether. Upon the estates of the Marquis of Waterford, and Lord Templemore, tenant-right is practically enforced. The tenants on these properties are very happy and very prosperous, so much so, indeed, that those on the former estate have offered, to a man, to buy their farms from the landlord, who is about to dispose of his property in this county. The second class of landlords mentioned above, encroach upon the tenant-right in this way: If a tenant wishes to sell his farm, the first step he must take in that direction is to acquaint the agent of his intention. The agent assumes to himself the right of accepting or refusing, as the case may be, any person who wishes to purchase the farm. If his political principles, for example, do not coincide with those of the owner of the property, he is unconditionally set aside, even though he may be disposed to give a larger sum to the outgoing tenant than any others of the competitors. Again, it is not an unusual thing for the agent to fix the price to be paid to the outgoing tenant, and thus he is not unfrequently debarred from receiving fair or reasonable value for his interest in the soil. The practice is now also becoming very prevalent of raising the rents upon the expiration of leases, and on a few estates in Londonderry I heard that the rents were raised two, three, and even four times. The third class of landlords, or those who recognize no system of tenant-right, are, happily, few in this county. There is, however, one notable instance of this kind, which I think is too flagrant to be passed over. The proprietor to whom I refer is a justice of the peace, a deputy lieutenant, and at one time was high sheriff of this county. Some few years ago he purchased an estate. Upon that estate, among others, were two tenants, whose annual rental was £9 and £12 15s. The rents were raised, I believe, two or three times, and now they are respectively £22 10s. and £32 10s., or more than double the government valuation. At the time he came upon the estate, the landlord's annual rental was £1,600, and now, by degrees, it has mounted up to £2,200."

George Blennerhassett, her father, was the owner of the extensive domain and family mansion called Ballyrowan House. Though reared in the lap of luxury,

her young footsteps were taught to tread in the paths of righteousness and virtue ; and the beauties of truth and honor, inculcated in the minds of herself and sister in the loved home, of which she then spoke with a certain air of pride, that betokened how highly she appreciated these sterling principles. Mr. Gregory Groves, her husband, was also a landed proprietor, and one of that aristocratic class who enjoyed the luxuries of life ; displaying that disregard of all the coarser pursuits, and who left the control and management of his estate to an agent, named George Hamilton, who resided on the lands, and who was, in fact, regarded as much as the owner by the tenantry, from the fact that he granted new leases at the expiration of the old ones, and received the rents. He was a man of an amiable disposition, and his wife, and daughter, Miss Clothilde, were beloved by all the neighboring families, and little Clothilde was recognized as a daughter in the family of Mr. Groves. By one of those inscrutable dispensations of Divine Providence, her father, George Hamilton, was killed at one of those steeple chases held in that part of the country, and little Clothilde was left, at the age of ten years, without that parental protection so essential to her future advancement in life. He, Mr. Hamilton, left no property, or other evidence of frugal thrift, that would secure to his widow and only child protection from the asperities of a cold world. Yet, she was blessed with a good mother, who early in life was impressed with the beauties of eternal life, and regarded the world, here on earth, as transitory only ; and who endeavored to instill into her daughter's young mind those truths that would enable her to contend with it, and be a safeguard to her in her after career. In less than a year of her widowhood, Mrs. Hamilton was

stricken down with that most insidious of all diseases, consumption, the seeds of which were so firmly ingrafted in her system, that all efforts to afford her permanent relief were unavailing, and in her then forty-fifth year she gave up her life to Him who gave it.

Little Clothilde was then entering on her eleventh year, a helpless orphan, without a sisterhood of affection to guide or direct her young intellect. Her youth, and the singular helpless affliction of her situation, rendered her an object of the deepest commiseration. The close proximity of her residence to that of Ballyrowan House, coupled with the fact that for many years her father had been the confidential agent and adviser of Squire Gregory Groves, seemed to point out to that good landlord an additional evidence of the wisdom of the Divine Giver, that none was so well fitted as he to take charge of the homeless child. Another convincing proof of Divine Wisdom (if any were wanting) was had in the fact that the mansion of Gregory Groves had not been gifted with parental blessings, and now an opportunity offered the good couple to adorn their household, and relieve the mansion of much of its dull monotony, besides affording a cheerful companionship to Mrs. Groves. A resident tutor was provided from Dublin, who was thoroughly proficient in all the higher branches of education, and no pains or expense was spared by Squire Groves and his lady to accomplish all that was desired in the direction of establishing their young charge in all the requirements of a superior and refined education. Miss Hamilton grew up to regard her newly-adopted parents with affection, as was evidenced in the rapid advancement she made in the finer branches of study. Nor were the principles of religion forgotten, but were assidu-

ously sought and attended to, her good adopted mother, Mrs. Groves, being a rigid disciplinarian in that particular.

CHAPTER XII.

SQUIRE GREGORY GROVES, OF BALLYROWAN HOUSE, EMIGRATES
TO NEW YORK AT STRANGWAYS' SOLICITATION—LOST AT
SEA—THE WIDOW AND CLOTHILDE SAVED

Years rolled on in the happy home of Ballyrowan. Little Clothilde was rapidly advancing in all her studies and accomplishments; in addition to which, her age was ripening in that degree which indicates the progressive step from girlish joys to the more hopeful era of womanhood.

It is said that affliction seldom comes singly. The style of living with the landed gentry of Ireland was such, that all the productions of the land, and the continuous drain upon the dependent tenant by the middlemen, were insufficient to meet the style of extravagance resorted to by the owners of the soil, and as a consequence, the lands of many of the landed proprietors were mortgaged to meet the excessive demands necessary to keep pace with the hunt and the pack. The "meet" being regularly held in different sections of the county once a month, it was noted as a great dereliction of duty, in fact, dishonorable on the part of any member, if he failed to put in an appearance with the hounds. "These good old times could not last always," as Mr. Groves remarked, and each year, as the spring time would come, and the emigrant

vessel would appear in the port, bringing with it glad tidings from the friends in free America, the bone and sinew of the county would join hands together, and with the aid of the little store saved by the brother or sister, transmitted through Tapscotts, they sought the hospitality of a government, and a home that was denied to them in the land of their birth. Squire Gregory Groves' lands were every day depreciating in value, as a consequence of the exodus and misgovernment, until finally he became a bankrupt. The lands were placed in the hands of the encumbered estates commission, and such dividends as that gigantic swindle would award to the owner, he was compelled to be satisfied with. It was the law of the realm, and no exception could be taken, or appeal made, except through the tedious process of appeal to parliament.

About this time there appeared on the scene Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways. It was at that season of the year when he made his annual visits to purchase his stock of merchandise in a neighboring province. His reputation as a successful New York merchant being widely known throughout Ireland, but more particularly in the north, his society was eagerly sought by the aristocracy, besides those who were not; and on this particular occasion his visit to the mansion of Ballyrowan was regarded as a very providential circumstance, inasmuch as an opportunity was presented to the philanthropist to open his purse to the needy Squire, Gregory Groves. Subsequent events established in the minds of the neighbors the fact that the advent of the great New York merchant, Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, would be a great and lasting event in the family of Squire Groves. The time was fast approaching when that good gentleman would

have to relinquish his hold on the broad acres of Ballyrowan ; when he would have to find a new home and a different field of industry. The relationship existing between Mrs. Groves and Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, was that of near blood on the part of Mrs. Groves' mother, so that his constant visits at Ballyrowan, during his stay in the county of Tyrone, were not regarded in any other light than the ordinary visits of one relative to another ; and more particularly so, as the Squire, Gregory Groves, was noted all over the county for his hospitality to all who came within the precincts of his mansion. And then again, the embarrassed situation of the Squire was an additional incentive, as was supposed, to the great New York philanthropist to display the quality of his sympathy in so deserving a quarter. As an evidence of such an intent on the part of Mr. Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, it was finally agreed between Mr. Groves and his friend, Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, that a good home and opportunity presented itself to the Squire, his lady, and adopted daughter, Miss Hamilton, to visit New York, where, in that great mart of the world, in which he had been so successful, and had attained the proud position of a leading merchant, that the same advantages were open to all new-comers. Had Squire Gregory embraced that opportunity, it might have been the turning point in the life of the heroine of these pages, but it was ordained otherwise ; the offer was not embraced at that time, and the ordinary state of affairs continued at Ballyrowan House as usual, so long as the means extended by the encumbered estates commission lasted. It was finally resolved upon by Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, the year following, that he would extend to Squire Gregory Groves an offer of remunera-

tive employment; and from the fact of the Squire being a man of good legal attainments, having been educated in that profession in his youth, he could, or would, be a valuable acquisition in one of his establishments. The offer was very acceptable, and came from New York to Ballyrowan House almost on the eve of the expiration of the time allowed to give up possession of the land.

The family of Squire Groves having made all the preliminary arrangements for their transatlantic voyage, set sail from Liverpool in the ill-fated steamer *Arctic*, (Capt. Luce). The fate of that steamer was truly a melancholy one. Freighted with several hundred human souls, she was wrecked off Cape Race, Sept. 27, 1854, while on her homeward voyage from Liverpool, during a dense fog. She came in collision with the French iron propeller *Vesta*, and was so badly injured, that in about five hours she sank stern foremost. Three hundred passengers are supposed to have perished, and among the passengers who were lost, was the generous-hearted Squire Groves. Struggling with the waves of the all-devouring element, he sank almost in the sight of his beloved wife and adopted child.

Among the saved were Mrs. Groves and Clothilde Hamilton, who reached New York in safety, and were at once domiciled and cared for at the house of Arthur Tinsley Strangeways. For months, the good lady, Mrs. Groves, was prostrated by the deep and melancholy affliction in the loss of the beloved partner of her early days, and the additional affliction (if it might be so styled) of the charge of a young and interesting orphan child, and without a home. Yet, the good dame had always put her trust in Him who is the Ruler of all our destinies. No murmur ever escaped the lips of her who was firm in the belief that "He doeth all things

well." After months of patient nursing and care, she was fully restored to her wonted vigor, and she immediately set about to inaugurate a new sphere of usefulness for herself, scorning to be the recipient of bounty, pecuniary or otherwise, from any relative. By an indomitable spirit of industry, she at once possessed herself of a home, where she exercised those qualities of head and heart that won for her the esteem of a large circle of sterling friends, and by which she was enabled to live and support her fair charge and herself in comparative ease and comfort. In such a situation the writer of these pages found her, and partook of her hospitality at her home on Twenty-third street, as previously stated.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STARTLING SECRET—THE STRANGE WAYS OF A GUARDIAN—
CLOTHILDE IN PERIL—FALL AND REMORSE—PALMING
HIS WARES UPON OTHERS—A LADY PHYSICIAN—A BAR-
GAIN—MARRIED AT LAST—THE MERCHANT MILLION-
AIRE'S VILLIANY COMPLETE.

Mrs. Groves, laboring under the impression that the philanthropic Arthur had imparted to me the cause of his anxiety to unite his ward in marriage, and provide liberally for her husband (that was to be), informed me in the most delicate and lady-like terms, that Clothilde was a frequent visitor at the palatial mansion of Arthur Tinsley Strangeways; and further, that he had assumed, or professed to assume, such an interest in her welfare as to offer himself as her guardian and protector. This was quite a natural consequence, inasmuch as it would relieve her (Mrs. Groves) of much anxiety, and the offer being in keeping with the generally accepted belief in his philanthropy, excited no apprehension in the mind of the good old lady that wrong could come, or was intended, by the pretended guardian toward his assumed ward; consequently, her visits to his house were not regarded in any other light but with reference to her future welfare and happiness. "But what is friendship but a name." At one of those visits, so well were his plans matured that the unsuspecting and confiding Clo-

thilde was lured to her ruin. Wine and the controlling influences of a passionate dissembler, had their effect, and he led his unwary victim into a trap from which she could not well escape ; and, unguarded, she fell from the path of virtue and right, to that grade which society shuns and regards unfit to mingle with.

Poor Clothilde was not wholly to blame; the surroundings, and influences resorted to in order to effect her degradation and ruin, are every-day occurrences. In her case, probably, the temptations were greater than many would suppose. She felt secure in the house of one who was not only a near relative to her adopted mother, but who professed to be her guardian and protector ; and under the sanctity of friendship and in his own house. The weakness of her sex, the wiles and arts of her seducer, the resort to wine (perhaps prepared for the occasion), and the unconscious victim, in the hands of one who claims immunity on the score of wealth, position, and the name of being a philanthropist of modern times—why should we wonder that she fell?

I was not quite unprepared for such a secret as the good lady had just imparted to me ; my optics, and understanding of human nature, gave me a good assurance that such a *denouement* was not at all unlikely ; besides, the psuedo guardian, Arthur Tinsley Strangeways, gave me credit for being a “ man of years and discretion ; ” and it is to be supposed that at the age of thirty-five years, I knew something of the schemes of designing men.

Being now fully assured of the true state of facts, I was prepared for any further development that the case might present ; my sole object was to probe society to its centre, and to collect materials to place in such a

readable shape as might serve the cause of good, by warning the young and inexperienced of the snares and allurements that are in their every-day path. With such a view, and that only, I followed the trail as an Indian follows, each case in single file. I will not follow Arthur Tinsley Strangeways longer than to give the general reader some idea of his whole character, his *modus operandi* in business, &c., &c. I was a frequent visitor, subsequently, at the house of Mrs. Arabella Groves, but I carefully avoided, on each occasion of my visiting, alluding to an intimacy that might be regarded in any other view than mere friendship. Mrs. Groves' manner to me was that of sincerity; I looked to her as a real friend, and she, I am inclined to believe, was peculiar in her fancies, as she said that she "fancied my ways;" and the course she adopted toward me was intended rather to strengthen (as she supposed) the intimacy between Clothilde and myself, as the "secret" was told in a tone of sympathy in that direction, and that I was to be the lucky recipient of a goodly position and fortune from her relative, Arthur Tinsley Strangeways.

My subsequent interviews with Miss Clothilde were few and far between, and gradually wore off, not without affording the New York philanthropist an opportunity of knowing that I was not only forewarned of his guilt, but also forewarned against his designs to foist upon me a companion of his selection, under the plea of guardianship.

Arthur Tinsley Strangeways did finally select a suitable partner for Miss Clothilde, as I afterwards learned. Nearly a year subsequent, Miss Hamilton was in delicate health (as I was informed) after my visits were less frequent. I did not attribute her indis-

position to that cause; but Mrs. Groves, in her artless confiding way, assured me that Miss H. had been under the advice of a lady physician, who administers "never-failing remedies at \$5.00." I found the name of the lady physician, and to those who may not be conversant with the secrets of her art, it is stated in very plain and unmistakable terms in the columns of the *Herald* every day. Here is a copy:

"A certain cure for married ladies, with or without medicine, by Madame Restell, Professor of Midwifery; over 30 years practice. Her infallible French Female Pills, No. 1, price \$1, or No. 2, specially prepared for married ladies, price \$5, which can never fail; are safe and healthy. Sold only at her office, No. 1 East Fifty-second street, first door from Fifth avenue, and at druggists, 152 Greenwich street, or sent by mail. All others are counterfeit. N. B.—Beware of imitators, who copy this advertisement."

Miss Hamilton, since that time, has changed her name, probably through the instrumentality of her guardian. Be that as it may, she, I am pleased to say, follows a good and useful life, and is known as a very successful artiste in modes de Paris, not far from Tenth street and Broadway. Her husband is in the exercise of honorable employment in one of the leading establishments on Broadway, and has charge of the silk department (retail), and in this way a certain amount of business is dovetailed to his wife, through his influence in recommending &c., &c. He assuming one name, and Clothilde another, having a French tail to it, for effect.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOTTIE LATROBE ASKS A FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE—A MOONLIGHT TRIP UP THE HUDSON—AN UNWELCOME INTERRUPTION AND UNLOOKED-FOR CONFESSION—ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AND RESCUE.

CATSKILL STATION. Monday morning.

TO J. H. DAVENPORT,

Box 6825, New York.

DEAR SIR—It has occurred to me that it is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing you, that I would take this opportunity of informing you that I am going on a visit with my aunt to Delaware county on Thursday next, and will make a temporary stay of one night with her in New York, at the Metropolitan Hotel. If you can make it convenient to call there, I will be pleased to introduce you to her. We intend to take the steamer *St. John* on Friday evening for Albany, and thence by the Susquehanna Railroad to Schenectady, thence by stage to Davenport Centre. Hoping you are in the enjoyment of health and other blessings,

I am very truly,

LOTTIE E. LATROBE.

I had never seen Miss Lottie's aunt, and here was a good chance to make her acquaintance. I promptly replied that I would be much pleased to pay my respects to herself and aunt on the day named.

I called at the Metropolitan Hotel; colored representative took my card very gracefully, and went up to room

72. He soon returned, and politely informed me "*dat de lady in sebenty-two* would see me in *de ladies' parlor*." I was soon ushered, by the reconstructed person, into the presence of Miss LaTrobe, in the ladies' parlor, and he bowed himself out. I expected a greeting from an aged aunt, but was disappointed in that particular—disappointments are not new to me—Miss LaTrobe, after the usual kindly manifestations had subsided, informed me that her aunt had changed her mind in regard to the proposed visit; and that her health was then so feeble she had deferred the proposed journey for a little time, and Miss L. could not resist the opportunity offered to visit friends she had not seen in nearly two years, and particularly after writing to them that they were coming.

The interview was a very pleasant one, and at the termination she very delicately hinted that the boat would leave pier 45 North river, near the foot of Canal street, at five or six o'clock, P. M.; and expressed a desire that I would oblige her by ascertaining the exact hour of departure of the steamer, and let her know. I promised I would do so, and took respectful leave. I called next evening to inform her, and remained till near the time of departure, when she informed me that she had ordered a carriage, and would be pleased to have my company to the boat, and have her "*Saratoga*" checked. Of course, I accepted; I would like to see the gentleman who could refuse such an offer. We reached the boat just in time; I went on board with Miss L., while jehu was taking the "*Saratoga*" to be checked. Miss LaTrobe handed me \$5.00 to secure a state-room in the ladies' cabin. I did so; then I went to obtain the check from coachee, and returned all right; but of course, hand-shaking and taking leave generally takes

up all our thoughts, when dear friends are departing on a journey by steamboat or rail, and in one of such transitory moments of blissful enjoyment and pleasant conversation, the good steamer slipped from her moorings and was gradually wending her way, heading up the Hudson river, "and a passenger aboard that should have been ashore."

In such a dilemma did I find myself, in the cabin of the steamer *St. John*. I made the best of the mishap, and consoled myself that I could return next day in good time for business, and consequently determined to enjoy the evening to the best advantage. After a good supper on board, Miss L. and myself promenaded on deck, and we became gradually interested in the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and other topics; the leading one that she dwelt upon was that which had taken a deep root in her mind, and perhaps her heart. Without resorting to egotism, I must confess that Miss LaTrobe's mind was quite absorbed in the idea that I was as much in the power of the blind goddess as she then was. Miss LaTrobe remained in the enjoyment of her pleasant thoughts; and in summing up the many interesting episodes that were received and sent from Catskill, led her to suppose that the event of my being unexpectedly detained on board was most opportune and fortunate, as it would afford an opportunity for both to descant on the theme. In this particular instance it was indeed most fortunate for one of us at least.

The discussion of the interesting topic referred to was gradually approximating to that degree of enthusiasm on her part that plainly evinced how much the subject was in the ascendant in her mind. All the letters received and forwarded were carefully committed

to her memory, and each incident that favored her view of the blissful future was treasured and enlarged upon. Then came an avowal, apparently in honest candor, that love had exercised such control over her on that particular occasion, that she was reluctantly obliged to express her feelings to me. I sympathized with her as freely as circumstances and my feelings would permit; for be it understood, that I had not committed any breach of good faith in the correspondence, which, on my part, partook more of the character of friendship than aught else.

The culminating point was now fast approaching; the promenading was of about two hours' duration, when turning from one point of the deck to proceed toward another, Miss Lottie E. LaTrobe was recognized by a lady and gentleman friend from New Haven, to whom I was introduced, and who addressed her as Mrs. Sargeant.

I noticed that Miss LaTrobe almost blushed scarlet at the unexpected recognition. I was somewhat surprised, and before my mind could account for the cause of embarrassment, the lady in question inquired in a kind way "how Mr. Sargeant was," and if he accompanied "her on the trip." The negative was spoken in a tone between anger and swooning by Miss LaTrobe, and soon the formality of casual acquaintanceship between the two ladies was broken off. Then came an unexpected *denouement*, and for some minutes an unbroken silence prevailed, when suddenly starting, as if from a reverie, Miss LaTrobe said that she was a little embarrassed at meeting her friend Miss Coningsby and her affianced, and inquired if I had noticed her manner when that lady betrayed the name of "Sargeant." I remarked that I certainly did notice her manner at the

mention of a name I had not heard before, and also that I had supposed from Miss Coningsby's conversation that she was formerly a resident of New Haven, Connecticut, and was not a permanent one at Catskill.

Miss LaTrobe then said to me, that as I had, from the beginning of the correspondence, acted toward her as a gentleman, she would now declare her fault to me; and hoped that when her mind was relieved of its then oppressive weight, that I would not only forgive her, but remember her kindly; and that if I exhibited anger toward her, she would not think unkindly of me, for she felt that she had inflicted a deep injury on my feelings.

In a manner of deep sincerity, in which was mingled anguish and sorrow, she briefly informed me that her name was Sargeant, and not LaTrobe, and that the person of whom Miss Coningsby had made mention was her husband, and was then residing in New Haven; but that she had been estranged from his domicile for a length of time. That estrangement had proceeded from various causes, one of which was the ill advice of her sister, in bringing about her marriage with Mr. Sargeant, to serve her own ends; and Mr. Sargeant and herself were very ill suited to each other from the beginning, and not living happily together, she concluded to quietly separate; that her father, who was a gentleman in well-to-do circumstances, afforded her all the means necessary to live, without accepting Mr. Sargeant's alimony, and had provided for her a temporary home at Catskill, with a sister of his.

Miss LaTrobe (now Mrs. Sargeant) was in the greatest state of nervous excitement during the recital of this narrative, and at the conclusion she placed her hands to her forehead and bathed them in tears; begging that I would forgive her for the deception she

had practiced upon me, excused herself by saying that she had no idea when she commenced to correspond with me that it would result in any such manner; but as one sentiment called forth another, and after seeing me at our first interview, her finer feelings had betrayed her into the depth she had penetrated, till they were completely wrapped up in me and my subject, and she now presumed that although my generous nature would overlook her indiscretion, and forgive her, still she thought that I would forsake her, and regard her unworthy of further confidence after *such a revelation*.

I was in a quandary for the moment as to what advice I should give, or what adjustment would be proper, under the circumstances. I was in a measure an aggressor—"humanum est errare." We had been resting on a bench during the conversation, the moon lending its refulgent grandeur to the scenery all around; and the promenaders had all left the place (at the stern of the vessel), probably with one or two exceptions, when Mrs. Sargeant, abruptly rising, ran forward toward the guards of the steamer, and was in the act of making a spring overboard when a gentleman (who turned out to be Miss Coningsby's lover) grasped hold of her skirts, and with my assistance removed her below to the ladies' cabin, and placed her in charge of the stewardess. Mr. Comstock (for that was the gent's name) and myself kept vigil till toward dawn the following morning, the good stewardess issuing a bulletin every now and then till that period, when all danger had passed.

Mr. Comstock and myself, during the hours of watchfulness in which we had taken interest, became communicative, respectively, in regard to the singularity of the incident of the evening previous, which had par-

taken so much of the character of romance. He informed me that he had learned a good deal of Mrs. Sargeant's previous history from his friend Miss Coningsby, after he had been introduced to her. That her husband was an excellent and worthy man, and at that time occupied the position of partner in a large flour mill, near New Haven; that he was an over-indulgent spouse, gratifying all the whims and caprices of his fickle wife, so much so that Mrs. Sargeant was supposed to wear those garments which by gentlemen are usually worn without frills. Such was Mr. Comstock's delicate regard for Mrs. Sargeant, that he was not disposed to entertain an exalted opinion of her charms, and he was, therefore, loth to use any harsher terms than those already referred to.

Of course I gave my explanation of the little affair in which I had taken as conspicuous a part as Mrs. Sargeant, and candidly avowed myself the aggressor toward the lady, diverting his mind from knowing the exact facts until the time wore gradually along when we were nearing Albany, which we reached at five, A. M. On arriving at the wharf, I found that Mr. Comstock had called a hack, into which Miss Coningsby and himself entered and drove off, bidding me adieu.

Very soon after, Mrs. Sargeant made her appearance from the ladies' cabin, and in a state of great despondency, superinduced by the restless night which she had passed, approached to where I was in waiting. I then learned, for the first time, that Mr. Comstock had informed Miss Coningsby of the occurrence (through the stewardess), and had requested her to change her room, if possible, to that of Mrs. Sargeant's, in which there were some unoccupied berths. This feeling of kindness on Mr. Comstock's part was to be commended, and for

which I have always felt a deep sense of gratefulness. The confusion I felt at the unusual occurrence had so worked upon me that my presence of mind had not suggested that when we placed Mrs. Sargeant in charge of the stewardess.

We silently journeyed from the deck of the steamer *St. John* to the omnibus in waiting on the wharf, and accompanied the several passengers to the Delavan House. Mrs. Sargeant had evidently received some good advice from Miss Coningsby in the cabin of the steamer, and as I had given her additional assurance that I had not imparted to Mr. Comstock any particulars of our secret correspondence, she felt a great inward relief; and assured me, that as far as her friend Miss Coningsby was concerned, she felt secure, and was persuaded to the belief that she would rather shield her than otherwise, inasmuch as Miss Coningsby was at that time carrying on a correspondence with Mr. Comstock without the consent or knowledge of her parents; her paternal one sternly refusing to recognize such absurdities in the young of either sex; hence, all Miss Coningsby's interviews with Mr. Comstock were of a clandestine character.

After an excellent breakfast at the Delavan House, of which Mrs. Sargeant made a very hearty meal, matters generally assumed a degree of calm that was somewhat refreshing. Mrs. S. had evidently reflected on the rash step she was about to take the evening previous, as I had dwelt upon the enormity of the offense, in the sight of God and man, and the disgrace that it would entail on her family name and relatives. Then, again, she had committed no indiscretion that would bring upon her a lasting disgrace; no such humiliation or scandal, and she could well retrace her steps, and

walk the path of uprightness and honor, instead of deception and vice. This she most faithfully promised to do; and when the conversation had nearly exhausted the subject, it was near the time of departure of the 10:30 morning train from Albany to Schenectady. We walked leisurely from the Delavan to the Susquehanna depot, where I had the "Saratoga" checked, and procuring a ticket I placed Mrs. Sargeant, *alias* Lottie E. LaTrobe on board. The conductor said "all was right," and the agent of steam took my fair charmer away.

CHAPTER XV.

SEEKING A NEW MEETING—HER SEARCH FOR J. H. DAVENPORT—DISCOVERED—DEATH OF LOTTIE'S HUSBAND—HER DECLARATIONS IN WASHINGTON PARK—OUR FINAL SEPARATION.

About two months after, I received a note from Mrs. Sargeant, mailed at New Haven, requesting a renewal of former correspondence, and intimating certain reasons which she could give for wishing a reopening of the subject which had engrossed so much of her thoughts on previous occasions.

Without expressing a desire to enter into any new particulars, or incidents, that she might wish to advance, I respectfully declined to hold any further views in relation to the subject, alleging as a reason, that the eventful night on board the steamer *St. John* had afforded me sufficient cause for discontinuing any further return to such incidents. At the same time informing the lady of the risks she was running in still persisting to follow the bent of an unwise (not to say unholy) passion, adding that I had learned from our mutual friend Mr. Comstock, that her husband was a worthy gentleman, and a more than indulgent husband; and a review of the past, with a little serious reflection, would lead her thoughts to the line of duty she ought to pursue for the future happiness of herself and husband; besides,

being a lady of singular mental endowments or more than ordinary quality, she was well calculated to make her home a retreat of pleasure and refinement, instead of being a void, surrounded with compunctions of conscience, and remote from blessings and every happiness.

I reasonably supposed that such a note as the above, in reply to her invitation to commence anew the subject of her former unhappiness, would be a sufficient guarantee to her that further appeal would be unnecessary, and that I desired a discontinuance of the matter. Such was not the case; the next day brought a reply by mail, in the most beautiful and expressive style of language, entreating me in the most affectionate manner to grant her an interview, which might perhaps be a final one. I still declined, not recognizing any good that might accrue; and in reality I began to feel somewhat alarmed at the earnestness of the appeal.

In the meantime I left my lodgings for a more comfortable and convenient one, and I subsequently learned that on my last refusal to see Mrs. Sargeant, she had called at my former abode, and found from the landlady that I had left, and did not know where I was then boarding. Mrs. Sargeant then inquired if any letters were left by the carrier, or if it was possible to find me. A thought struck the landlady that she had heard (or rather overheard), as they always do, that I had a friend, cashier in a certain bank, and forthwith Mrs. Sargeant presented herself at the desk of that gentleman, and inquired where Mr. J. H. Davenport did business, stating that she had some documents sent by her husband, Mr. Sargeant, to me. The cashier directed her to my place of business, and she found me there.

Mrs. Sargeant entered a kind and somewhat reproachful protest at my refusal to grant her requested inter-

view. I reasoned as well as I could consistently in a business establishment, and on such a subject, but my argument was of little avail, and she persisted in requesting an interview with me that afternoon at three o'clock, in Washington Parade Ground, when she would impart to me something that she said I would be pleased to hear, and must be sure not to disappoint her.

I am free to avow that I began to be somewhat alarmed at the new turn matters had taken, and had some reason to think that Mrs. S. contemplated violence, either on herself or me. This conviction on my part was somewhat strengthened by the incident on the *St. John* steamboat, on the Hudson. I am no coward, but this was a time to exercise the utmost caution and vigilance, should any demonstration of violence be made either on her own person or that of mine.

With a consciousness that I was powerful in the right, and that my knowledge of human nature would enable me to detect in Mrs. Sargeant's demeanor toward me the slightest move that would have for its object the taking of her own life or mine—for at the time I could divine no other motive she had in view in selecting for our interview Washington Parade Ground—*I determined to see her*. Firm and resolved, I was at the appointed place at the exact time. I saw Mrs. Sargeant coming toward me from the gate which leads to Fourth street, and with a countenance beaming with gladness. I was a little disconcerted, for the moment, at this, but was not off my guard. I requested her to take my arm, so that I might better secure my object, if my surmises should prove correct. It happened for the good of both that my fears were entirely groundless; Mrs. Sargeant came for a more definite aim and purpose.

In a tone of apparent sadness, yet unmingled with emotion, she began by relating that since she had seen me last she had gone through a sea of trouble; not in a pecuniary sense, but in the loss of her husband, and that she was now a widow. Although no indications of widowhood appeared in the closely frilled bordering; no extravagance of sorrowful apparel that indicates the outward regard for the dear departed, there was a something, I can not now express it, which favored the semblance of sorrow; but not that depth of grief that is usually manifested on the sudden demise of so near a relative.

I offered such sympathy as is usually expressed, on learning that the hand of death had robbed her of a good husband, and endeavored to elicit the cause of his illness; but in this I was unsuccessful, and finally gave the subject the benefit of my own surmises.

Mrs. Sargeant made another passionate appeal to me, even at such a time, and expressed a fervent wish to resume where we had broken off, and that she would now regard me as the only friend to whom she would even look for that sympathy and comfort in which she stood so much in need. These expressions, coming at such a time, gave rise to some unpleasant reflections in my mind, and I made a resolve inwardly that I would break off from the influence and importunities of Mrs. Sargeant; and I then told her, in a very pleasant manner, that I would come to a conclusion in a short time, and would inform her of the result on the following day. Accordingly, the next day I gave vent to my opinions of her case, and in recounting all the facts, and comparing notes, I forwarded to Mrs. Sargeant a respectful letter by mail, declining any further interviews or correspondence, and giving as a rea-

son for so doing, that I was of opinion that her husband, Mr. Sargeant, had been unkindly dealt with; perhaps I might have used a stronger term, but charity forbade me wounding her feelings.

From that day to this I have heard nothing of Mrs. Sargeant, or the cause of her husband's demise; it may have been natural or otherwise. He above, who knows all our thoughts and actions, I leave to judge.

“Think not that guilt, that falsehood, made me fall;
 No, no—’t was grief, ’t was madness, did it all!
 Nay, doubt me not; though all thy love hath ceased—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SCIENCE OF LETTER WRITING—MISS SADIE MAHONE'S
LIFE IN A FASHIONABLE BOARDING HOUSE—MUSIC AND
MATRIMONY—SADIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

It will be remembered by the reader that there were twenty-seven letters addressed, in the usual style of delicate penmanship, to J. H. Davenport, box 6825, post-office, New York. Some of them tinted and perfumed with "Lubin's" choicest odors, and with one, or perhaps two, exceptions, the indication of prepayment of postage was placed, invariably, upon the left-hand corner of the envelope, instead of the right. On referring to each delicate missive in detail, and giving a cursory glance at the sentiments, diction, and literary attainments of the writers, they afforded additional evidence of the same weakness of intellect as appeared in the case of the postage stamps. The writers had not advanced in the scale of progressive intelligence that would entitle them to respectful consideration.

They were, for the most part, a wide departure from the Chesterfield style of language or teaching, and in many of them a goodly evidence was apparent that the "school marm" had been abroad, or in other words, they had not received a New England education. Others were written in the log seminary style, thus:

"I now take up my pen in hand," &c. This was supposed to afford me enlightenment that the aspirants for my affections, or a "social interchange of thought," had five digits to enable them to grasp their pen, and by ambidextrous skill, with five additional, to obtain possession of my earthly person, goods, chattels, &c., at the same time.

Be this as it may, there were two of them which deserved more than a passing notice, and to these I gave sufficient consideration in many pleasant "interchanges of thought," *minus* the matrimony. First in order came No. 26, mailed at Broadway, near Thirty-first street; the other, at the outlandish town of Saccarrappa, in the State of Maine. No. 26 being in Broadway, I found the writer by the ordinary process known to detective manipulation, and on discovering the house in which she resided, I saw on the column of the door a notice, written in a female hand, that there was "pleasant rooms," or "rooms *en suite* to rent with board." I rang the bell, and found that the lady of the house was temporarily indisposed, and could not be seen; but was informed "that if the apartment pleased me I could have it on giving reference satisfactory." This assurance being at hand, I vacated my former peaceful retreat, and deposited my goods and chattels in the new-found abode. Next morning, after a refreshing ablution in one of the modern improvements, commonly called a bath, I presented myself at breakfast. Being a new comer, I was the observed of all observers, and my seat was leaned forward next to an interesting looking lady in weeds. I did not feel that embarrassment that might otherwise ensue if I had been in the same proximity to a Miss. Then there were other considerations that left room for supposition that the seat selected was

the most fitting and suitable one in the family circle. The establishment was conducted in a style to suit a certain class, better known as "codfish aristocracy." This not being a vulgarism, it may not be considered a misnomer. The proprietress was a lady of that uncertain age that would be difficult to determine by an umpire; yet she might be classed with those whose age and figure are usually named in three syllables: fair, fat, and forty. If more, certainly not less, and one who had forgotten all the vagaries of Cupid and his arts. She was maidenly and lady-like; the former gave rise, sometimes, to bitterness, and set the sterner portion of her household to reflect on what could have been the cause of her youthful disappointments, and withal so much a lady? The surroundings of the family circle were not of that cheerful order that would invite a boarder to stay, while so many tempting offers are made wherein "the comforts of a home might be enjoyed." There were several other maiden ladies of questionable age in the house, and it would seem that such a class of society was especially cultivated therein. There was one there, however, not so far advanced in years—this brings me to letter No. 26—and this inducement led me to stay a longer time than I otherwise would have done.

Miss Sadie Mahone was a guest of the maidenly proprietress, and during her sojourn in the house she took upon herself the charge of many domestic burdens in the form of housekeeping, and was generally a favorite with all the boarders. She never knew that my name was J. H. Davenport, and I never made her aware that I had such a bundle in my portfolio soliciting an "interchange of thought." I elicited all her thoughts without much of the interchange, and among them a fact

that she did not care much for music, in which I took a great pleasure; but in one of the "interchanges of thought," I learned that a niece of the maiden hostess, who was a good performer on the piano and vocalist, was coming on a visit, as she had just graduated at that seat of refinement in New England called "Holyoke." At this intimation from Miss Mahone, I was anxiously looking for a rich literary treat; and it came, I am pleased to say, in a short time after, in the person of a young lady of twenty summers. Here another evidence was afforded that New England ought to be proud of that eminent seminary of intellectual advancement, as well as the State who claims for her offspring that Chesterfieldian philosopher and statesman Sumner, besides the Beechers, Stowes, and other celebrities. To shorten this chapter, it will be only necessary to say that Miss Mahone acted not wisely, nor perhaps well, in giving me an introduction to her "dear friend from Holyoke," as all my future leisure was devoted to listening to the beautiful selections from Beethoven and Meyerbeer, so elegantly performed by Miss Gilchrist on a fine-toned seven-and-a-half octave.

When the quaver and semi-quaver cadences had subsided, I was edified by her recital of the beauties of Chaucer, the language of Demosthenes, and of modern literature, in which she was well read. While in a state of semi-obliviousness, I discovered the truth of the maxim, "*qui non proficit, deficit.*" "He who does not advance, goes backward."

In this particular instance it was made manifest. My snail-like pace was taken advantage of by a modern scion of Esculapius. He came, saw, and conquered, and the young lady of twenty summers then, now discourses sweet lullabys to her first-born, and beneath the

bracing air of the Orange mountains she graces her village home in the society of her affectionate doctor.

It would be uninteresting to the reader to follow in detail the course of Miss Mahone. It may be said she is a young lady of prudence and honor, and worthy of the respect of any gentleman, her only apparent fault being a maudlin religious sentimentality, which prevails in Puritanical notions of worship, and to such an extreme is this carried by some persons, that it partakes of disbelief in all other doctrines but their own, and in this instance Miss Mahone was not an exception.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VOICE FROM THE EAST—FANNIE LIVINGSTON AS A CORRESPONDENT—A LENGTHY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FANNIE AND THE AUTHOR—MRS. AYERS OF SCHERMERHORN STREET.

SACCARAPPA, August 10, 1866.

SIR—The longitude of this place from New York, situated as it is, in the far end of sun-down, would indicate, perhaps, that its inhabitants are so far remote from civilization, that we can neither see nor hear of the doings of other mortals in the great commercial marts of our Union. Yet we do, and this may be new evidence to you, that reasoning from analogy is not in all cases sound logic. Those powerful agents of civilization, steam, railroads, and the telegraph, facilitate our intellectual advancement in the same degree as it opens up to us the inexhaustible resources of the great Far West; yes, good sir, one of these agents, or rather two of them, have placed before me a copy of that interesting weekly journal, the *Waverly*, and I observe your advertisement, to which a young lady friend has called my attention, inviting a correspondence for literary amusement.

Probably there may be impropriety in this, but my young friend, who is at my elbow, urges me in such a way that she has induced me to be her amanuensis for the time being. We are only here on a visit; Miss Hargreaves and myself, when at home, reside at Cape Elizabeth; and we enjoy ourselves in a variety of little pleasantries that make up for the dullness and such contrasts as are to be found in your city. Many of the contrasts I am more familiar with than you may be willing to reconcile to your belief, and as pointed assertions should always be borne out by facts to substantiate their truthfulness, I will say that I

was formerly a resident of Brooklyn, where I have spent many happy years, and have a good, kind sister there. But here I must stop. I am writing for the edification of Miss Hargreaves, and anything I may know might not be interesting to you, or otherwise; but as I have been led into error so far, suppose you condescend to write us conjointly; that will remove any feeling; then we may favor you with a reply. As your advertisement does not solicit photographs, we may tell you frankly we have none to bestow, but in our next we may give you a pen and ink sketch of ourselves.

Address, FANNIE LIVINGSTON, or

HATTIE HARGREAVES,

Cape Elizabeth Depot, Maine.

To J. H. DAVENPORT, New York.

This letter, although written at the "far end of sun-down" (as was expressed by Miss Livingston), gave me assurance of two things, viz.: literary talent and education, cultured by forethought and experience in the writer, besides bearing the imprint of refinement and candor. Such an epistle deserved a respectful reply, but whether to address one in the singular or plural sense, as requested, I was slightly disconcerted to determine. If I wrote a reply to Miss Livingston, and omitted mention of her "lady friend," it might be construed as a hint that Miss Hargreaves was a myth, and that I recognized Miss Livingston only. The two names were written by the same lady, the sentiments and views of only one expressed, and although Miss Livingston informed me that "reasoning from analogy was not in all cases sound logic," here was an opportunity afforded to improve myself by a "social interchange of thought" on some theme, and adopting the maxim of Cicero, "that literary studies are the food of youth and the consolation of age; they adorn pros-

perity, and are the comfort of adversity," I made up my mind that it would be most proper to address a joint letter to the ladies (as I presumed there were two), and place the superscription on the envelope to Miss Fannie Livingston, leaving her to use her pleasure by taking it to her own keeping or handing it to Miss Hattie Hargreaves. With this view I wrote the following reply:

NEW YORK, August 25, 1866.

LADIES—It affords me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 10th inst., dated at Saccarappa, Maine, which you are pleased to say is situated in a remote degree from civilization. I agree with you, that intellectual development, as well as our commercial and political advancement, owes much of its strength to those auxiliary agents you refer to; in fact, since the advent of their discovery we have advanced so far, and are making such progressive strides, that we are penetrating new fields of enterprise, wealth, and commercial prosperity, and distancing all competitors in the old world, until our system of government has become a study for the statesman, as well as the philosopher, in other hemispheres.

You have made a just remark, that in this city a variety of contrasts exist, and are apparent to the casual observer; but commercial men hurriedly pass them by, having no time to dwell on their congruity. Ladies are supposed to be closer and more astute observers than men, hence, we naturally look for that enlightenment in literature, art, and general excellence, which we give credit to the female mind for possessing. Their delicacy of nature renders them fitting agents to mould the thoughts and intellect of youth. The controlling influence of their gentle manners, their virtues, and their charms, have made them an object of our first regard since the time of mother Eve.

Then how can Miss Livingston think that I may be "unwilling to reconcile to my belief" such contrasts as she may have observed? It may be, I am free to confess, that I overlook a great many faults of our weak humanity, and take cognizance only of the good and the beautiful; these confer more lasting benefits, and are as easily to be understood. I would be not

only pleased, but gratified, to learn from Miss Livingston some of her notes or dottings of New York ; they may pass away a dull hour of loneliness ; or in the portrayal of some passage of intellectual refinement, call forth the memories of home and its endearments. Such reminiscences would have a peculiar charm for me ; there can be no impropriety in their introduction, and I am sure your lady friend can have no scruples in pursuing such a theme ; but I will anxiously look for those contrasts in which you suppose I have a disbelief ; also the pen and ink sketch you kindly offered to bestow, and any other particulars you wish to furnish, I will feel obliged and grateful for.

Very respectfully,

J. H. DAVENPORT.

The same hand which wrote the letter of the 10th inst., from Saccarappa, mailed a reply to the above on the 30th of August, 1866, from Cape Elizabeth, Maine. As some young Miss may desire to know more of Miss Livingston (it would be a source of profit to her at the same time to exercise the prudence and forethought which actuated her in making a selection of an unknown literary correspondent), we append the response :

CAPE ELIZABETH DEPOT, August 30, 1866.

J. H. DAVENPORT, Esq.

SIR—Your kind note I received Wednesday morning. You must allow me to express my surprise at its reception, for when I addressed you it was scarcely with an idea that I should ever hear from you, or if at all, in so gentlemanly a manner. I have always been averse to this style of correspondence, and this is the first time I have ever indulged in anything of the kind, so I am certainly a novice in this way of writing. I thought at first I would not reply, but the perusal of your note has caused me to change somewhat from a former decision. Its tenor and style is what I would expect from a true gentleman (and here, allow me to say, if I did not believe you to be such I would not write you). I am impressed that a correspondence with you

would be very interesting and instructive. I think one's literary talent may be much improved by this character of communication. Prompted by these reasons, if you should deem them worthy of "social interchange of thought," I will give you a line of introduction to my sister in Brooklyn; she is a married lady of more mature years than myself, and of course will be better capable of judging of the propriety of my continuing the matter further; you may then elicit from her more than the limits of this note will allow. I may say here, that in the course of a short time I will return to Brooklyn, where I shall make my home with her, and may then have the pleasure of a better acquaintance with you.

Kindly and respectfully,

FANNIE LIVINGSTON.

Here was at least a partial evidence that Miss Fannie sometimes did reason from analogy. She inclosed a letter of introduction (sealed) to her sister, with a view of ascertaining if the facts of my few lines of *Waverly* "special" were of the order of falsity or truth. This was a most commendable course, and one well calculated to establish confidence in any gentleman that Miss Livingston was none other than what she had represented herself to be, a lady of refinement and respectability.

If all young ladies who are tempted to answer unknown correspondents would adopt the same course, and submit their views on this topic to their sisters or friends, they would save themselves (if not from ruin) at least from humiliation.

The introductory note was addressed to "Mrs. Letitia A. Ayres, No.— Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, introducing J. H. Davenport, of New York." I called the next day but one after the receipt of the note from Miss Livingston, at the home of Mrs. Ayres, in Schermerhorn street, and was received very kindly by that

lady. Her manner was somewhat reserved, and properly so. She briefly perused the note, and informed me that it contained an outline of what her sister desired to know, and if I was willing to inform her of my social status in society, and furnish honorable credentials, she could see no great impropriety in corresponding with her sister, with the view of literary improvement, &c. Mrs. Ayres further said, "that her sister Fannie was a consistent member of the Baptist Church; was a teacher, and her absence was felt very much among a large number of her lady acquaintances and Sabbath-school scholars." Mrs. Ayres also said, "that previous to her sister leaving for Cape Elizabeth, where she was at present visiting another married sister, she had been made the recipient of a beautiful copy of the Holy Bible, and also a very handsome album of a large size, both of them elegantly bound, and on the fly-sheet of each were written expressions of the highest esteem and regard for Miss Fannie, by the kind donors."

On a neat marble table which stood in the middle of the richly furnished parlor, were placed these evidences of merit and moral excellence, and Mrs. Ayres, taking up the album which contained the photographs of herself, husband, two children, and sisters Fannie and Kate, handed it to me for inspection. There was a striking family resemblance in the one of Miss Fannie and Mrs. Ayres, the only disparity being in their ages, Mrs. Ayres being six years the senior of her sister Fannie.

Mrs. Ayres and her sisters Fannie and Kate were the surviving children of the Reverend Daniel Livingston, of South Framingham, near Boston, the gentleman being many years deceased. After a very pleasant interview with Mrs. Ayres, I was kindly invited to call any evening I wished at her residence, and see her husband,

who was a merchant in good circumstances, and doing business in Beekman street, New York city.

I made two visits to this good family, previous to the advent or arrival of Miss Fannie from Cape Elizabeth, which was some five or six weeks subsequently. About the third day after her arrival in Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, I called, by invitation of Miss Fannie Livingston, at the house of her sister.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BROOKLYN CURIOSITIES—ITS CHURCHES AND PARSONS—NORWOOD'S PULPIT DECLAMATIONS TO THE SHODDY—AT HOME WITH FANNIE IN SCHERMERHORN STREET—HAPPY MARRIAGE—MADAME LYON'S MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

Brooklyn, L. I., owes much of its progressive enterprise and commercial prosperity to its close proximity to New York, so easily accessible at all hours by means of the several ferries. The aristocratic as well as the middle strata of society mingling in the same throng, establish a cosmopolitan character in its people, as well as in the propinquity of their homes; the same is observable in the several denominations of Christian worship, with one exception, only. This city is styled the city of churches, and these divine blessings exert their influence for good over a wide field, through the clerical zeal and eloquence exhibited by the several pastors. Their praiseworthy style of eloquence and zeal is of a marked character and the portrayals of the many illustrations of the Divine Gospel, are given in that simplicity of language that lends force and religious example, in many of the beautiful edifices that adorn the city. There is one, however, in which that simplicity is frequently departed from, and parables (as taught by the Saviour of the world) are laid aside, and isms and theories, outside the pale of Gospel truths, are dissem-

inated in a style of eloquence and language more befitting the halls of legislation or the forum.

This is more observable in the church of the exception, where conservators of the public peace, in uniform, are stationed at either side of the vestibule, who politely inform strangers that Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy and family are pew-owners, and must enter first and be seated before the intending worshiper can gain entrance, or even lay claim to standing-room. This system of admission lends a theatrical air to the outside architecture of the sacred pile, besides crowds are drawn thither more from curiosity to learn the peculiar doctrines so eloquently pleaded, than from a purer desire to worship their Creator.

The evening I called upon Miss Livingston at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ayres, was one of mirth and festivity in the household. The knowledge that Miss Fannie had returned home gave vent to much rejoicing, and the several members of her Sabbath-school took advantage of this circumstance, and gathered together in the form of a surprise party. When I reached No.—Schermernhorn street, in obedience to the invitation from Miss Fannie, I found two gentleman friends of hers, and several young ladies, awaiting admission at the door. Entering with them, I sent my card by the maid-servant to Mrs. Ayres; that lady politely welcomed me, at the same time informing me of the surprise to Miss Fannie, and my hitherto unknown correspondent also came forward and bade me a respectful welcome. The formal restraint of an introduction in the usual way lost much of its conventionality, and I offered much of my company to the good host and hostess, discussing the seeming unalloyed happiness that young persons experience in such social gatherings, and particularly

when emanating from such a source as the one which was then manifesting itself. The young lady friends of Miss Fannie regarded me as a business acquaintance of Mr. Ayres, consequently they had no opportunity of determining whether she and I had given way to any "interchange of thought." She very prudently kept a record of her own thoughts, and left no room for her young friends to misconstrue her course. Much of the evening was spent in discussing the topic of religion, and the influence that it exerted on the young mind when properly inculcated, by divesting its holy truths of that prejudice existing in illiberal and illiterate minds, that this and that doctrine was the only straight road that led souls to salvation. In fact, this theory was considered by Mrs. Ayres as the only saving grace, and Mr. Ayres assured her that such illiberality would not obtain for her church as many converts as if she pursued a more considerate course, and in keeping with a spirit of religious harmony.

Mr. Ayres was an Episcopalian. Mrs. Ayres and Fannie, her sister, although endowed with intellectual advantages of a high order, did not partake of the broader scope of religious toleration that he would desire, and although no discord was apparent in the household, I could discern a certain feeling of unpleasant embarrassment in Mr. A., at the narrow and unchristian ideas of religion in Mrs. Ayres. I was compelled, from conscientious conviction, to sustain the views of Mr. Ayers, in opposition to those of his good lady, and to my great relief the subject of religion was never reverted to on any subsequent occasion that I visited the family; it would seem that the topic was permanently abandoned, as far as I was looked upon as a subject for conversation.

Miss Livingston had little time that evening to attend to the matter of literary thought, and she offered the most polite apology for any disappointment that I had experienced. I pleased her by saying, "that it afforded me a very agreeable disappointment, as it had assured me that she was the centre of so much merited esteem ; besides, it was a very opportune occurrence, as it gave me an introduction to such a pleasing circle of her acquaintances." At the breaking up of the evening's entertainment, I retired with the rest of the company, and an invitation was extended to me by the ladies (in which Miss Fannie joined) to visit their church on the following Sabbath ; but a previous engagement I had made prevented me from so doing. I visited their church, however, at a reunion of choristers, for practice, in which I took a part, on a subsequent Sabbath.

Miss Livingston and myself frequently entered into a literary disquisition on many topics, ignoring the one in which her sister was so proficient. On many occasional visits, the discussion of the several other themes, and the manner of their introduction, afforded an evidence to me of a highly cultivated intellect in the young lady ; and as I have not afforded the reader a sketch of her figure or general appearance, it will not be considered a readable chapter unless that is given.

Miss Livingston, although possessed of only twenty-one year's experience in the school of the world, was, nevertheless, in the possession of much that many young ladies should most assiduously guard—a reputation for honorable distinction in everything that pertained to her future advancement. I was clearly of opinion that she never would have undertaken the part of writing her letter from Saccarappa, were it not for incentives not of her own seeking or volition. First in

order the advertisement in the *Waverly*, next the importunities of Miss Hargreaves, in order to remove the monotony of country life; and next, to afford me an assurance that even in the "far end of sun-down," there might be found one possessed of literary genius, and of pure and cultivated thoughts. Miss L. needed to make no extraneous effort on her part to render herself acceptable to any gentleman; she was in possession of all the graces and refinements that adorn the true lady, and she well knew how far to advance, and not depart from the principles of genuine etiquette, or moral consistency. Her flowing, wavy auburn ringlets, lent additional grace to her ladylike figure, which was above the middle height; her clear blue eye could discern all the advantages or disadvantages of her adversary, either on a point in discussion, or in a matter that would require a more mature deliberation.

The high estimation in which she was held by her young lady companions, was evidence that her amiability and gentleness of manner had won for her distinction that all tried to emulate, but none to envy; and so far as we seek to find perfection in one of so immature an age, she had at least attained a degree of superior intellectual intelligence that entitled her to rank first in order in female society. Her prose compositions, which were for the most part of a religious order, were distinguished for singular beauty of thought, elegance of language and diction, and in aspiring to things celestial. In many of the "interchanges of thought" which I had the pleasure of communicating with Miss Livingston, I learned that she owed much of her intellectual culture to the influence of her deceased parent, who, she informed me, caused her to be his amanuensis at the early age of nine years, often copying his sermons

while he would dictate to her as he paced up and down his library. Then, under the gentle training of an amiable mother, she was taught those simple traits in the domestic character that lend an additional charm to the higher virtues of woman.

Of the many contrasts of which Miss Livingston supposed I had but little experience, and in which she assumed to know so much, she was indebted to Miss Hargreaves for the knowledge of many of them. I learned that that young lady was also a resident of Brooklyn, and was a constant companion of Miss Livingston. Her society was regarded, in the family of Mrs. Ayres, as very agreeable, from the fact that her parents, who were formerly in good circumstances, becoming reduced by commercial disappointments Mr. Hargreaves, her father, by an honorable statement to his creditors, was enabled to retain their family house, and compounded his indebtedness in such a satisfactory manner as enabled him to resume his business, without blasting his hopes of success in the bankruptcy court. By a prudent reduction in household expenditure from a former style of living, Mr. Hargreaves, with the aid of his thrifty and economical wife, was gradually liquidating his monetary liabilities and establishing confidence with his creditors.

During the interval of prosperity in the business of Mr. Hargreaves, his home was frequently visited by a young gentleman whose pretended friendship for his daughter, Miss Hargreaves, assumed so much of the agreeable, that it had inspired such a degree of confidence in the mind of the young lady, and also in the minds of her parents, that it was considered by all her friends as "a match." But alas for human weakness. When the business crash came to Mr. Hargreaves, it

also came to Mr. Dross, who occupied a position in the banking house of Lockwood & Co.

The temporary suspension in the business of Mr. Hargreaves gave rise to a grave doubt in the mind of Mr. Dross, that the failure had made such inroads into the financial wealth of his intended father-in-law that little remained in expectancy for a share toward Miss Hargreaves; then appeared the shallowness of his friendship toward that young lady and her family, and his visits, which were very frequent in the hours of prosperity, were then nearly discontinued in their hour of adversity. "*Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.*"

Miss Hargreaves, with the weakness of her sex, very naturally gave vent to a certain feeling of distrust in mankind generally, and in such a degree did the falseness of Mr. Dross present itself to her youthful mind, that its effect was gradually undermining her constitution, and it was deemed advisable by the family physician to send her to the country for change of scene and air, in the hope that it would restore her mind and health to its former vigor. It was in the companionship of Miss Livingston that she found so much of recuperative enjoyment; and in the society of that young lady, at the "far end of sun-down," learned to forget her faithless Dross, and the insincerity of his vows.

This was one of the contrasts that was made familiar to the mind of Miss Livingston by her young friend, and another was found in a new field, which Miss Hargreaves had penetrated before she consulted her friend and companion, when she answered the advertisement in the *Waverly Magazine*. This was in answering an advertisement which appeared in the *Herald*, as follows :

Mme. Lyon's Matrimonial Bureau, 134 Bleecker street. Matrimonial alliances between respectable parties, with or without

means, city and country, negotiated. Strictest confidence observed. Hours 1 to 9, P. M.

Any person of ordinary discernment can readily understand the meaning of such an advertisement as the above. It is, in ordinary phrase, an assignation office, where innocent and unsuspecting girls are led to vice and ruin. Under the guise of making a matrimonial alliance with some gentleman suited to the views or taste of her unsuspecting victim, this vile woman first exacts a fee of five dollars, merely to place one of her own sex in communication with some corner loafer, or perhaps *roue* or gambler, in the immediate vicinity in which she has her bureau—and their name is legion in that particular region. Miss Livingston, in order to show to me another of the contrasts which she knew of, handed to me a letter which Miss Hargreaves gave her, after obtaining a knowledge of its character from Miss Livingston, whose virtuous mind pointed out to her young and inexperienced friend the impropriety and evil effects of replying to such vile allurements. The letter was written in a good business style of handwriting, and read as follows :

MME. LYON'S MATRIMONIAL AND PERSONAL BUREAU,
134 Bleecker street, New York.

Miss H.—Your favor of the 4th at hand. Concerning the advertisement to which you refer, allow me to say is from a strictly honorable source, as I intend all business transacted through the medium of my bureau shall be, also strictly confidential. On receipt of \$5.00, I would be happy to place you in correspondence with some gentleman to your taste, until suited. My reward after you *are* suited, I will leave to your own discretion.

Yours respectfully,

MME. LYON.

It is not to be wondered at, in such a city as this, that vile impostors, such as Madame Lyon, can find a profitable field for her new bureau. Yet it is a disgrace to our laws, that some provision is not made by our municipal authorities to stamp out such vile wretches as Madame De Vere and Madame Lyon, who prey upon the ignorance or cupidity of their own sex, and then abandon them when they complete their degradation and ruin. Then again, this class of vice will ripen and become an organized mart of commerce, so long as the local magistrates wink at the nefarious traffic; and from the fact that the respective Madames act in concert with the ward gamblers who lend their influence at the election polls to elect their favorite judges, they may organize and carry on as many bureaus as they please, under any other name.

It is now proper to say that Miss Hargreaves never placed her name on Madame De Vere's or Madame Lyon's blotter. That young lady took the advice of her good friend Miss Livingston and the author of these pages, in shunning all such advertisements headed "Personals." The author's object being accomplished in ascertaining the class of ladies who notice them; and for the purpose of aiding the pages of this book, the "interchanges of thought," with Miss Livingston and Miss Hargreaves, were now regarded as of literary friendship only; which I am pleased to say has never been marred by an unworthy thought. These young ladies are now in the enjoyment of many blessings, and adorning their own homes, and bringing joy and happiness to their loved lords of creation, in the City of Churches.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NURSE WANTED—SNARES FOR THE INNOCENT—MISS FLORENCE PETITE—IN THE LION'S JAWS.

It is not advertisements on matters of the heart alone, that the young should look upon with suspicion. The serpent not infrequently assumes attractive shapes and forms, by which to entrap the unwary victim; and woe to his deadly embraces. Not infrequently an attractive advertisement is inserted in one of the daily journals, under the title of "a nurse wanted," "a traveling companion's situation," &c., &c.

The author has in his mind's eye a notice of this character that struck him at once as a cunningly devised trap—a snare set for young women, and that class of young women, too, whose past lives have been spotless. It ran thus:

WANTED—A gentleman, resident of Chicago, temporarily sojourning in this city, has been commissioned by a wealthy and highly respectable lady of the former city to secure for her a child's nurse. The applicant must be young, of unblemished reputation, good-looking, kind, and accomplished, and capable of imparting the primary branches of an English education, as well as adorning a parlor. To the right party, liberal remuneration and a sumptuous home are offered. Apply personally to Mr. J. N. C., No.—Depau Row, Bleecker street, between 8, A.M. and 4, P.M., to-day.

This cunningly concocted announcement was well calculated to interest the minds of ladies who aspired to an honest and easy life, and lull the suspicions of the inexperienced in the tricks and devices adopted by consumers of printers' ink and paper. Many, with buoyant hearts, as the author subsequently ascertained, hurried, at the time announced by the card, to the place, for an interview with the advertiser. All were received in the costly furnished parlor by an elderly gentleman, whose genial countenance and fatherly greeting well concealed the fact that a *villain's* heart lurked beneath a benevolent subsoil.

Florence Petite was one of the number who strolled into the parlor at No.—Depau Row. She was a mere child of fifteen summers, whose mother has recently figured prominently in a celebrated suit against a Jersey miser for divorce and alimony. If one-half the reports flying about the air of a celebrated editorial establishment be true, Miss Florence Petite could not fill *one* essential condition of the advertisement; but what of that? To J. N. C., her antecedents and intrigues with literary gentleman—critics who may review these humble offerings of the author—were not known. Possessed of a *petite* figure, eyes that in color and expression vied with those of Egypt's regal queen; hair beautiful as unalloyed gold, falling over a neck and shoulders white and spotless as Arctic icebergs; lips like ripened fruit in the pleasant autumn, and cheeks vieing in the richness and delicacy of their tints with the magnolia blossom; Florence's appearance was well calculated to warm the blood and arouse in the breast of a man, as old as J. N. C. appeared to be, emotions and desires that rarely affect the chaste and high-toned gentleman.

A brief interview, during which Miss Petite gave herself entirely into the confidence of the monster and fiend, convinced *him*, that *in her* he could possess a pearl of price, and *her*, that a new life was opened to her; that a pleasant path was stretched out by fate, in which, in a distant State, she must travel; that away in the West, where she was unknown, she could reign a belle, and, perhaps, win the affections of Alfred Simpson, the son of her new patroness, whose manly mien and rapidly developing talents at the bar had been eloquently portrayed to her by J. N. C.

Passing over the minor details of the hour's interview between Florence and J. N. C., it is sufficient for our purpose to say, that of the fifty persons who applied for the situation, Miss Florence Petite was the accepted one, and the following day was agreed upon for her departure for the West. Bidding J. N. C. an adieu, Miss Florence tripped down the steps of the Row with buoyant heart, and mingled, a moment or so afterward with the swaying, hurrying crowd of strollers that line either side of Broadway. She bent her steps intuitively homeward, away up on a street running across Broadway, where, in a little cottage her mother watched for her return. The thoughts that flitted across that young mind, as she slowly wended her way up the great thoroughfare, can not be known, but may be imagined. Florence was dreaming in her wakefulness—*dreaming* of the new home which she was so soon to enter, picturing to herself its surroundings, building castles in the air, in one of which she beheld herself Alfred Simpson's wife, the mistress of a costly establishment, with money, servants, and carriages at her command. She finally, in the midst of her reverie, reached the little gate that led to their humble cottage, sitting back

there some feet from the street, and lifting her eyes, surveyed it critically. Never had it, to her, looked so uninviting, so cheerless and insignificant—home had lost all its attractions in a few brief fleeting hours of absence. She passed within; but there we will not intrude, as it is a sacred spot, the vail of which should not be pierced by prying eyes.

On the following morning, Florence was up with the sun, and nine o'clock found her again in J. N. C's parlor, where final preparations were being agreed upon. An hour after, she was liberally provided with money, and a portion of the day was spent under the inspection of a French milliner in Fourth street; four o'clock found all the preliminaries for the journey completed. J. N. C. advised that his *protege* should not communicate her intended departure to Mrs. P., her mother; a proposition in which she fully acquiesced. Later in the day, she was escorted to the door of No — by J. N. C., who pressed her hand lightly and whispered: "at five o'clock, then, corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street; I shall be there with a carriage, Remember, five o'clock to-night, sharp. Good-by."

At the hour named, a closed carriage stopped in front of Wood's Museum, and a gentleman threw open the door. Simultaneous with the movement, Florence, whose thick vail fell down over her eyes, stepped out from the vestibule, grasped the hand extended from the carriage, and was drawn within. The door closed with a loud report, and the next instant the carriage drove rapidly away in the direction of the Hudson River Railroad depot, where in a brief space of time after, Miss Petite's only trunk was checked through to Chicago.

CHAPTER XX.

A VAILED LADY'S VISIT TO AN INSPECTOR OF POLICE—A MOTHER'S TEARS AND FEARS.

The scene changes again. It is now the office of the Inspector of Police, in Mulberry street, and the time is seven o'clock, evening of the 18th day of March. The Inspector and the author were killing time and consuming our segars, when a timid knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" commanded Colonel Jameson.

In response to the invitation, the door was pushed ajar, and a female closely veiled stood before us. Her appearance was in striking contrast to that of the class of persons who call at that building; and I remarked that her carriage, manner of address, and conversation, stamped her as one to the manor born. The visitor slowly advanced to the inner room, where we were enjoying our *tete-a-tete*, and lifting her veil, courteously asked: "Is the Inspector of Police in?" "Yes, ma'am that is my rank," said Col. J., rising, advancing and bowing.

"I have some business with you," she continued; "important business; can I not see you alone?" The latter remark was called forth by the discovery that the Inspector had company; and she slowly retired to the rear apartment.

The Inspector followed, and seating himself beside his interviewer, he requested her to speak.

"I wish, sir, to consult you. My little daughter has been abducted—stolen—carried away by a scoundrel, for a heinous purpose, I fear. Can you aid me?"

"I trust so," replied the urbane Inspector. "Let me know the facts."

"Well, sir, my daughter Florence has disappeared. She is only fifteen years of age, unacquainted with the traps set for young women; and, besides, is *very beautiful*. I fear, indeed, I *know*, she has fallen into the talons of a villain, and they have left the city to-night in company."

"What direction did they take?" Inquired the Inspector.

"They left about an hour ago, by the Hudson River Railroad. A friend of Florence saw her enter a carriage in which was an elderly gentleman. *That* carriage was then driven to the depot; that is all I know. Do aid me if you can," exclaimed the mother, covering her face with her gloved hand and sobbing violently.

"Can you describe her dress?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, sir, fully."

The Inspector took a pen, and made hurried memoranda from the lady's dictation, and on concluding handed her the following dispatch:

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF METROPOLITAN POLICE,
300 Mulberry street, N. Y., March 18, 1869.

* To CAMPBELL ALLEN, Chief of Police, Albany, N. Y.:

Arrest Florence P., aged 15 years, dressed in water-proof suit, with cape lined with red flannel; black velvet sailor hat, with wide blue ribbon; fair complexion, dark hazel eyes, rich auburn hair, crimped and worn over the shoulders—supposed to have been abducted by an unknown man.

WILLIAM JAMESON, Inspector.

* Should any one doubt the correctness of these statements, a reference to the Blotter in the Inspector's office will show a copy of the above entry, under date of March 18. The author saw it copied thereon.

"There," said the polite Inspector, handing the dispatch to his visitor, "that will secure her return; now, make your mind easy."

"Thanks, sir; many thanks. I am deeply grateful. O, Lord, protect my child from evil," exclaimed Mrs. V., as she arose to depart. "You will send it at once, sir, won't you?"

"Certainly, madam; but it will be necessary for you to prepay the charges for its transmission."

The veiled lady, who had in the interim dropped her veil, betrayed considerable confusion, and nervously drawing out her *porte-monnaie* examined its folds hurriedly.

"I am sorry to say I can't pay it now," she said, reclosing the *porte-monnaie*; "I started in such a hurry that I neglected to bring sufficient money with me; but I shall return; for the present, good-evening."

The Inspector escorted the veiled lady to the door, and she disappeared from our view. We resumed our segars, and sat in conversation late into the night, but our stately visitor failed to return.

"How is it she has not returned?" I asked, on taking my leave.

"O, I suppose she could not secure the money. It is a common practice for people to come on such business, expecting the office to pay all expenses of telegraphing. After all, she may be a beat," responded the Inspector, as we parted.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RAILROAD TO RUIN—THE VILLAIN UNMASKS HIMSELF—
FLORENCE RESCUED FOR A FATE EQUALLY AS WRETCHED
—THE BEAUTIFUL LOBBYIST OF THE CAPITOL.

A few days subsequent to the visit of the veiled lady to the Inspector of Police, as narrated in the preceding chapter, the author had occasion to peruse a Buffalo morning paper. One of the first articles that attracted his notice, was an account of Miss Florence Petite's rescue from a life of shame. The article read:

The facts in a very interesting case of deception, that for heartlessness and villainy has few parallels, have just come to our knowledge. On the arrival of the New York Express in this city yesterday morning, a beautiful young girl, whose face betokened simplicity and innocence, but also a high degree of intelligence, was placed in charge of the police officer on duty at the depot, by some of the passengers, who expressed their belief that she had been abducted or enticed away from home by an elderly man, who accompanied her, and whose motive was doubtless to place her in some den of fashionable iniquity, as she is surpassingly beautiful. They state that she took the train in New York, in company with the gentleman—we might say fiend, or devil—who seemed to exercise a parental solicitude for her welfare. Shortly after the train left Troy, the young lady and her escort, who occupied seats in the sleeping coach, had a violent quarrel, which resulted in the girl, who gives the name of Florence Petite, leaving him, and seeking the protection offered by a vacant seat near a gentleman and his wife. There is always

a sympathy existing between women, that enables one to look down into the heart of another and read her thoughts. So it was in this case. The lady took a deep interest in the child; drew her tenderly to her bosom, and learned the cause of her misfortune. It seems that the girl was employed by the man to go to Chicago, to fill the office of nurse. During the night-ride conversation turned upon Chicago, and the new home that she was to enter. The lecherous old reprobate won the confidence of the child, and, late in the night, made proposals to her that, child as she was, she understood and repulsed. An angry altercation followed, when the villain threw off his sanctimonious mask and proclaimed his true character. He proved to be a dealer in obscene pictures, books, and "gentlemen's wear;" and unblushingly announced to her, that she could live with him as his daughter unsuspected, and would be required to perform no other duty than assist in the packing of goods for his agents. While recounting her story to her new confidante, the young victim of man's treachery wept bitterly, and consequently attracted the notice of the passengers. On her condition becoming known, a purse was made up to enable her to return to her friends, and on the arrival of the train in this city she was turned over to the officer as already narrated.

Yesterday our reporter visited the girl at the office of the Chief of Police, when she recounted to him the circumstances of her departure from home, substantially as recorded above. Miss Petite is a young daughter of a highly respectable Knickerbocker family—at one time wealthy—but now reduced in circumstances; and a desire to relieve them of her support, added to a firm reliance in her own abilities to buffet with the world, she avers, alone prompted her to accept the inviting offer of this procurer, whose name we understand, is Cook. He is said to have been formerly of the Chicago bar. The girl has a sweet countenance, calculated to attract villains. Poor little creature! She has had a narrow escape, indeed. Miss Florence left in the Express train last night for New York, and doubtless by the time this is perused by our readers, the innocent and untarnished, but tired, dove will have safely reached the ark again.

Such was the *denouement* as given in the Buffalo paper. Having been cognizant of some portions of the

case, we naturally felt disposed to pursue our investigations further. Diligent inquiry made, resulted in the discovery that Florence returned to the cottage, where she was received with joy by the veiled lady of the Inspector's office. Most persons would have been satisfied with this information, but a pardonable curiosity said: "don't pause yet!" Further knowledge as to her movements was for a time denied us, however.

In January of this year, while passing through Wall street, we felt a familiar slap upon one of our shoulders, and a moment later stood face to face with Mr. Charles Loveignes, to whom, months before, we had recounted the incidents of the preceding chapters. After the usual salutation, his face lighted up, and he exclaimed:

"By jove! I've got news for you."

"News? What is it? Let us have it, by all means."

"Well, don't you remember pointing out to me on Broadway one day a little angel, a *protege* of yours, I believe, Florence—

"Petite," we broke in. "What of her?"

"Now, don't get excited, my dear fellow, she is not under the sod. A week ago I was in Washington on official business, and I saw her; she is one of the most successful female lobbyists and intriguers in our gay and corrupt capital. I fear the lessons learned by rail have not done her lasting good. She visits Senators and Congressmen in the chambers, and at their residences and hotels; has gained access to diplomatic circles, and more than one Representative's head has been turned by the beauty of Florence Petite. She is the special envy of jealous wives, and mark me, the tongue of scandal is not tied."

"What of her mother?" I inquired.

"She is here in New York ; you have probably heard that she was defeated in the litigation to recover alimony from old Commodore V., and one night took poison—"

"But did not die," we suggested.

"No ; she lives—a broken-hearted woman. I saw her on Broadway two days ago, a mere shadow of her former self. Poor woman, her's has been a severe trial."

"And old V.; what of him ?" We inquired.

"O, the old skinflint is over in Jersey, counting his bonds and looking about for another heart to break and another family to make desolate."

We have but little more to add regarding Miss Florence Petite. Occasionally she visits New York, when Congress is not in session ; but she is no longer the innocent confiding girl of fifteen, who responded to J. N. C's. advertisement, and was afraid to confide her secret to a mother's keeping, and ask a mother's counsel. Had she been guided by parental advice, and shunned the lascivious company of ignoramus who fill positions of critics, and reviewers on newspapers, to-day she might be a pure and spotless girl, too desirous of retaining a good name to compromise herself by associating with Congressmen and other low classes of people, who flit about Washington during the sessions of the National Sanhedrim of ranting upstarts, aspiring schemers, carpet-baggers, reformed blacklegs, and prize fighters.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. LILLIE SINGLETON—LIFE'S TRIALS—IN SEARCH OF EMPLOYMENT—DECEIVED AND DISHEARTENED.

During a conversation one evening with a literary gentleman, the subject of newspaper personals and advertisements of a like character was discussed. He detailed several cases of disappointment and ruin, growing out of this pernicious practice, some of which had come within his own observation. The incidents of one of the narratives impressed themselves so indelibly upon my memory that I will produce it as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator.

"There is one case in which I figured," said Captain Daily, "that should serve as a warning to females, to consider well before answering an advertisement of 'wants.' You know that in 1862 I filled the position of city editor of a leading daily journal in Detroit. That city was the scene of the adventure, and the incidents I will detail to you if you have time and patience to listen, for it is a long story."

"Certainly, Captain, proceed, if it consumes an hour," we responded. "Let us have it, by all means."

"Well, let me see," continued he, pressing his forehead for a moment in the endeavor to recall something.

"It was in April, 1862, I boarded at the Exchange Hotel, and had extensive acquaintances with the families

there sojourning. Every day after dinner I was in the habit of strolling into the parlors and chatting an hour with my lady friends. On one occasion, while so occupied, my attention was called by a Mrs. Denton to one corner of the parlor, where, partially hidden in the damask curtains, was a female weeping. I learned from Mrs. Denton that the woman—girl would be more appropriate, for she did not appear over eighteen years of age—had arrived at the house about daylight that morning, and had spent the day reading letters, writing and weeping betimes. While she was the subject of conversation on our part, the young stranger arose and moved to another window. I saw her countenance for the first time, and was struck with the many female graces that seemed to center therein. My curiosity was naturally excited, and I requested Mrs. Denton to ascertain the nature of the grief that weighed down so young a life."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WOMAN'S STORY—MARRYING IN HASTE TO REPENT AT LEISURE.

“On returning to my hotel in the evening, my first act was to call upon my confidante, and learn the result of her investigations. She had been entirely successful, and had learned the story of Lillie's life and disappointments. Lillie Singleton was the daughter of a clergyman named Combs, exercising spiritual charge over a congregation at New Haven, Connecticut. Her education had been carefully attended to, and the worthy pastor devoted his income to the preparation of his son and daughter for honorable and independent positions in life. Lillie's brother, Willie, was at Yale, when the war broke out, and had as a companion, Alfred Singleton, who frequently visited at the parsonage. He was a wild, generous, impulsive youth, and ere long an attachment sprung up between him and Lillie, which was encouraged by her brother. Eventually the war fever possessed the young men, and abandoning college life, they sought and secured lieutenantcies in the 9th Connecticut regiment. It was then that Singleton sought the consent of Mr. Combs to his marriage with Lillie, but it was formally refused. Shortly after the regiment left for Alexandria, Virginia, the young lieutenants proceeding with it. Through the assistance of William,

Singleton was enabled to communicate with his heart's choice, and this resulted in her sudden appearance on the banks of the Potomac, where, in the camp, the loving possessors of

“Two souls with but a single thought ;
Two hearts that beat as one,”

were married by the regimental chaplain, in the presence of the Officers of the regiment. Lillie's happiness would now have been complete, had she assurance of her parent's forgiveness for her disobedience, and she at once communicated to him the news of her marriage. Days passed, and finally a letter post-marked 'New Haven,' reached her. Tearing it open with hurried anxiety, she read merely these words:

“THE PARSONAGE, Saturday Evening.

“MRS. A. SINGLETON :

“Your letter is understood. One so unmindful of a parent's precepts and example does not deserve the name of daughter. You have married a rake. You have made your bed ; lie in it ; my door is *forever* shut upon you.

“HENRY P. COMBS.

“This letter chilled the blood of the young wife, whose proud spirit felt it keenly. Time passed, and while the regiment was in garrison the lovers enjoyed their brief honey-moon to its fullest extent. But the parting hour came. The 9th Connecticut was ordered to the field. Singleton went forward to meet his country's foes ; Lillie to Washington, to await his first leave of absence. But that *leave* was a final one. Two or three months after their separation, news came from Willie that Lillie was a widow. Alfred Singleton had fallen in battle, and was buried upon the field. The brother's letter

was one of affection and condolence, and a week after he appeared in Washington in person, and a joyous meeting was theirs.

"Renewed efforts were made to effect a reconciliation between the pastor and his child; but all her letters were returned unopened and unanswered. The brief leave of absence of Lieutenant Combs expired, and placing in Lillie's hands all the money he possessed, he left her bathed in tears and bowed down with grief. Thrown upon her own resources, alone in the world, without a friend near to counsel or direct, the young widow sought employment in one of the departments, but failed. One mean-steeped Congressman, from her State, to whom she applied for influence, consented to aid her, provided she would give herself into his keeping without the right to his name. The insulting proposition was scorned; and driven almost to penury, she finally left for Buffalo, where for a few months she secured employment as a governess; but the family removing to the West, she was again thrown upon the world to battle with its rough edges.

"At this time, an attractive advertisement appeared in a Buffalo paper, for 'a lady's companion.' Lillie communicated by letter, and closed with the applicant, Mrs. Alice Hunt, of Hamilton, Canada. Arriving in that city, she found to her horror that Mrs. Alice Hunt was the mistress of a disreputable resort on James street, who had inserted the notice with the view of restocking her gilded menagerie of sin. Days spent in diligent search for employment were fruitless, and the weary, disappointed woman left for Detroit, where she arrived destitute of money and friendless. Such was her history, as was recounted to my lady acquaintance. In those days I was young, sensitive, and much more be-

nevolent than I am now. Placing twenty dollars in the hands of Mrs. Denton, I requested her to give it to the young woman as a loan from *her*, and advise her to seek a cheaper home in some private family. My commission was faithfully executed, the money was gratefully accepted, and Lillie Singleton left the hotel, promising to refund the money. That was the last intelligence I had of her for two months, when a letter reached Mrs. Denton, bearing the city post-mark, inclosing the money loaned, thanking her for her friendly offices, and announcing that she had obtained a good situation at last, and was surrounded by all necessary comforts."

Here the Captain paused, and rising, produced segars, which were lighted, and for a time he was silent, and seemed recalling past recollections, as his piercing hazel eyes watched the smoke from his segar curling up to the frescoed ceiling. I ventured at length to ask:

"And did you never ascertain anything of her subsequent movements?"

"I did, and would that I had not. The subsequent particulars are ones I do not like to recall; but I will tell you. Methinks I now see that young face raised to heaven, and uttering a prayer to the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, as I did on one chilly night in the fading October."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN A VILLAIN'S TOILS—FALLEN—DESERTED—A PENITENT—
SEEKING REST IN THE BLUE WATERS.

"At that time," continued the Captain, "in addition to my duties on the press, I was engaged in recruiting a company for my regiment, and rarely concluded my daily round of toil until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. One very bitter cold night, I left the Biddle House at eleven o'clock, for my lodgings. Walking rapidly down Jefferson Avenue, at the corner of Bates, I encountered a woman walking hurriedly in the direction of the river. There was something in her manner, as I stopped at the corner to permit her to pass, and caught a glimpse of the face, that excited my suspicions, and I thought I recognized Lillie Singleton. My first impulse was to call her and enter into conversation, but second thought prevailed. I knew well, if she were

'One more unfortunate
Weary of breath—
Rashly importunate,
Seeking her death,"

she would, in all probability, seek the covered dock at the foot of Bates street for the final plunge that was to give her rest. My mind was quickly made up; I hurriedly ran down the opposite side of the street,

and gained an entrance to the dock unobserved by her. Taking up a position behind a tier of flour-barrels, that lined the edge of the dock, I sank down in the shadow and awaited her coming. I soon heard light footsteps on the wooden floor, and a moment later I saw the shadow of a female thrown upon the planking near me. Peering out cautiously, as she raised her eyes to the solitary gaslight that illuminated the dock, I saw before me Lillie Singleton. Slowly she divested herself of her shawl, which was carefully folded, slipped off the elastic that secured her hat, removed it and laid it beside the shawl. She then opened her bosom, removed the fastenings that secured her raven locks, and allowed them to fall negligently over her pearl-colored shoulders. These preliminaries completed, the seeker after rest walked forward to a spile, not three feet from my retreat, and bent the knee and head in prayer. Never shall I forget the emotions that took possession of me, as I heard in whispered accents this conclusion: 'O, my Heavenly Father! forgive this as well as my manifold sins, and receive my spirit into Thy holy keeping.'"

Here, the veteran of two score battles was so overcome by his narrative that the tears started unbidden. He relighted his segar, and for a few minutes was speechless. Again he spoke:

"Sir, I have seen women and men under all circumstances and emotions, but never beheld such an expression as rested upon that face as Lillie turned to the light. There seemed to be something heavenly in it. Taking from her pocket a letter, her porte-monnaie, and a picture, she opened the former, kissed it passionately, placed them in her bosom and buttoned her dress again. At this time the fading gaslight fell full upon her face,

and a smile of resignation rested there—a smile that spoke of confidence in the saving grace of Christ, who died for Magdalenes as well as others of our race. The next moment, the beautiful young widow stood upon the edge of the dock, gazing down into the blue waters of the St. Clair, that flowed noiselessly seaward, with gentle ripples that seemed invitations for her to bear them company. Again lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, a firm soft voice breathed: ‘Alfred, I go to thee!’

“I stood within reach of her, and as she bent her slender frame for the fatal leap, a hand fell upon her arm, and I gently turned her around to the light.

“Young woman, why this rashness?” I spoke with an assumed sternness. “Are there no longer charms for such as you in this hateful world, Lillie Singleton? This must not be!

“For a moment she looked into my eyes, a visible tremor ran through her frame, as she murmured: ‘Saved—not yet, Alfred! a little while and I will be with you,’ then she sank down in a swoon. I lifted her tenderly in my arms and bore her to the street, where a watchman joined us. Reviving, she seemed not to comprehend our movements, as we supported her to the Franklin House. There I secured a room for her, and leaving her in care of the excellent matron, hurried for a physician. He arrived about one o’clock; but the poor sufferer was raving in a consuming fever. Dr. V. remained with her throughout the long weary watches of the night, and I stood over the couch watching every symptom, and catching every incoherent word uttered in her insane communions with those absent. Alfred and Willie were names frequently breathed from her feverish lips as she rolled and tossed restlessly upon the

pillows. 'Charles DeVere, you have deceived and deserted me!' was the first complete sentence I caught, and it startled me, for this was the name of one of the Captains of my regiment, then organizing, who but the day before had been transferred to a cavalry command, then operating in the army of the Cumberland. Later in the night, our patient fell into an uneasy slumber, and the female attendant, at my suggestion, searched for the *porte-monnaie* and picture I had seen her deposit. In the former was a small sum of money, and a letter from DeVere, announcing that he was a married man, his departure for the army, and bidding her farewell, with the advice to return home to her parents. The picture was that of an officer, who I subsequently ascertained was Lieutenant Singleton. In her *porte-monnaie* was also found a few lines to her father, which read :

"FATHER—You would not receive me, your penitent child ; the cold, chilly waters of the river are more generous. Farewell.

LILLIE.

"The note bore the address of the New Haven minister. For six days, Dr. V. and his partner, Dr. S., watched over her, but not a sign of returning reason was visible. After two weeks' battle with the brain fever, Lillie recovered, and I was enabled to learn her subsequent vicissitudes. It appeared that after leaving the hotel she inserted a notice in one of the papers for a situation as music teacher. A notorious procuress residing in the city replied, requesting her to call for an interview. Once in the house, she learned its true character, and was on the eve of fleeing from it, when the subtle woman pictured to her a life of ease and pleasure, and by her cunning eloquence gained her consent to remain and become a permanent inmate. Lil-

lie had not been an inmate an hour when Captain De Vere called, and she appealed to him to take her away. He did so, and conveyed her to a fashionable boarding house in Jefferson Avenue, where they resided as man and wife, De Vere promising to marry her before the final departure of his regiment. His heartless desertion of her, without money, led her to attempt to cover up her sin in death. You know all."

"But what became of her?" I asked, determined to draw from him any further information he possessed. For a brief period he hesitated, then proceeded:

"On her convalescence, Dr. V. wrote a feeling letter to the minister, detailing her deliverance from death, and inclosed her note. His letter was unanswered, but one reached Lillie with the simple words: 'Come home; I forgive you, daughter.' Two days latter, we supplied her with money, and placing her in charge of a gentleman going East, sent her home."

Here the Captain arose, opened a secretary, and taking from it a bundle of letters, selected one. It was penned in a beautiful female hand, and read as follows. I give a verbatim copy now in my possession:

NEW HAVEN, Tuesday Eve.

CAPTAIN—

Aid-de-camp, — Brigade, — Division, 14th A. C.,

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

DEAR FRIEND—You will please pardon this long silence on my part. It is not that I have forgotten you and your kindness, but that I have had so much upon my mind at times that it sometimes seems I should go crazy. You are familiar with my sad history, dear friend, from the night I attempted that fearful tragedy at the foot of Bates street, when you, as an angel of mercy, saved me; and know something of my poor brother Willie, who was in the 9th Connecticut.*** A few days after my dear repentant father received his prodigal child again, a dispatch came

announcing the death in battle of darling Willie. He died nobly with his face to the foe, in the hey-day of youth, and I am left alone to mourn a devoted brother. O, sir, sometimes I am tempted to join him in the great hereafter. But a still, small voice says "wait." And so you have entered upon another campaign in the field. Dear Captain, how is it that all the good and noble must sacrifice life and home for the tented field. "God grant that He may spare you, and give you that happy coming home that was denied my poor brother Willie," will ever be the prayer of your friend, whose heart is bowed down with grief. * * * Let us so live that our little bark will land safely o'er. Yes, we will meet them there:

"For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
 And lo, they have pass'd from our yearning heart,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
 We may not sunder the vail apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day—
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me;
 And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land;
 I shall know the loved ones who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river—the peaceful river—
 The angel of death shall carry me."

O, my dear brother, if you will allow me to call you by that endearing name, do you know that death looks sweet to me, now that my dearest brother Willie has tasted it before me, and *I long to go to him*. I have drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and I long to go and join in the happiness of angels, for I know *there*

is happiness. I must close, as we are hourly expecting the body of poor Willie. Write me, should you survive, dear brother, and address,

LILLIE SINGLETON,

Box 1845, New Haven.

“That,” he continued, “is all I know of her. For some time she continued to correspond with the doctor, and from her letters I am sure she has made full atonement for her sins. I have committed sins in my life, sir, but I feel that the Recording Angel will not fail to give me a mark on the book of life, for my efforts to rescue that poor heart-broken woman from a suicide’s death. Were more mercy shown this class of unfortunates by their fellow-creatures, how many might be won away from their evil associates, and rise again to respectable stations in society. The great fault, sir, is that when a woman sins, all avenues to reformation are closed upon her, and even her own sex will shut their doors and steel their hearts against her. How few women follow the example of our Saviour, who said to Mary Magdalene, ‘neither do I accuse thee! go thou and sin no more.’”

CHAPTER XXV.

AN ASSIGNATION POST-OFFICE—ILLICIT CORRESPONDENCE—THE
SPY SYSTEM—BLACK-MAILING FAITHLESS WIVES—THE
AMOURS OF A LEGAL LIGHT AND A MERCHANT'S WIFE.

Even the columns of the press, in some instances, are not sufficiently safe for the interchange of ideas and expressions of endearment. Daily advertisements are thrown out at the counters, owing to some exceptions in their phraseology, and the class of light-minded girls and mature women who delight to flirt on paper, are in consequence deterred from giving free range to their feelings. The public post-office, also, has been discovered unsafe for such illicit correspondence, and many are compelled to forego the amusement of note-writing. A Russian, named Leo Balski, conceived the idea of founding one. Amity street, near Broadway, was selected as a favorite locality for such an institution, and there he opened one; fitted up letter boxes, supplied his place with a stock of stationery, and by advertising extensively soon leased his boxes at an enormous profit. The number of letters passing through the general post-office rapidly diminished, and at the foot of hundreds of personals appeared the words, "address box—, Amity street post-office." The purchase of stationery gave ladies and girls a pretext for visiting the place, where they could secure their letters without

fear of suspicion falling upon them. Daily, ladies stopped in carriages in front of the stores in the neighborhood, made trifling purchases, remarked to their footman or coachman: "I wish to go around the corner and purchase some stationery; wait." They would soon re-appear with a small parcel, re-enter their carriages, and drawing from a pocket the furtive missive of some illicit admirer, devour its contents on the way home, taking care to destroy it before alighting. To such an extent was this notorious place patronized, that additional boxes had to be supplied and extra clerical help employed.

There were, however, further abuses ere its establishment had become fully appreciated. The existence of the den whetted the avarice of the spies who collect evidence for wives and husbands seeking divorces, and to secure material, the possession of which enables them to levy black-mail upon the unfortunate dupes who resort there. Two or three of these spies secured the *entree* of the office at night, and while it was apparently closed, by the aid of steam would open, read, and copy the contents of the letters to be delivered the following day. Then, upon the opening of the place, they would lay in wait for the recipients of letters, and by the connivance of clerks, ascertain who received a certain letter. Their next care was to "shadow" their victims to their homes. This system of *espionage* was chiefly practiced upon ladies. When the name of the lady correspondent was secured, they next turned their attention to the discovery of her unknown male friend. In this they were usually successful, and consequently, husbands of ladies moving in the higher circles of society, were placed in possession of copies of correspondence that convinced them of the unfaithfulness of their

wives. For this they paid liberally, and the proprietor reaped a share of the spoils thus obtained. In some instances, the ladies detected in clandestine correspondence were very wealthy, and the unprincipled possessors of their secrets have systematically black-mailed them for months, the wife securing the money, with which to purchase secrecy, from her confiding husband. A gentleman, familiar with some of the workings of the office and its spies, assured the author that one lady residing in Thirty-fourth street, near Seventh avenue, during the year 1869, paid these cormorants eight thousand dollars as the price of their secrecy. Still, they were unsatisfied, and to avoid further annoyance she took a trip to Europe. A sergeant of police reports that one evening a well known lawyer, was tracked to a "house of entertainment" in West Twenty-seventh street, in the company of the wife of an ex-member of the United States Congress. As they made their exit, a carriage drew up to the door; the husband, with three Fourteenth ward roughs, hired for the purpose, stepped out, knocked the poacher upon private territory down, and beat him fearfully. The police came upon the scene, but no arrests were made, as the Congressman who is a man of family feared the exposure of a prosecution, and declined to make a complaint against his assailants. The police were well paid for keeping the affair secret; the guilty wife was taken home, a penitent, and the husbands domestic relations are still pleasant; but Mrs. Grundy has never learned what caused the breach of friendship between the L. and C. families. The evidence of the wife's guilt, in this instance, was obtained at considerable expense from these Amity street spies, who lay in wait for victims.

The author has been placed in possession of facts in

several interesting incidents, resulting from the clandestine correspondence conducted through this notorious office, which are reserved for subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BANK CLERK AND BROKER'S WIFE—RACY CORRESPONDENCE
—VISITING THE POOR—GRACE CHURCH IN THE FOREGROUND
—ASSIGNATION HOUSES IN PROSPECTIVE.

In December of last year, a man was arrested and locked up in an up-town station-house on the charge of drunkenness. On searching him at the desk, two sheets of paper were found, upon which was copied the following correspondence :

TUESDAY EVENING.

DEAR ELLEN :

O, how I long to renew our hours of pleasant communion ! " Personals " are no longer safe mediums for communications ; neither is a messenger, for your servants may prove treacherous. Address me through private post-office, No.—Amity street. Drop letters in that box, and appoint a time and place for conference. I shall be in town all the week.

Your devoted

HARRY.

FRIDAY, 18TH.

DARLING HARRY :

I found yours in my handkerchief, after you lifted it so gallantly at Mrs. T—d's party ; hid it until I reached home. Charles was at the Mauhattan Club, and did not return until two, so I had plenty of time to read it, and then *burned it*. That was cruel, you will say, but it was best ; don't you think so ? Monday afternoon, I go out to *visit some poor people in Avenue*

B., who are under the care of our church society. I shall be at the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue at two o'clock, dressed very plainly in black alpacca, and veiled. I shall carry in my *left* hand a small mouse-colored reticule, and wear my solitaire on the third finger of the left hand. You may make the calls with me, darling, if you have the courage. I will not require an answer, but shall expect you promptly. Charles has gone to Philadelphia—will be home Monday night. Till I see you, darling Harry, farewell.

ELLEN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

DEAR ONE :

I had not an opportunity to write you, owing to a press of business in making up our semi-monthly bank statement. What an ingenious little minx you are, Ellen! Who would have guessed that we were others than inmates of No.—Crosby street—the proprietress alone excepted. When do you go to Avenue B. again to call upon poor people, eh? I met Charley last evening at Delmonico's, with General S. We had a very pleasant time. *He must have reached home late.* Address as before.

HARRY.

P. S.—I have discovered some *deserving poor* at No.—*Elizabeth street, near Broome.* We will call next time and see them!

FRIDAY.

DARLING HARRY :

Charles is out of the city again; will not be home until Monday. On Sunday, I will be at Grace Church, alone. *You can safely approach and show me to the carriage, if dear old Mr. Brown, who usually performs that ceremony, does not get in before you.* He is a good old soul, rather slow and fat, and you can head him off. I will hand you a note as you close the door.

Ever your devoted pet,

ELLEN.

Such was the correspondence. In the greasy wallet were memoranda of ladies and gentlemen moving in

Fifth avenue circles. When the effects of the prisoner, who proved to be one of the Amity street spies, were given to him, he little suspected that copies of this correspondence had been taken, and through the kindness of a friend they are produced here. The same friend, who is the Sergeant who locked up the prisoner, informed the author, a month or two later, that he had discovered the principals in the nefarious correspondence. Harry, was a clerk in a prominent down-town bank; and Ellen, the young wife of a distinguished broker, in Wall street, and a communicant at Grace Church. Whether the guilty meetings of the lovers were ever discovered, he never ascertained; but he had discovered that the "poor people" in Elizabeth street were the occupants of the house where Baumann, the Williamsburgh school-teacher, shot his guilty paramour, Annie McNamara, and then killed himself. It is more than probable that Ellen and Harry still "visit the poor," under the auspices of our church society, during the absence of Charles from the city, but no longer employ the Amity street post-office as a cover for their sins, as Balski has retired from business, and married the wealthy Middletown widow who nursed him so tenderly in Bellevue Hospital, after Biddle had attempted his assassination in December last, and the establishment has gone into other hands.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE AMOROUS EPISTLES OF A JUDGE—MRS. CORNELIA W.—
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE—A DIVORCE COURT—AFTERNOON
VISITS TO SUPPER ROOMS.

On another occasion, the same spy referred to in the foregoing chapter, was locked up in the same station-house, for assault and battery. He had met a very reputable gentleman at a club-room, where he had tracked him; attempted to extort money, and on being foiled, committed an assault upon him. Knowing his prisoner, the Sergeant again examined the contents of his pockets. In an old envelope, that bore the imprint of a notorious divorce law firm, were found the following copies of letters:

IN MY GARRET, Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR MADAME:

I hope you have seen my "Personal," asking you to call at No.—Amity street, for a letter of importance. It may not be important to *you*, but it is to *me*, that I should proclaim my feelings candidly and secretly. We have often met in society, and you must have seen my eyes often settled upon you with a long-gaze of admiration. I have tried to conceal my sentiments; endeavored to drive out from my mind thoughts that seem to consume me, but they will not down at my bidding. I have observed that my presence is not repulsive to you; that some of your most winning smiles have fallen upon me, and I have been led to hope that the sentiments of love that I entertain for you

are not cast upon barren soil. Dear Madame, give me hope, for it is *life* to me. Basking in the rays of your smiles, I can endure anything, dare anything; without them, I shall be miserable. The night I led you through the lancers at Madame H—'s, on the Heights, you must have felt the pressure of a hand that spoke of a warmth of heart not to be misunderstood; but,

“Like Ixion,

I look on Juno, feel my heart turn to cinders,
With an invisible fire; and yet should she
Deign to appear, clothed in a various cloud,
The majesty of the substance is so sacred,
I durst not clasp the shadow. I beheld her
With adoration; feast my eyes, while all
My other senses starve; and, oft frequenting
The place which she makes happy with her presence,
I never yet had power, with tongue or pen,
To move her to compassion, or make known
What 'tis I languish for; yet, I must gaze still,
Though it increase my flame.”

Messenger, in the above, has pictured with fidelity my case, dear Madame; and now I entreat your sympathy. O, do not turn coldly away from me, and discard the love I lay at thy feet. The world may say it is wrong to countenance a passion of this kind, but I care not for the world; it is selfish, artificial, and corrupt. If you will bid me hope, please address merely a line—a sentence—to Austin, Amity street post-office. Do not frown upon this frank declaration of

Your anxious admirer,

HORACE E. T——.

WEDNESDAY, January 28, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND HORACE:

Your long and passionate appeal seems to have been penned in sincerity, and I would be unworthy the title of a woman if I were to disregard it. I read it with conflicting emotions. The duty I owe to *another* rose up like a threatening ghost before me; but then in the background I beheld Horace smiling mournfully and beckoning me to him. Horace, I do not think it is wrong to love *all* our fellow-creatures. While I am a dutiful

wife, my husband does not give his *whole* heart to me. His love is shared by others than I, and then, where is the sin for me to take another's heart into my bosom and bid it beat for me? I frankly confess that I have long admired Horace, and I bid him welcome to my affections. If a share of my love will make you happy, be happy, Horace. You can call at my box in the Academy on Saturday evening. Stella and I go with brother Henry. Drop in and see us. You may write me through the Amity street post-office, and I will call in person for it.

Affectionately,

CORNELIA.

MY ESTEEMED, DEVOTED CORNELIA :

O, how my heart throbbed with ecstasy on perusing your note. And this is my reward for weeks of anxiety, misery—madness, I might say. The passion of Cornelia's love is a priceless boon! may I never deserve its withdrawal. I shall be at the Academy to-morrow evening for a few moments, merely long enough to press your hand, look into those eyes that I have so often coveted a look from, and depart early, so as not to cause suspicion. You say the truth, darling, when you assert that your husband's love is not all your own. I know that long evenings you supposed were spent at the lodge, were occupied in the parlors of Emily C—'s, in Neilson Place.

Your joyful

Alone, Friday night.

HORACE.

MONDAY EVENING.

DEAR CORNELIA :

On Wednesday afternoon I shall be at Leed's Galleries, examining some rare works of art. May I not hope that we can meet there as if by accident. We can then proceed to our old retreat, for an hour or so, as your absence will not be missed. We must exercise caution, however, as I am satisfied some one watched us last time, as we turned into Twenty-sixth street. Dress as much in disguise as possible, and we can accomplish our visit unobserved.

Still your faithful

HORACE.

A week after these letters were copied, I observed the party who had them in his possession, suddenly turn into Waverly Place, from Broadway, and slowly follow a gentleman and lady down in the direction of Washington Park. Curiosity prompted me to follow him and watch his movements. The lady and her attendant, passed through the park to the corner of Macdougall and Fourth streets, down Fourth street to a little wooden cottage, over the door of which hung a sign, "Supper Rooms." Through the door they disappeared. I turned my eyes, and beheld the spy standing on the corner above. After half an hour, the gentleman came out alone, and as I met him face to face at the corner of Sixth avenue and Fourth street, I recognized in his features that of a prominent judicial functionary. The divorce detective did not follow, but remained to await the exit of the female, and I left the scene of the adventure.

A month later, while examining the records of one of the courts, I found an application of Dr. W. for a divorce from his wife, Cornelia W., on the ground of adultery; and attached to the papers the name of the detective referred to. The wife, in her answer, admitted the allegations; a divorce was granted, as the evidence of her guilty intrigues were conclusive. She now resides with friends in Fifth avenue, near Sixteenth street.

Aristocratic belles may blush, virtuous matrons may doubt, husbands may shudder, nay, mourn, that their wealth has caused so much of the sorrow and shame that is laid at their doors; but the prolific source of this class of crime comes not of affluence or position alone, but may be traced to a variety of causes.

First in order is the extreme anxiety of parents to unite their daughters to wealthy husbands, whose sole object is to eclipse Flora McFlimsey, from her bridal *trousseau* down to her finely embroidered garments and costly jewelry, each article wearing a different hue, the cost to be guessed in the minds of her spinster friends, as the happy pair slowly bend their steps down the aisle of the holy sanctuary, on the first Sabbath of their "appearing out." Then, while ministers of grace defend them, in scholarly harangues, or relate some interesting anecdote about the beauties of nature, or the planting of hyacinths, they forget to inculcate in the hearts of their worshipers the divine teachings of the Saviour, as laid down in the simple embellishments of His parables; forgetting that they have the charge of their souls, and will be held to a stricter accountability than those blessed with less intellectual endowments. From this false step of parental folly and clerical neglect, the young wife is taught to regard herself as a mere toy of pleasure and amusement. She knows nothing of domestic cares, and fails to comprehend the true meaning of a wife, or her duties, and frequently lapsing into *ennui*, her young heart yearns for those domestic endearments of a true wife and a happy home. The finer feelings of her nature point out the void, and she would willingly embrace them, but the insidious charlatan poisons her young ear, whispering therein that her presence will be eagerly sought for, the coming season, at Long Branch or Saratoga, and society, on the tip-toe of expectation, will anxiously look for her at those resorts of fashion: then, to make assurance doubly sure, by delicate insinuations, a recourse is had to that species of barbarous crime which is paraded in the medical column of the *Herald* every day, and from which

humanity shudders and stands aghast when a case of murder and malpractice is detailed. Yet, the law permits the criminals to go unwhipped of justice, through some technical informality manufactured to meet the peculiar exigencies of the case; gold, in such cases, being used as a purchasing agent to affect immunity of the criminal, and tarnish our judicial forum, thereby rendering our law courts a mockery.

The victim finds an early tomb, the voice of her nearest and dearest relatives are hushed and silent, and o'er her earthly form may be said :

“ Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies ;
 Death chilled the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps, 'till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
 To water that Eden, where first was it source.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now ;
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow,
 Oh ! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown :—
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echo'd in heaven by lips like her own ;
 Weep not for her, in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
 And now, like a star, beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of the world.”

The middle or lower strata of society are comparatively free from this foul and inhuman crime, and the reader will reasonably infer that the lax state of morality, which is paraded from day to day in our halls of justice, owes its origin to the pernicious teachings of pulpit oratory and the unclean pages of the press. As

an evidence of this fact, let the reader examine the religious columns of each Monday's *Herald* newspaper; there is truthfully delineated the character of the text, and its lessons on Christianity, the devoutness and bearing of each worshipping sect, the zeal and eloquence of the several divines, and the influence they exert over their flocks. On the other side of the same journal may be read:

Will the lady in mourning, with the glorious black eyes, if agreeable, favor the gentleman with the blue cravat, who returned on the same train from Orange, N. J., yesterday, with an interview, or address,

NED DAVIS, New York Post-office.

You cast me off—I am not tired of you, but love you better than all the world. Always shall.

ECCE SOL. S.

LUE W.—Meet me to-day, 3, P.M., corner of Thirtieth street and Fourth avenue, or Monday, 9 o'clock, A. M. Judge K.

ANNIE.

These truths the reader may take exception to, and find fault with their exposure, but they are nevertheless true, and 'tis better they should be kept in view, that the guilty actors, their aiders and abettors, may be known, and shunned by society, the moral atmosphere purified, so that innocence and virtue may go arm in arm without fear of pursuit or molestation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LAWYER'S NARRATIVE—TEMPTATIONS OF HOTEL LIFE—MATTIE SHELDON—HON. WILLIAM G. FARCLOUGH DEFEATED
—A NIGHT IN THE BATH.

One pleasant afternoon in January last, I called upon a legal gentleman on professional business, who I will call Clarence McDonald. At the conclusion of our conference, I accepted an invitation to lunch. Turning up Broadway, we sought Delmonico's rooms, corner of Chambers street, as a quiet resort.

"Look! Do you see those two ladies approaching?" said McDonald, as we were stepping in at the door. "Note particularly the one on the inside, plainly dressed."

I glanced in the direction indicated, but beyond a young woman apparently twenty years of age, with a care-worn, consumptive appearance, I observed nothing remarkable about her. After entering the restaurant and seeking a quiet corner, while lunch was being prepared, McDonald remarked:

"That young girl has had an eventful history."

I expressed a desire to hear it, and McDonald consented to gratify me. He related the following story, which I give as nearly in his own words as possible:

"Her name is Mattie Sheldon. She is the daughter of a deceased Buffalo merchant, who left her a compe-

tency in the hands of a gentleman of this city, who holds it in trust for her. Mr. Sheldon died in 1867, and she came on to this city and sought a home in one of the first-class down-town hotels where she could be near her guardian. You know that young ladies who make their homes in fashionable hotels, are subjected to many temptations and annoyances, especially if they be not accompanied by a mother, father, or brother. So it was with her. Attached to the hotel, was a clerk named Bantam—a scheming, unprincipled fellow, who prided himself upon his success with the fair sex, and he would not stop at anything to accomplish his evil designs. Among the guests who frequently sojourned at the house for weeks at a time, was a millionaire, who has had important public trusts in the gift of the citizens of Buffalo. His name is Hon. William G. Farclough. He has been for years extensively engaged in the carrying trade; his name is to be found on the desks of nearly every merchant from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and possibly appears on labels attached to your baggage, if it has ever passed through the express. Farclough is an elderly gentleman, the father of a family, including daughters, who, every season that they are not in Europe, reign queens in New York fashionable society; but his blood is warm yet, and he has not forgotten the follies of youth, although over two score years. Clerk Bantam, knowing Hon. William G. Farclough's little failing, determined to profit thereby, and made himself especially busy in introducing him to the female guests; more than one of whom, it is whispered, fell into the webs woven for them, and had cause to remember the venerable ex-official of Buffalo. Of course, Mr. Bantam was well paid for effecting the introductions, and on each visit of his

patron had some new victim to present for his admiration.

"Mattie had not been in the hotel a week ere she made the acquaintance of several of the lady boarders. One day she sent her card to the rooms of Mrs. Rooker, but received the reply that the lady was out. She instructed the servant to return and place the card under Mrs. R.'s door. An hour after, time hanging heavily upon her hands, she proceeded to Mrs. Rooker's rooms, to learn whether she had returned. Moving down the hall, she was astonished to behold Mrs. R. show Hon. William G. Farclough out. Turning quickly, she retreated to her own apartments, satisfied that Mrs. R. was not all her fancy painted her :

" ' Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost of purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.'

"The following day, a gentle knock at Mattie's door aroused her. Opening it, clerk Bantam, in bland tones, informed the unsuspecting girl that a gentleman acquaintance of her late father awaited her in the parlor. Proceeding there, she met the aged ex-functionary, who advanced smilingly to bid her welcome. Trembling, she shrank from him with a dread of impending evil; but by words of sympathy with her in her recent bereavement, he dispelled her fears, and a short interview followed, the nature of which I never learned; but it is certain that the remorseless sinner, the seeker after victims, left the parlor foiled and crest-fallen, but more intently bent upon Mattie's conquest than ever. Confiding his mortification to his confederate in iniquity, Bantam, a plan was decided to woo her to her destruction. The clock in the main hall had barely

ceased striking midnight, when a servant presented at the door of room 27 a note, announcing that the landlord desired the attendance of Miss Sheldon in parlor No. 3, at once, on important and urgent business. Hurriedly arranging her toilet, she proceeded to the parlor indicated, when Bantam secured her and closed the door. The poor terror-stricken bird would have retreated, had not a heavy hand been laid upon her arm, and the word 'stay!' uttered. Leading her half fainting to a sofa, he continued: 'Miss Sheldon, it is needless for you to attempt to deceive *me* longer. I know your real character. Mr. Farclough awaits you in an elegant suite of rooms, No. —, and there you must go, or leave the house. You can have no other room in this hotel to-night!'

"Bursting into tears, Mattie implored his mercy, but the brute, flushed with wine, was inexorable. Alone in an isolated parlor with a libertine, she feared to cry out. At last, woman's ingenuity came to her rescue.

" 'Well, sir, if it must be, let me out until I run up and lock my door. I will return! Await me here, and escort me to the *boudoir* provided!' She said innocently.

"She was permitted to leave, intending, when once within the door of her room, to lock it and remain there. Her intentions had evidently been divined, for on reaching the door she found it locked. Most girls would have yielded to the press of circumstances, but Mattie remembered that at the end of the hall was a ladies' bath-room. Thither she hurried, locked herself in, and there she remained through the long watches of the night, while Hon. William G. Farclough paced his room in his rage, swearing vengeance upon the devoted girl, who for the second time had thwarted his

designs. Early in the morning, the girl left her hiding place, proceeded to the parlor, summoned the proprietor, recounted the circumstance, paid her bill, and left a hotel where she was subjected to such vile persecution.

"The conspirators were foiled ; but it only whetted their energies to be revenged. The tongue of scandal followed her from hotel to hotel, and from boarding-house to boarding-house, until she found no rest. Ascertaining that Farclough and his agent had busied themselves in maligning her fair fame, she sought legal advice, and resolved to institute a suit against the former for slander and conspiracy, and thus vindicate her reputation before a jury. This course resolved upon, she put it into execution. An action was commenced in the courts, but her lawyers, to the discredit of our profession, I am sorry to say, were manipulated by Farclough, and by them it was never called on. After several ineffectual attempts to get it upon the calendar, Mattie found a lawyer who could not be influenced by Farclough's gold, and a suit was commenced."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PERSONAL—DEEP LAID PLOTS—MATTIE CAGED—BLIND JUSTICE—THE TOMBS AND THE PENITENTIARY.

"Farclough and his miserable tool, seeing that an action before the courts would lay bare their consummate villainy, consulted together to prevent it. All attempts to compromise by Farclough's counsel, Mr. Chapel, was in vain. Among the officials in the habit of resorting to the hotel where Bantam was employed, was a well-known Justice, who wears some hair in the neighborhood of his ears, and upon his upper lip—a man whose name is familiar to every *habitué* of the celebrated Egyptian edifice, where justice sits enthroned. It was resolved to enlist his services, and have the persevering girl restrained of her liberty. A day or two after all their plans had been matured, a personal appeared in the *Herald*, requesting her to be in the parlor of ——hotel, at four o'clock, P. M., when a friend, who had heard of her systematic persecution, would impart valuable information. Not suspecting treachery, she left a sick room, in which she had been detained for weeks, and sought the office of her counsel, who proved to be out of the city. She next directed her steps to the office of her guardian, who expressed his belief that there would be no danger in keeping the appointment. At the hour named, she took a seat in

the parlor, but for some minutes no one appeared. After remaining a short time, the Police Court Official before alluded to, opened the door, looked in, and disappeared again. Ten minutes after, Miss Sheldon was astonished to behold Mr. Farclough approach her with a deceptive smile. He sat down beside her, and expressed a desire to amicably arrange their little differences. The proud spirit of the girl rebelled at the tender of a monetary salve for her wounded reputation, and rising, with all the dignity and anger she could command, she ordered the aged villain from her presence. Enraged by her refusal to accept a settlement, Farclough pushed her back upon a sofa, and held her in an iron grasp. At this juncture, the Justice entered and ordered her to come with him. She declared she had committed no offense, and refused to leave the room, when the representative of the law retired and brought in a man dressed in citizen's clothes, who proclaimed himself to be a policeman. The girl was still firm, until a shield was exhibited, when she permitted herself to be forced into a close carriage at one of the side doors, into which she was followed by the officer and the Justice, and escorted to the Tombs. There, with her custodian, she was incarcerated in a room until five o'clock at night, when the poor, trembling girl was conducted to another private room, and arraigned before the Justice who had participated in the kidnapping. The wiley Farelough was there, and made a formal complaint, the nature of which, in her extremely nervous state of mind, she did not comprehend. That evening, in the custody of a virago, who bears the name of woman, she was placed in a cold, damp cell, where a sleepless night was passed. But day came at last, and with it more trials to bow down the heart of the

beautiful sufferer. Her female keeper unlocked the door, and escorted her into the presence of two Justices in the Special Sessions, the doors of which excluded the public. Farelough again testified to a charge of disorderly conduct, and in spite of her appeals for time to employ counsel, the criminal Justice sentenced her to the penitentiary for four months. Mattie Sheldon was again escorted to the cells, when her 'foster-mother' ran her hand into her pocket, relieved her of her portemonnaie, containing two hundred and seven dollars, and carried it to the Justices. A few minutes after, it was returned with but seven dollars in it; and half an hour later, Miss Sheldon was in the Black Maria *en route* to the Island, the companion of thieves, loafers, and vagrants. There she was detained for four months—most of time in hospital, and denied all means of communicating with her friends, lest they might secure her release on a writ of *habeas corpus*."

"What an outrage on justice!" I remarked, as McDonald ceased speaking. "Can it be possible what you tell me is true of your own knowledge? Is there a Justice in this city who would loan himself to such a vile conspiracy?"

"I have no doubt it is as I give it to you!" he continued. "I saw, a few months ago, in the office of her then counsel, a statement of the facts as detailed to you, and certified copies of the complaint, and her commitment, dated March 7, 1868."

"And what has she done since her release, to attain redress?" I asked.

"Nothing, I understand. She is so beset with enemies on every hand that she fears to trust any one; even her guardian is suspected of being interested in her defeat, that he may have the use of her patrimony.

Meanwhile, old Farelough has not been idle. A few months ago, fearing an exposure of his nefarious plots and *liasons*, he caused an article to be published in an obscure daily, describing her as a black-mailer and a woman of bad character, but took good care to have a copy fall into her hands, believing it would intimidate her. Whether or not it has had that effect, I know not, but her's has been a sad story during the past two years. You will here see the evils to which young persons are subjected by promiscuous acquaintance in public hotels. The finding by Farelough of her card, in the room of his mistress for an hour, gave him the impression that the innocent Mattie would be an easy victim; and to that tell-tale piece of card-board she may ascribe all her subsequent tribulations."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PERNICIOUS EDUCATION OF SCHOOL GIRLS—THE SOCIAL EVIL IN PANTALETS—A STARTLING STATE OF THINGS.

There is no class of females more susceptible of influences for good or evil than the school-girl just blooming into womanhood—no period when she should be more closely watched with tender solicitude, than when throwing off the mantle of the child and assuming that of the fully developed maiden. Nearly all our institutions for the education of young females are provided with teachers—maiden ladies of mature age—whose lives have been a series of disappointments and blasted expectations. Their experience has soured their natures and crushed out every vestige of the finer feelings of woman. They have no sympathy in common with that of the young whose education is entrusted to their keeping. The young maiden is taught to look upon man as a monster, a wild beast, who should be a mark for every female to trifle with and deceive—a creature who has no heart, no sympathy in union with that of the opposite sex. The result is that the young and inexperienced school-girl considers flirting a legitimate occupation, and under the pernicious teachings of spinsters, they issue from the school-room impressed with the necessity of a conquest over the first good-looking biped that offers himself as a target for their glances

and smiles. To make such conquests, they will respond to advertisements, and conduct correspondence that they would fear to show to a doting mother. The consequence is that the untutored girl, who to-day is strong in her own ability to thwart a "lord of creation," finds herself to-morrow the crushed victim of his wiles.

The author has before him an article published in the *New York Democrat*, in February, under the head of "The Social Evil in Pantalets," in which the writer discourses upon the demoralization in the city schools. It should be read by every mother, and therefore it is introduced:

"Any one may satisfy himself by watching our public schools at the hour for dismissal, of the existence of a 'social evil,' perhaps destined to become the parent of that other usually so termed, for future generations.

"He will see other watchers standing at the corners of the streets, waiting to intercept willing maidens, and to pour into their ears—God knows what pleasant poison and delusive guile.

"If he be familiar with the under-life of this great city, he will see panderers for notorious houses lying in wait for their prey.

"In the morning, before school-hours, these girls—from fourteen to fifteen years of age and older—may be seen dropping tiny notes into the corner mail-boxes; and late in the afternoon, a visit to the private post-offices scattered through the city, will discover them receiving replies, eagerly grasped, and carefully secreted, probably making clandestine appointments.

"But this is not all!

"Within a few doors of one of our most highly-esteemed girls' schools, is a notorious house of assigna-

tion, which, we are credibly informed, is supplied almost entirely from the neighboring school.

"These are schools—schools of instruction for the mind, and schools of destruction for body and soul. And unhappily, it is difficult to say how parents are to avoid the possible horrors of the latter.

"The home-life of our girls is unfortunately not of a character to teach them what to flee from and what to embrace. A morbid objection to instruct in the existence of wickedness, leaves them a prey to what they know not of, and have no weapons wherewith to combat.

"Principles are not instilled into them, but they are left to seize whatever may come in their way—flowers to beautify, or weeds to choke up, and disfigure, and blight—and so what wonder that the poor, unprotected creatures become the victims of their own unrestrained desires, and of the devilish arts of the first villain who cares to make the attempt?

"They become demoralized: and so far are they from being the modest, innocent dears they are supposed to be, that no passable-looking scamp can stand still on the corner of a street near such a school, at the proper hour, without finding himself the object of signs and salutations not to be mistaken.

"Mothers—engaged in your domestic vocations, your shopping and your finery, your scandal and your own flirtations—bethink you of these truths before it be too late!

"Fathers—immersed in your business, your dissipation, your strife after money, your eager struggle for political position—consider for a moment what *may* happen to crush your household gods, and lay bare the baseless fabric of your domestic happiness!

"Of course, it were absurd to charge that all girls who

attend schools in which the sexes are mixed are utterly demoralized, because there are many true and pure girls thrown into the worst associations; but there is a bad influence over all, which is demoralizing in the extreme. The cause mostly lies in well-dressed villains, who devote their time to debauching susceptible young girls, and captivating them with nice talk.

"These are facts. Watch for yourself! Ask the policemen! Ask the shopkeepers in the neighborhood of your 'girls' schools!' And above all—for 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure'—steal some time—both fathers and mothers—from your daily vocations, to employ in instilling right principles into the minds and hearts of these young girls whose lives are intrusted to your charge, and for whom you are responsible."

There are many grains of startling truths in the foregoing remarks: many a parent, who has seen his fairest flowers plucked from the household garden by a villain, will admit that parents neglect to surround their children with necessary safeguards, and instill into their expanding minds principles that will enable them to overcome the promptings of natural desires and the magnetic influences of *roues* schooled in all the arts of deception and captivation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FANNIE MARVIN, THE SCHOOL-GIRL—A FIFTH AVENUE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION—EXCHANGE OF SMILES—A GAMBLER'S CONQUEST.

On Fifth avenue, away up in the center of wealth and refinement, is located an institution for the training of young girls—daughters of the wealthy. The society was founded years ago, and then was located in the Seventh ward. It rapidly rose in estimation until a new building was necessary to supply the demand for its advantages. A palatial structure arose on Fifth avenue, and lines of stages secured to escort the pupils to and from its massive portals. Here, the young daughters of aristocratic parents, who desire the education of their children completed under their own eyes, daily go through the routine of pupils. At the hour of dismissing the classes, any day, may be seen hanging about the street corners in the neighborhood, notorious libertines and blacklegs, watching for their prey. There are covert recognitions, passing of knowing winks and signs, and the exchange of *billetdoux* making clandestine meetings. Young girls come home to their parents an hour or two late, with flushed faces, and fatigue marked upon them indelibly. The mother inquires as

to the cause of the delay, and is informed that the child had been kept in for missing a lesson, or she had gone home with a young schoolmate. Little does she suspect the truth. Had she been near when Anna issued from the institute, she might have seen a fashionably dressed dandy join her child within a block of the school; she might have seen rambles down lonely streets, and heard the wily villain pouring into the willing ears of the maiden the poison that corrupts and blasts. Were she to follow them day after day, she could trace them to private entrances of questionable houses, and see them enter doors from which her child would emerge ruined for all time.

O, loving mothers, in your hours of ease, stop here and reflect upon the responsibility that is yours! Remember that you have a sacred duty to perform to those dear buds of promise given you by the Creator, to nurse and warm into blooming flowers, that shall beautify your sanctuary of love.

The author has before him notes of a case in point, which is pertinent in this connection. They were obtained from a ward detective some months ago. In a brown stone mansion in Madison avenue, near Park avenue, resides Mr. and Mrs. Marvin. The gentleman is a well-known and esteemed business man, who is noted for his probity of character and devotion to his family. Two years ago, his only daughter Fannie entered the school in Fifth avenue, and at the age of fifteen was one of the most promising pupils, always standing high in her classes, and carrying off honors at each examination.

One day in March, 1869, she met Frank Barton, a fashionably dressed exquisite, who smiled as he passed her, and casting a glance behind, was rewarded by a look

of recognition. Frank suddenly retraced his steps, and following leisurely, watched her enter her home. The next day he was in the neighborhood at the same hour, and again nods of recognition passed between the girl and her admirer. Days passed, and they still met. One afternoon, as he approached her, a delicately perfumed note fluttered in the breeze and fell upon the sidewalk. As Fannie reached it, she dropped her handkerchief and lifted it and the note together. Hurrying to the privacy of her room, she tore it open and read words of burning passion. That was a moment of conflicting emotions. The writer declared his admiration of her, and solicited an answer on the following day, by the same mode of communication. The day that was to decide whether she reciprocated Frank's admiration arrived, and as she issued from the school, the *distingue* form of her admirer appeared in the distance. They met; a note fell from Fannie's school-books; she blushed crimson as their eyes met; Frank secured the tiny prize from the sidewalk, and hurried away to peruse it and plan for the future conquest of the child. The succeeding day they met; there were blushes, exchanges of words, and half an hour after the lovers were strolling down East Thirty-fourth street, in the direction of the ferry. The gate was entered, and for an hour in the public room of the ferry-house the pair conversed. One afternoon, my detective friend, who had witnessed some of their meetings, saw them enter a well-known resort in Forsyth street, and waiting in the neighborhood, observed the ruined girl come out, flushed with excitement and supported by her victor. Well he divined the scene that had been enacted within. The beautiful Fannie Marvin was no longer the chaste girl of an hour before, but tarnished beyond recall. Knowing Barton to

be a notorious gambler, he was curious to discover who the girl was, and for this purpose followed her to her home, and saw her pass within its portals.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. MARVIN IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION—AN ELOPEMENT—
A FATHER'S GRIEF—DESERTED IN NEW ORLEANS—OVER
THE RIVER WITH THE BOATMAN PALE.

A few weeks after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, my detective friend was called upon by Mr. Marvin, who desired his professional services. He reported that his daughter Fannie had been missed from home; that she proceeded to school as usual on the day of her disappearance; had failed to return, and he feared she was secreted in a den of infamy.

"Find my child!" he exclaimed, in his grief, "and I will reward you liberally."

Detective C. at once decided to unravel the mystery, if possible. He recounted to Mr. M. the circumstances of her meetings with Frank Barton, but carefully guarded the secret of the visit to the house in Forsyth street. The sorrowing father left, receiving the assurance of Mr. C. that he would do all in his power to restore the girl to her home. Knowing that Barton resorted about the corner of Broadway and Houston street, day after day watched for him in vain, and after two weeks search he abandoned the effort, and announced that they had fled the city. He communicated his disappointment to Mr. Marvin, who had given out

in society that his daughter had gone to Italy to finish her musical education, to be absent four years.

One evening in July following, Detective C. was summoned to Mr. Marvin's residence, and hurrying there, was shown into that gentleman's study. After taking a seat, the following note was placed in his hand, with the simple remark, "read it:"

NEW ORLEANS, July 2, 1869.

DEAR MAMMA :

I have been away so long that you doubtless fear I am dead, and to relieve your mind I write you. O, mother! forgive me for my waywardness, and forget that you ever had a daughter Fannie. God knows that I loved you and father, until I met Frank Barton. I was infatuated—magnetized by him. I loved him; stole interviews; and when I could no longer keep my secret—that I was to become a mother—in a moment of frenzy I threatened to kill myself. I was dissuaded by Frank, who brought me here, and promised to atone for his sin by making me *his wife*. For weeks after our arrival, we lived happily in a private boarding-house in Camp street; Frank deferring the marriage by promises that he never intended to keep. Finally, he deserted me, but without \$500 in money, which he left me. He has been away for a week, and I am alone again. Perhaps it is best, for now I can reform, and obtain some respectable employment. Dear mamma, try and forgive me, and do not chide your child too severely. I was young and inexperienced in the world's temptations, and became his victim. I will not ask for a home in your heart again, but merely forgiveness. Dear mother, all I ask is that you write me the simple words: "I forgive you!" and never again will I trouble parents I have disgraced. Adieu.

Address No. 21 Baronne street, Mrs. F. Barton.

Your penitent daughter,

FANNIE.

P. S.—O, mother, tell father I desire his forgiveness, too. Then, you may disown me forever—*forever*.

Detective C. cast an inquiring glance at the father, who handed him an envelope, remarking:

"Take that, it contains one thousand dollars; get permission to be absent; proceed to New Orleans; make diligent search for her; learn her mode of life, and telegraph me the result. I will give you directions by telegraph."

Here the interview terminated.

"The next day," said the detective, when narrating the particulars to the author, "I took rail for the Crescent city. Four days after, I put up at the St. Charles Hotel; and, after a few hours' repose, sallied out in quest of information. My first visit was to No. 21 Baronne street, where the letter, you will see, stated she resided. There I found her not; the old colored woman who kept the house and let the rooms, said that a girl resembling the picture I showed her, had been in the house two weeks, but had left—she knew not for what destination, but she had heard that she was living somewhere in the French portion of the city. Calling to my aid detective P. of that city, the search was continued with no better success. We found the house in Camp street where she had resided, but obtained no clue likely to aid us. I began to feel disheartened, and hesitated what to do next. One morning P. rapped at my door and awakened me.

"'Get up, C.!' he said, mechanically. 'I have found her.'

"'The d—l you have!' I exclaimed, in my excitement. 'Where?'

"'In the dead-house, a suicide!' was his business-like rejoinder. 'You won't have a beautiful girl to escort back to New York, old fellow, mind that.'

"I was out of the sheets in an instant, and hurriedly

made my toilet. We proceeded to the dead-house, and reviewing the body, I at once recognized it as that of Fannie Marvin. From a policeman that stood by I learned that about four o'clock that morning he saw her jump over the levee at the foot of St. Louis street. Every effort was made to save her, but death had placed his signet upon her ere the body was recovered from the water. I telegraphed the facts to Mr. Marvin, and received answer :

“ ‘Have her decently buried, and return with her effects.’ ”

“ I faithfully performed the last offices for the unfortunate girl, who was interred in the Washington Cemetery, myself and P. being the only mourners. Over her grave, a modest marble slab was raised, bearing the simple name : ‘ Fannie Marvin.’ ”

“ And what became of Frank Barton ? ”

“ I only know from these slips cut from the *Picayune* on the day of the tragedy,” was his response. He gave me the following :

This morning, the body of a beautiful young girl, apparently not over sixteen years of age, was conveyed to the dead-house, by officer Black. As she lay there in the quietude of death, she presented a striking contrast to most of those who had occupied the slab before her. The features were natural, the eyes closed, and an expression of serene rest was visible. The long flowing auburn hair, moist with the cruel waters, fell over shoulders spotless as the camelia, and the tiny hands were crossed upon her breast, displaying a solitaire diamond ring on the first finger of the right hand. From the officer, we learned that about daylight he observed her hurrying to the levee foot of St. Louis street. He followed, and reached it just too late to save her. With the aid of some boatmen, the body was recovered.

From various sources, we glean some particulars of her previous history, and the trials that led the poor unfortunate to seek

repose in the angry river. A few months ago, while attending a school in New York, where her parents, who are wealthy, reside, Fannie Marvin made the acquaintance of a gambler named Barton, who circulates between that city, Baltimore, and here. She fell a victim to his intrigues, and, to hide her shame from every eye, she accompanied him to this city, where he promised to make her his wife. Instead of doing so, he eloped a few weeks ago with Mrs. Alice Darling, of Jefferson City, and sailed for Vera Cruz. For days, Fannie brooded over her desertion, and driven to remorse, resolved to flee to ills she knew not of. On her person was found the following letter, addressed to her father :

DEAR PARENTS :

My life has been a sad one since leaving your happy roof. I no longer wish to quarrel with a cruel world that has no smiles for *me*. To-night, I shall seek death in the muddy waters of the Mississippi ; that, I hope, will wipe out the stain brought upon your name. Do not judge me too cruelly. I was not bad at heart, but was weak. I have paid the penalty of my waywardness, and go to my death, and another life. Farewell ; you have looked your last upon Fannie. When you receive this, I shall be beneath the green sward, should my body be recovered.

Your heart-broken

FANNIE.

"That is all I know of Barton," continued detective C. ; "but a month ago I received a letter from detective P., who states that he hears Barton has returned to the city, covered with remorse for the injury he had done her. One day, while strolling through the graves, P. stopped by Fannie's tomb, and saw it decked with flowers, evidently by Barton. His attention was attracted to some lines penciled on the slab, which he copied. They are here :"

"Once more I kneel, with falling tears,
Upon this green and hallowed sod,
Where sleeps the hope of future years,

And, sorrowing, bow beneath the rod
That falls upon my aching head ;
She merely sleeps—*she is not dead !*

“ How many weary weeks have pass’d
Since down to rest they laid her here ;
How many tedious days grown old,
And I have come to drop a tear,
Where death his watchful vigil keeps—
She is not dead—*she merely sleeps !*

“ Oft have I gazed upon that form,
Whose step was blithsome, joyous, gay—
Where throb’d a heart by nature warm,
It beats no more—’tis smouldering clay ;
The spirit *lives* in realms of light,
And wears the robes of peerless white.

“ And while I bow beside this mound,
I feel her spirit hov’ring near—
A heavenly incense breathed around,
She bids me smile, and dry the tear ;
’Tis done ! a while I grope alone,
Then join her in her spirit home.”

“ P. endeavored to ascertain if Frank Barton had been in the city,” continued detective C. ; but was unsuccessful. I am satisfied, however, that he is the visitor who decked her early tomb in the city of the dead.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN OPINION THAT DESERVES CONSIDERATION—AN ANTI-WOMAN'S RIGHTS OLD BACHELOR ON THE LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

In connection with the foregoing incidents in relation to the faithlessness of wives, and the laxity of the marriage relation, which is becoming less sacred every day, it may not be out of place to copy the following comments, by "Morton Mullygrubs:"

"You are not up to a proper appreciation of the cause and cure of the evil of prostitution you complain of so often. The surest way of preventing the evil is to encourage marriages. But our laws are all so framed as to greatly discourage marriages, because they put an intolerable burden on the male sex to support female vanity and love of dress. Men, therefore, do not marry as freely as they would if the disabilities they labor under were removed, and, as a consequence, the evil is encouraged. The laws have stripped the American husband of all his rights, and have increased his duties. Do you wonder, then, if men hesitate to put the halter of marriage on their necks? Let a husband attempt to control his wife in regard to her going in or going out, in regard to her expenses, or in regard to her performing properly her household affairs, and what is the result? A quarrel, followed by the wife

dragging the husband before the courts, where not the first chance is given him of a proper defense. He is compelled to pay her lawyer's expenses, and a weekly payment of alimony, often three-quarters of his income, and often imprisoned. His defense is not heard, or, if heard, not minded in the least by the Judge. It seems enough that a wife accuses him, to convict him of anything. A wife may keep her property free from liability of her husband's debts; but he is liable for all of her debts. If he refuse her an extravagant silk dress or jewelry, all she has to do is go and get it and have it charged to him. He is compelled to pay. It being so easy for a wife to get what extravagant dress she fancies she ought to have, to be equal to Mrs. Grundy around the corner, she yields to the temptation, gets it and lets the husband pay if he can. If so, all right. It keeps him poor all his life. If he can not, he must steal or fail. But the greatest evil is that the display of extravagance by married women spoils the girls that are not married, and they tell you plainly that if you are not ready to support them in great style, you must not make any attempt to marry them, and thence it follows that nearly all young men of moderate salary or means are unable to marry. What follows? Debasing of the male sex to the vile women in the city, which in its turn is speedily followed by the ruin of some, at least, of the girls who will not marry a man of small means. I tell you to make marriage easy, and you stop the source of the revenue that keeps up the social evil. You can not make marriage easy until you put the woman completely under control of the man, and compel her to obey his every lawful wish. Repeal all the laws that put women in their present position of independence from and defiance of their husbands or

fathers, and then only will you see the social evil decline and nearly disappear. The married woman's property-law should be the first to go; the laws giving alimony, and the laws by which a woman can cause the arrest of her husband, should be the next. All are a disgrace to our statute book, and the cause of our social rottenness."

There are some tangible truths, given by this man of uncouth name, in what he says. The laws, as at present, take down the barrier of a husband's defense, and render him liable to the whims and caprices of a wife, who may, in all other respects, be virtuous and good, but who may be surrounded by gossiping females who have some sinister motive in encouraging strife in his family; or perhaps by one of the "Flora McFlimsy" stripe, whose husband, so dotingly fond and equally blind, has in the course of a short commercial career amassed sufficient wealth to enable him to keep her in as many extra chignons, and as many panniers of different hues as will eclipse all the ladies on the avenue. But by-and-by stocks fall, or the bubble bursts, and perhaps Flora, to keep pace with the style of her former extravagance, places herself in the category of criminals of whom Superintendent Kennedy, it is said, kept a careful record, to be handed to our legislators for their correction and the benefit of society at large.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARRIAGE OF DIVORCEES—THE MORAL AND CIVIL LAWS WHICH
REGULATE THE MARITAL TIE—A SCRAP OF HISTORY FROM
THE HERALD COPIED FROM ANOTHER MORALIST—THE
STORY OF GENERAL JACKSON AND MRS. ROBARDS.

“The recent public interest which has gathered around the Richardson-Macfarland-marriage tragedy in New York, bespeaks something more than a passing sensation. It has set multitudes of men and women to reflecting upon our laws, both moral and civil, which regulate the marriage tie, and we trust that a wholesome public opinion will in time vindicate all the due rights of the parties here concerned. But the question of marrying wives recently divorced, or seeking to be divorced without the consent of their husbands, involves too many interests, both in the rights of children and the good opinion of society, to be lightly determined. Very seldom does, it happen that a man can enter into such a relation without at least braving the opinions of the majority of mankind. While conjugal happiness may, and frequently does, attend such unions, the parties to them are commonly subjected through life to a criticism far more exacting than attends the parties to ordinary marriages.

“Never, perhaps, was there a man better suited, by independence of character and rectitude of conduct, to

rise superior to this popular prejudice, than was Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States. The private life of this famous man was without a stain. He cherished a romantic, almost fanatical, devotion to his wife while living, and for her memory when dead. Mrs. Jackson, judged by the sum of accounts which have reached us, was a person of irreproachable character, great goodness of heart, but of very limited knowledge and accomplishments. Jackson had become acquainted with her when a young attorney in Western Tennessee, boarding at the house of her mother, Mrs. Donelson. Rachel Donelson had been married several years to Captain Robards, of Mereer county, Kentucky. He appears to have been a quarrelsome and jealous person, ill-suited to make a woman happy, and their married life did not run smoothly. Early in the year 1788, Mrs. Robards went home to her mother, the parties having agreed to a final separation. But Captain Robards found himself very unhappy, and voluntarily sought a reconciliation with his wife, which took place in the following year. It was then that Jackson just became acquainted with the parties. He was twenty-three years of age, with a high sense of honor, and a chivalrous notion of what was due to women. The treatment of Mrs. Robards by her unreasonably jealous husband, awakened his indignation and sympathy. This could not happen without making Captain Robards still more jealous and furious. After a violent quarrel, in the course of which Jackson threatened to cut off Captain Robards' ears, if he ever connected his (Jackson's) name with Mrs. Robards again, the insanely jealous Captain again left his wife at her mother's and returned to Kentucky. Jackson had previously left Mrs. Donelson's and taken other quarters, to avoid any

wrong interpretation that might be put upon his regard for Mrs. Robards. This was in 1790. In 1791, it was rumored that Captain Robards had threatened to return and take his wife to Kentucky. The latter was much alarmed, and so was her mother, Mrs. Donelson having found, after two fair trials, that it was impossible for her daughter to live with Captain Robards. They were anxious to keep her out of his way, and it was determined that she should go down the river to Natchez, Mississippi. Mrs. Robards went under the protection of an old man named Stack, who earnestly pressed Jackson, a warm friend to all parties, to accompany them, as Indian outrages were then very common, and everybody went armed. Jackson, who could never bear to see a woman unprotected, arranged his law business, descended the river with the pair, and quickly returned to Tennessee, resuming his practice at Nashville.

"Meanwhile, early in the winter of 1791, Captain Robards had obtained from the Legislature of Virginia (Kentucky being then under jurisdiction of Virginia law), an act authorizing him to sue for a divorce. To obtain this, he made declaration that his wife Rachel had deserted him, and was living in adultery with another man, to-wit: Andrew Jackson, attorney-at-law. This may have been perjury at the time; but as Jackson immediately married Mrs. Robards, on the public rumor of her husband's application to the Legislature, and lived with her for upward of two years before the divorce was actually obtained by decree of a court, it remains true that this chivalrous and irreproachable man was technically guilty of adultery. By the old Virginia laws, a man seeking a divorce on the ground of his wife's infidelity, had to procure an act of the

Legislature to authorize a trial of the cause before a jury, and pronouncing the marriage tie dissolved, provided the jury found her guilty. Now, Captain Robards, instead of pressing the matter to an *ultimatum* in 1791, when authorized by the Virginia Legislature to put the case on trial, only went before a Kentucky jury in September, 1793, when his wife had been two years married to Jackson. Of course, the jury of Mercer county (at Harrodsburg), could at that time do nothing else than find for the plaintiff, and his marriage was declared by the court dissolved. Out of these circumstances sprang all the reports to the discredit of Mrs. Jackson, which were so widely circulated during her lifetime, and which made her husband so furious. Says one of his biographers: 'His worst quarrels arose from this cause, or were greatly aggravated by it. He became sore upon the subject. For the man who dared to breathe Mrs. Jackson's name, except in honor, he kept pistols in perfect order for thirty-seven years.' He fancied that such men as Henry Clay, and John Quincy Adams, in the after days, when political rivalry ran high, were personally busied in the dirty work of reviving, for publication, the slanders against his wife's virtue. He was morbidly sensitive on the subject; and although the married life of the pair was extremely happy—indeed, one of the happiest ever known, the mutual love and respect of the parties to it continually growing—yet the singular circumstances that surrounded its inception were a life-long source of annoyance to both.

"The testimony respecting the true history of General Jackson's marriage, to a wife who was at the same time divorced and not divorced (divorced in reality, but still married in law), is a little conflicting. One

witness, who knew the parties well, says: 'At what time Robards instituted proceedings for a divorce, I do not know. Jackson, seeing she had lost her husband on his account, swore by the Eternal he would take her under his own protection, and not long after they stepped into a boat, descended to Natchez, and were married by a Catholic priest. They were afterward married by a Protestant, I believe.' On the other hand, Judge Overton, who was Jackson's fellow-boarder at Mrs. Donelson's, where the acquaintance with Mrs. Robards commenced, has left on record a long narrative of the circumstances, which, though not coherent in all its parts, makes the marriage the direct corollary of the divorce. Says Judge Overton :

“‘In the summer of 1791, General Jackson went to Natchez, and, I understand, married Mrs. Robards, then believed to be freed from Captain Robards by the divorce in the early winter. About the month of December, 1793, I learned for the first time that Captain Robards had applied to Mercer Court, in Kentucky, for a divorce, which had then recently been granted, and that the Legislature had not absolutely granted a divorce, but left it for the court to do. I need not express my surprise on learning that the Virginia Legislature had not divorced Captain Robards. I informed General Jackson of it, who was equally surprised, and I suggested the propriety of his procuring a license, on his return home, and having the marriage ceremony again performed, so as to prevent all future caviling on the subject. To this suggestion, he replied that he had long since been married, on the belief that a divorce had been obtained, which was the understanding of every person in the country; nor was it without difficulty he could be induced to believe otherwise. On our return

home from Jonesboro' to Nashville, in January, 1794, a license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony performed.'

"This circumstantial account indicates, to say the least of it, a surprising ignorance as to the law of divorce, on the part of two lawyers (Andrew Jackson and Judge Overton), one of whom was, moreover, profoundly and personally interested in the provisions of the law. But we see no good reason to doubt the rectitude of intention and entire honor of General Jackson in the premises. We find his intimate friend, Judge Overton, testifying as follows, respecting the period just before Jackson's marriage :

"About the time of Mrs. Donelson's communication to me, respecting her daughter's intention of going to Natchez, I perceived in Jackson symptoms of more than usual concern. I determined to ascertain the cause, when he frankly told me that he was the most unhappy of men, in having innocently and unintentionally been the cause of the loss of peace and happiness of Mrs. Robards, whom he believed to be a fine woman. * * * Since the year 1791, I have been intimate in his family, and, from the mutual and uninterrupted happiness of the General and Mrs. Jackson, as well as those delicate and polite attentions which have ever been reciprocated between them, I have been long confirmed in the opinion that there never existed any other than what was believed to be the most honorable and virtuous intercourse between them. Before their going to Natchez, I had daily opportunities of being convinced that there was none other; before being married in the Natchez country, after it was understood that a divorce had been granted by the Legislature of Virginia, it is believed there was none.'

"It does undoubtedly appear that Jackson's position in the society at Nashville, was not unfavorably affected by the circumstances of his marriage to Mrs. Robards. Not until political rancor led to the revival of the marriage history, with its accompaniments, was there any visitation upon him of social obloquy on account of his wife. That lady, although described as beautiful in her earlier years, and a brunette of decided attractions at the time Jackson married her, does not appear to have held the same sway over the admiration of others, that she maintained with her husband, in later years. He, indeed, thought her the paragon of women, and all the hidden tenderness of his rough and austere nature was lavished upon her. During a married life of thirty-seven years, from 1791 to 1828, he was the most exemplary and devoted of husbands. And, when Mrs. Jackson died, just in the flush of his first triumphant election to the Presidency, he never married again.

"The lady has been described by one of her own sex, the wife of an officer in the army, who saw much of the married life of the pair about the time of the Presidential conflict of 1827-'28. She describes Mrs. Jackson as a stout, coarse-looking, little old woman, whom you might easily mistake for his washer-woman, were it not for the marked attention he pays her, and the love and admiration she manifests for him. Her eyes are bright, and express great kindness of heart; her face is rather broad, her features plain; her complexion so dark as almost to suggest a mingling of races, in that climate where such things sometimes occur.* * * The General always treated her as if she were his pride and glory, and words can faintly describe her devotion to him. I well recollect to what disadvantage Mrs. Jackson appeared, with her dowdyfied figure, her

inelegant conversation, and her total want of refinement, in the midst of a highly cultivated group, as the Nashville Inn was at that time filled with celebrities, nearly all warm supporters of the General. My father visited them at the Hermitage more than once. I remember his telling an anecdote characteristic of Mrs. Jackson. After the evening meal at the Hermitage, where the latch-string was always out, he and some other officers were seated with the worthy couple by their ample fire-place. Mrs. Jackson, as was her favorite custom, lighted her pipe, and, having taken a whiff or two, handed it to my father, saying: 'Honey, won't you take a smoke?'

"This account, we must remember, was written by a woman. When Mrs. Jackson died, in December, 1828, the citizens of Nashville had just completed preparations for a great Jackson banquet, in honor of the election of their favorite to the Presidency. All the venom and aspersions of the anti-Jackson sympathy, including the charge of adultery against him and his cherished wife, had failed to check his triumphant career of popularity. But the dragging of her name into the public prints on such a disgraceful charge, exasperated him and deeply wounded her. It aggravated a heart disease, under which she had long suffered at intervals, and it unquestionably shortened her life. She was stricken with paralysis at the age of 61, and, after lingering in great agony for five days, she expired. Jackson never quite recovered from the blow which the loss of his wife inflicted upon him. He was for days the picture of despair. The funeral drew together an immense concourse of sincere mourners. She was interred at the Hermitage, in the same corner of the garden where the remains of the old chieftain himself

were subsequently laid to rest. The journals of Tennessee united in eulogizing the virtues of Mrs. Jackson, and her husband caused to be inscribed on her tomb the following remarkable epitaph :

“ ‘ Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged sixty-one. Her face was fair, her heart kind ; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods ; to the poor she was a benefactor ; to the rich an example ; to the wretched a comforter ; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.’ ”

Editor, “ trusts that a wholesome public opinion will in time vindicate the rights of the parties here concerned.” Although the preceding is a part of history, would it not have been more charitable to place another veil over the faults or foibles of General Jackson, by concealing them, than by holding them up, at this late day, as an excuse for Beecher and Frothingham in their sacrilegious blasphemy ?

CHAPTER XXXV.

EXTRACT FROM THE HERALD—THAT JOURNAL AS A MORALIST
—AFFINITY VERSUS MATRIMONY—ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION
OF THE GREAT SOCIAL STRUGGLE—HOW AN UNFAITHFUL
HUSBAND WAS OVERTAKEN BY JUSTICE.

“When the wise man was asked who was the greatest preacher in his day, he replied, ‘example,’ and that reply stands on record as a truism never disputed in any code of ethics. In these days, we are progressing so fast that even in crime there is a novelty which keeps ahead of the rest of the world, and leaves the moralist, the philosopher, and the rhetorician tugging at the coat-tails of old Father Time, and almost in despair that he will ever slacken his pace. All good men hope that the career which points to the dark abyss as the goal, will be of short duration, and that the eleventh hour can be utilized to check the advance of pernicious theories, which are ever the preludes of great social evils. There is no question of our time, on which so much depends as the inviolability of the marriage tie, which must be regarded as the cohesive power which holds together the fabric of society, just as surely as the great law of nature ‘moulds a tear.’ The divorce law, the Fourier system, and the doctrine of affinities, are so many disturbing forces, which can no more overcome the higher force than the transit of Venus, the

passage of a comet, or the falling of a meteor, can destroy the cohesion of the earth or arrest it in its orbit. Though the violations of the matrimonial bonds have been quite common during the past few years, it was only when the evil culminated in the Richardson-Macfarland case, that public attention was attracted to this question, and people have since regarded it with grave apprehensions. But it is consoling to know that while men in high places, and men claiming to stand in holy places, lend their sanction to the growing evil, there is still left a sense of justice somewhere, as the following case will show :

“ William Van Zallen was married a year ago, and he and his wife lived on the most amicable terms, in North Seventh street, Williamsburgh. Six weeks ago, he began to stay away at night from his home, and for three weeks he remained out in this way. His wife’s suspicions were aroused, and on Thursday last she traced him to the residence of one Margaret Naigher, in Seventh street. She thereupon upbraided him for his infidelity, and threatened to expose him if he did not adandon his new haunt forthwith. Here commenced a regular domestic war, the husband feeling humiliated and mortified at being detected so openly, and the wife learning with indignation and jealousy that such a state of things, had so long existed without her knowledge. William at length struck on a plan by which he thought he could rid himself of a troublesome burden, or, as people expressed it some years ago, of a wife. Accordingly, on Friday afternoon, a collection of furniture was packed on a wagon in North Seventh street ; a wink and a whisper were enough for the driver, and half an hour afterward, Williamsburgh was as guiltless of the presence of Van Zallen and his new attraction,

Margaret, as if they never existed. The scene changes, and the same wagon, after crossing the Brooklyn and Jersey ferries, stops at a house in Dutch row, Hudson City, and the work of unloading commences. All this time, wife No. 1 was not sleeping. She had her spies out, and the husband had scarcely established himself in the new quarters, where he fondly hoped he would be free from any intrusion or annoyance from wife No. 1, when the latter presented herself before him. Here was a dilemma; he looked daggers at her, and the interview, or rather conflict, which followed was short, sharp, and decisive. He struck her a heavy blow on the face, which felled her to the ground, and there he left her, deserted, powerless, and stunned, to crawl off as best she could.

“The scene again changes, and we find her in the office of Recorder Aldridge, where she told her story, and the humane magistrate was not heedless of her condition. He issued a warrant for the arrest of the unnatural husband, who was soon brought up by officer Reilly and confronted with the injured woman. The fact that she carried her child in her arms when she received the stunning blow, made the fellow’s conduct still more outrageous and brutal. The Recorder informed him that whatever lessons he may have learned on Brooklyn Heights with regard to his obligations as a husband, he would not be permitted to put such theories into practice in New Jersey. Such doctrines were never recognized in that State, and the man who was fool-hardy enough to introduce them should bear the consequences. Such a plant of socialism is not of Jersey growth; her gardens are on Brooklyn Heights and in Salt Lake City. The atmosphere of New Jersey would be fatal to it. In order, therefore, to make

an example which would be more effective than any pulpit oration, he would impose heavy bail, on the charge of atrocious assault. As Van Zallen did not furnish the required security, he was committed to the Hudson county jail, where he remains, without any probability of his being speedily released.

"In the course of the investigation, it transpired that Margaret Naigher had buried her husband and married again. The second husband soon vacated for his greater comfort and happiness. Of course, she could not get along without some companion to console her in such a sea of trouble, and it was in this emergency that Van Zallen turned up and lavished his attentions on her. It appears that she had money enough to make her comfortable, and Van Zallen obtained sums from her at different times, amounting in the aggregate to \$150. Wife No. 2, or, as the Recorder styled her, 'mate No. 1,' remains in Dutch row to guard the premises and furniture, and wait the deliverance of her 'dear William' from captivity. Jersey justice is not only sure, but it is very often swift."

Then follows, in the same journal (on the Sabbath), the usual assignations :

Fifth avenue stage, Fulton ferry, Brooklyn cars and store—
could not lose my time that way ; would like to see you again.

Address R. R. R., Herald office.

JENNIE S.—I will meet you as per appointment.

MOONLIGHT.

Mrs. Franklin, from Jersey, will please call at once at Mrs. Beuthner's, 323 West Twenty-third street, or give city address. References satisfactory.

MARY—I am wretched beyond conception. Your treatment is heartless, but I take the blow and forgive you.

HENRI.

N. Y. B.—I am very anxious to see you. Letters of great importance to you at 823.

B.

Remain at home Sunday; four compliments.

XX.

Will Effie Wilson call on Mrs. F. Howard, 51 West Twenty-sixth street?

You can see me at 14 East Thirteenth street.

Lou.

18th STREET—Louise K., write to me again. Your old acquaintance, G., Eighteenth street.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SABBATH MORALIZING OF THE "WORLD"—SOCIAL STUDIES—A FORTUNE-TELLER.

"If there were no 'flats' in this world, the 'sharps' could not make a living, is an original proverb, borrowing its technical terms from the nomenclature of music, and maintaining a very general harmony with the experiences of a majority of observing mankind. By the universal and indisputable law of compensation, the existence of knaves in this world necessitates the contemporaneity of an equivalent number of fools, and *vice versa*; nor can any development of common human wisdom extirpate either class while the other still lives by the condition of duping, or being duped. *Populus vult decipi*. There would seem to be something in the abstract idea of deception that exercises a curious tempting influence over the keenest of minds, and quite bewitches the lower, or average, grade of intellect. 'The people love to be deceived.' Only let the first condition conceded have the cheap, vulgar romance of deception, and the deceived one, before he or she knows it, is led easily into the most evident pit-falls of fraud. There is something in human nature ever yearning for the mystery of indirectness, as distinguished from normal straightforwardness; and so it would appear that

knavery of almost any grade shall easily make a living in the world while man is man. Under this view of the subject, it is not very difficult to understand how the vast general business of so-called 'imposition' thrives steadily at all times, and in all countries, despite the continual light cast upon its audacious falsities by the omnipresent press, and the hourly warning outcries of its victims. There are, however, a few current shams which appeal so exclusively to an ignorance almost incompatible with the very lowest supposable grade of modern mentality, that any one may well wonder how they can possibly find even a single dupe in the present civilized age. One of these is the astrological, or fortune-telling, business, in which thousands of unprincipled, illiterate impostors of both sexes still practice a profitable trade all over the world.

"The following are fair specimens of the hundreds of advertisements that appear daily in the leading journal, relating to this subject :

" 'Madame Walters, distinguished clairvoyant; visit her for everything—sickness, business, theft, names, numbers, good luck. 409 Canal street.'

" 'Madame Rosa, great natural clairvoyant, reveals your whole life, from the cradle to the grave. 472 Canal street. Fee \$1.'

" 'Madame Ross, medical and business clairvoyant. Tells past, present, and future; shows likeness and tells name of your husband. No. 159 Forty-first street, between Broadway and Seventh avenue.'

" 'Madame Le Comte, medical and business trance medium. Information positive; French and English spoken. 109 Fifteenth street, Sixth avenue.'

“The original Madame Byron, spiritualist, causes speedy marriages. 320 Fourth avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets Ladies \$1.’

“Here, in New York, we have about a score of ‘astrologists,’ or pretending soothsayers, who regularly advertise their calling in public print; and at least four times as many more who serve their patrons by more private channels of communication. These precious disciples of Nostradamus are, with scarcely an exception, the most vulgar, ignorant, and dirty of adventurers; yet they all find their paying customers, and these latter are not all ‘silly old women and countrymen,’ by any means. Their dingy dens, in shabby by-streets, are often visited by young men and old in city finery, and by women of stately address and diamonded-fingers. The philosopher might attempt a solution of this incongruity of civilization by tracing the basis of this particular sham to the ineradicable superstitious element of human nature, which is ever on the alert for a bait, in the strongest character, and has never yet become fully tractable to any degree of materializing reason. This explanation might hold good so far as the dupes of the modern fortune-teller seek only to gratify humanity’s insatiable eagerness to comprehend the future; but it is well known, to our courts of law at least, that the more intelligent patrons of the ‘astrologer’ have a very different errand. Here we come to the real modern leaven of this particular sham, and may cite the history of a typical impostor to illustrate and explain the mystery.

“There died, in the city of St. Louis, last week, a woman who once gained a fortune as a professional fortune-teller. The suddenness of her death from intemperance justified a coroner’s inquest, and from the evi-

dence thereat elicited comes the following curious story : In the year 1854, a remarkably handsome woman named Catherine Wittner, took service in the above city, at a boarding-house, and, by her Juno-like figure and insinuating manners, soon ensnared the affection of a well-to-do mechanic named Wyman. The latter pressed his suit to an honorable proposal, with the characteristic rashness of unwise love, and was promptly accepted by the pretty waiter-maid. The day for their nuptials was appointed ; but, before its arrival, there appeared on the scene a most passionate stranger named Wittner, who bursted violently in upon one of the lovers' meetings, and, after claiming Catherine as his wife, unhesitatingly fired a pistol at the astonished Wyman. Not wounded, but literally prostrated by sudden fright, the fond mechanic fell to the floor, and, in the same instant, the frenzied husband blew his own brains out. The ghastly tragedy was not sufficient, it seems, to deter the infatuated Wyman from the consummation of his folly, for in a few days thereafter he married the woman. The scandal of such a union ruined his business, and, of course, ended his wife's term of service ; whereupon it was the woman's device that she should start practice as a fortune-teller in a glum-looking house on Fifth street.

“ Presently, it was advertised in the papers that Madame Wyman, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, would tell fortunes, describe future husbands and wives, recover stolen property, and give the latest news as to fortunate or sinister sidereal combinations. A few old grannies of both sexes were naturally the first patrons of this hastily-extemporized witch ; then sentimental servant-maids and shop-girls stealthily called to hear about their coming young men, and,

finally, whiskered wearers of cluster-jewels, and silken women closely veiled, flitted in and out of the sybil's net. By some dark, mysterious social telegraph it became known that 'Madame Wyman had never lost a case!' Such a sentence would seem to have not the remotest possible coherence with the occult science of fortune-telling, yet it certainly acted like a magic charm to draw stylish custom to the temple of destiny in Fifth street. Not only were future husbands described minutely to silly girls, and those husbands 'accidentally' brought into the desired acquaintance at the artful time, but sin in its fairest form was supplied with a secure hiding place for its only innocent result. Furthermore, among the visitors of the handsome witch were wives, otherwise virtuous, who sought from illegitimate art what nature had denied them.

"Thus, in 1862, an unhappy young wife, from Carondelet, told the vile sybil her story of a marriage rendered cold by unfruitfulness, and besought some charm to break the untoward spell. As her husband had just gone to California, she was instructed to write him that Providence bade fair, at last, to crown their union with its most desired honor. After doing this, she was sent away to an obscure village, and a poor little infant forwarded secretly to her by Madame Wyman. Then she went back to Carondelet, there to be greeted with overwhelming honor by her returned husband, who, to this day, is unaware of the black art practiced upon him.

"So successful, indeed, was the fortune-teller in this transfer of disowned humanity, that she endeavored to practice it upon her own husband. The latter, however, was too shrewed for this last imposition, and, in culminating disgust, left his astrological helpmate for-

ever. She easily obtained a Western divorce, and then married a worthless wretch named Schop, her love for whom proved her Nemesis. The new husband squandered her money as rapidly as it could be made, in every degree of dissipation; she sought the bottle to drown her sorrows, and one day was found dead in her room. The whole story is revolting to every virtuous sensibility of human nature, and only finds place here as an illustration of a class of pestilent wretches whose snares are widely spread in this and other cities. The pretense of fortune-telling, while it lures many an ignorant young fool into folly, is but a cover to practices threatening the whole social fabric with dissolution.

“By the light of such an exposition as the above, it is seen that at least one of the shams puzzling observers by their apparent incompatibility with the progress of civilization, is but a mask for the latter’s darkest ingenuity of crime, and borrows only a thin outward semblance from the remote days when ignorant popular superstition disguised much less unnatural wickedness, perhaps, than does modern atheistical intelligence.”

This identical journal holds up the tempting column, headed “Astrology,” to poor, illiterate servant-girls and others, to seek those impostors, who delude their victims. It says: “there would seem to be something in the abstract idea of deception that exercises a tempting influence over the keenest of minds.” But why, Mr. Editor of the *World*, set the example by encouraging the sin? Why not inform our legislators that in Europe such impostors can not have place, and are sent to the treadmill for six months or longer, for obtaining money under false pretenses?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHAPTER ON THE NEW YORK PRESS—PAPER WARFARE—
THE "WORLD" ON PUBLIC DECENCY—THE "TRIBUNE" AS A
MORALIST—A SLIGHT DIGRESSION TO ELUCIDATE A POINT.

We copy the following paragraph from the *World*:

"We publish to-day an account of the means by which public decency is scandalized and female virtue systematically depraved. It appears that there exists in the newspaper press one agency, and one only, which the wretches who feed on the corruption of their kind are permitted to use for their vile purposes. That this agency should be open to them is an outrage which calls for suppression. Decent people can suppress it if they will."

So much for the *World*. But in the name of common sense, why does Mr. Editor of the *World* take up so much of its space in holding up to the public gaze the faults of other journals? Is it not literally make-believe on their part, that they are the real simon pure Original Jacobs, neither more nor less? It amounts to buncombe, or as I before have said, that it is one editor "pitching into" another in the most approved fashion known to the code of editorial warfare. Let each editor take Horace Greeley for example, and frown down by their pens all such advertisements as are presented to them in the form of "Personals." Then again, demand of our legislature the enactment of such laws as will suppress the several vices in our midst.

Another paragraph from the same source :

“Attention is called to the gangs of corner-loafers infesting many of the streets of the city. Many futile efforts have been made by the police to abolish these pests, but our public guardians seem to be either averse to speaking harshly to the rowdies, or too weak to drive them from their sidewalk haunts.”

Mr. *World*, why tell us such trashy nonsense, that “many futile efforts have been made by the police to abolish these pests?” Why put on your gloves to handle the subject? Are you afraid to offend some ward politician? If not, why not call upon the powers at Albany, to show cause why they should not enact laws to prevent your sister or your daughter from being insulted? No, your journal would lose half of its popularity by so-doing. Come out boldly, and tell the Governor of the State of New York that his constituents demand a remedy for the evil. But the local laws of New York are sufficient, if the police are instructed in them, and your duty as a journalist should be a conservator of morals, as the police are supposed to be conservators of the public peace.

It is not out of place to insert in these pages some of the leading advertisements that appear in the various journals of this city every day, some devoting long leading articles, by way of recrimination. These are frequently inserted when it is desired to stir up the ire of one editor or another, or create a sensation for the time. I should not be at all surprised to learn that a perfect understanding is had between the editorial corps, that they (to use a phrase not classical) should “pitch into” each other, on this and kindred subjects. I entertain this theory from the fact, that it is in the power of the press to point out to our legislators the propriety of

enacting laws for the suppression of such vices as they themselves foster and encourage every day, in their columns.

There is one journal printed in New York that I am happy to say is an honorable exception to this rule—the *Tribune*—presided over by Mr. Greeley. It is said by some that this is mainly owing to the influence exerted by the strong-minded portion of his patrons, and that the loss which the *Tribune* sustains, in keeping that character of advertising from its columns, is made up by his promulgating the doctrine of free loveism, and in lectures delivered by the honorable gentleman, before the various audiences, on women's rights. This is eminently proper, for Scripture says "should he reason with unprofitable talk, or with speeches wherewith he can do no good." He makes good the loss to the *Tribune*, by his discouraging the vicious column of "Personals" from that journal, and he should be sustained by every well-meaning citizen. We all of us have our weaknesses, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Greeley has that particular one of disseminating doctrines that are at variance with all the principles of Christianity, which certainly has a tendency (among his weak-minded admirers) of sapping the very foundation of our moral and social existence. It is hoped that this sage philanthropist will see the error of that pernicious theory, and that better reason will come to his aid, for the good of the community and mankind generally.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HOLOCAUST OF BEAUTY—PERSONAL AFFINITY—INNOCENT FLIRTATIONS—TWO PRETTY MAIDENS.

There are things going on under the shadows of the three hundred churches, and under the noses of the six hundred clergymen, and the eighty thousand church communicants of New York city, calling themselves the conservators of morality here, that ought to be sufficient to draw their attention for a short time from the seclusion of their studies and the monotonous routine of their daily labors, to the deadly influences which are at work all about them. Surely, more practical good can be accomplished in stemming the tide of vice and immorality in its first small beginning, than will result from the most luminous generalities of learned theological disquisitions.

They may say that they, in their prosperity and happiness, being neither poor nor lowly, like the Christians of old; not having to go up into mountains to preach, nor into corn-fields for their food on the Sabbath; knowing neither carpenters nor fishermen, and having very comfortable places where to lay their heads, do not know of these things.

Do not know how women are insulted on our leading thoroughfares; how well-dressed rascals mislead the most pure and beautiful; how assignations are

made through a newspaper sold publicly in all our news-offices ; and how the advertisements of miserable Magdalens, thieves, procurers, libertines, and abortionists, are publicly printed and laid before the eyes of our wives and daughters.

If they do not know it, they ought to know it, and we propose to set some facts before them as plainly as decency will permit.

Will the Young Men's Christian Association particularly take notice.

A good-looking lady can hardly pass down Broadway, or ride in the omnibuses or cars, now-a-days, without being insulted. Her face must be stern and her eyes steadily fixed on nothing, or she will find some well-dressed man looking at her with a fixed, suggestive glance. If she happens to glance at him in return, thinking that he may be an acquaintance whom she fails to recognize, he perhaps smiles sweetly, or if she be at some distance, pulls out his handkerchief, and applying it softly to his lips, follows her.

If she is in a stage or car, he may joggle her softly with his elbow, or press her toes with his. The last-mentioned insult has become so prevalent as to call forth repeated protests in the press.

It is an old story related of a country girl, that when her bashful lover poked his long feet under the table, to give her illicit notice of his flame, she burst out, finally with the remark : " If you love me, why don't you say so ; but don't dirty my stockings ! "

It will be seen, therefore, that this is an old notion revived ; the motive then, however, being bashfulness ; now, impudence.

If all this stopped here, if none but vile women responded to such importunities, it might be safely let

pass. But the idea in every young female mind is that the sole end of her life is to draw into her train some handsome man, and those that are most guileless are often most pleased with what they call an innocent flirtation in our streets. A lively girl, fresh from the country, is often flattered by this persistent admiration from a stranger whom she supposes to be a gentleman, because he has the outward appearance of one. The study of some women's lives is to make themselves attractive and conspicuous to a perverted taste, and no artificial device of tilting hoops or French heels, or ponderous pannier, or exposure of the neck, or frightful chignon, or painting and enameling of the face, or dyeing of the hair, is so monstrous as to repel them; and the vanity of these is fed and intoxicated by the notice they attract in the streets. After a while it becomes an amusement to them to lure men on in some non-committal way. They have a method of turning up their eyes, of casting promiscuous glances here and there, of turning around to look after a man following them, of stopping at windows so as to give him an opportunity of passing and turning a smiling face upon them.

All this is just what a laughing, joyous, unsophisticated girl might also do. No doubt, there is such a thing as innocent flirtation. But the step is so short between that and guilt that it is never safe. We remember pleasant gallantries in the country, which were harmless, because if the girls were giddy the men were honorable. But any flirtation on Broadway leads directly on the way to ruin, and any woman who indulges in one there, places herself, unwittingly, it may be, in the category of shame.

If any man finds that his daughter loves to prome-

nade Broadway and the Fifth avenue, and to ride in the stages, and wants a disreputable daily paper every morning to read the "Personals," he had better take her for a trip through Water street some night and show her what it leads to. Perhaps she might also receive profit from a sight of Harry Hill's, and a walk from Broadway through Houston street to Greene, and up and down that street at 11 o'clock at night. If that is not enough, let her glance in at the Morgue, when one "found drowned," "rashly importunate gone to her death," lies there, never to be recognized, because all have disowned her.

When the top of the first column of the first page of a daily paper of some circulation is prostituted to the purpose of gamblers, pickpockets, polluted women, panders, and rakes, it seems time that notice should be taken of it.

But first let us stop abruptly here and tell a little story, which may have no *denouement* at all, or which may remain "to be continued:"

One night, not a week ago, two young and very pretty girls, perhaps sixteen or eighteen years old, were tripping up the dollar-side of Broadway, half running and half walking on their toes, touching the French heels of their glazed shoes only now and then to the pavement, leaning on each other and talking into one another's ears in that animated way that left hardly time for them to open their pretty lips wide enough to get a breath before the next word, and looking at the brilliant windows and the passers-by with laughing faces. They were so bright-eyed and innocent, and withal so neatly dressed, that many a person turned to look at them as they passed. The windows were gay with holiday goods of many hues, and the gaslight was reflected

from mirrors and refracted by every device of the glazier's art. They stood and looked in at one of these splendidly-lighted windows.

The taller one was a radiant blonde, golden hair combed back from her flushed face, and sweet blue eyes lighting it; the other was a brunette, round-faced and piquant, with dark, honest, wondering eyes, and white teeth. They had evidently been well reared; their papas, no doubt, paid their dress-makers' bills without shrinking; and it was plain that they were as pure of any sinful thought as anything possessing a human heart can be. They were simply giddy and thoughtless; they had no idea of any other purpose of a woman's life but to attract admiration; they had never known an ungratified want of any necessary thing; and they were quite as well aware as any who looked at them that they were remarkably pretty.

As they stood there, a young man, of ten or twelve years, perhaps, their senior, stepped to the window at the upper side, and, looking down on them with a bewitching glance, smiled. They gave him a kind of scared recognition; but, as he commenced conversation with them, listened to him with a demure delight.

He was a very handsome young man, with a shiny, fashionable beaver hat, a full mustache, dyed perfectly black; a faultless necktie, a diamond stud, a glove on his left hand, which also held his other glove; a splendid diamond ring on one of the fingers of his right hand. His manner was fascinating, and every motion he made seemed a compliment without words to the young ladies. There was a little taint of coarseness and vulgar flattery in it; there was something a little hard and sinister in the twinkle of his eye, and the slightest touch of a jeer in his tone, that might have warned a

sensible, keen-witted woman against him; but these simple girls could see nothing about him that was not "perfectly lovely."

He talked softly to them awhile, and they then broke away from him and went up the street again, with faces still more animated, talking so loud that all about them could listen to their words. They had no suspicion of harm.

"He says, May," said the blonde, the taller, to whom the young man had spoken more especially, "that if we will come down he will get us two tickets for Lingard's, for the matinee."

"But suppose—" said the other, making some suggestion we did not catch.

"Oh, he can't find out who we are," said the other; "he don't know anything about us."

"Will you go?" asked the little brunette, looking up with her wondering eyes.

We did not hear the answer.

How had they got acquainted with this man? It could not have been in any proper way.

He was a notorious gambler, a man who had been tried for State prison offenses, a man whose living was to swindle and rob, whose pleasure was to ruin.

At the present, he is engaged in the panel-house business. A young girl, who was once very beautiful, goes out in the streets every night for him to entice men to accompany her to his house. She is his wife for the time, and they say she wears diamonds, though they are probably paste; but if she does not succeed well, and bring rich game to be plucked, or if he loses heavily at the gaming table, he gets drunk and beats her. How heartless he is, how morally loathsome, how dead to every generous instinct, how totally lacking he

is in that honor which a false proverb ascribes even to thieves, she, poor girl, knows!

She was a daughter of well-to-do people, and had the dangerous gift of beauty. She was married by her parents, at the age of eighteen, to a wealthy merchant twice her age, whom she did not love, but who fed her vanity with dresses and jewelry, and who tried to satisfy her with her lot, by indulging all her capricious tastes and desires. She went to Saratoga for a season, and he, engrossed in business, could only go to her one day in the week. Here she met this handsome young man, who flirted with her, danced with her, took her driving down to Moon's Lake House. He changed his gloves every day, he was delicate and courteous in his attentions, he was gradual in his advances, he fed her with every gentle flattery and compliment, he took her to *recherche* suppers; one night she drank champagne, lost her better sense, and sinned. She would have died rather than have lost her honor; but he knew how to deal with her; from the first compliment, from the first sip of champagne, from the delirium that followed, from the first caress, from the close opportunity and means of guilt already prepared, he knew every step that she was to take, and had led other women than her down them, until he was proud to boast that there was no moral barrier that any woman could build around her that he could not topple over with the tip of his tongue, and smooth down with the velvet touch of his hand.

She was too honest a soul to live with her husband after that; her betrayer still professed to love her; she took up her fortunes with him, and now she had become so low as to sell her body at his dictation to earn him a living. Yet, even now, when he is "flush," he takes her

out, dressed finely, for she has not yet lost her beauty, and honest women envy her.

He will throw her off as soon as she ceases to make money for him, or as soon as he can find one who can make more for him. Then, as her beauty fades, she will go down more or less rapidly to things too loathsome, wretched, and hideous, to describe.

For this poor girl, whose misery was solely the result of her lack of a strong, earnest education, her lack of firmness against besetting influences, her lack of any aim not dictated by vanity or caprice, society holds out no helping hand. Her marriage was called a good match, her parents have ceased to speak her name, her former husband is making money faster than ever, and reported to be a little gay, and this gambler and panel-thief stands on Broadway and fascinates the ladies who pass.

He knows just how to treat each one. How delicate were his attentions to that shy little blonde and brunette! Later at night, perhaps, a girl may pass him who is often seen on Broadway alone, after the gas is lighted, to whom he says, patronizingly: "Well, Molly, how are you getting along?"

"I ain't had a mouthful to eat since morning, and I can't make nothing."

He smiles. She continues, quickly, before he can mock her with any words:

"That's how I'm getting along, curses on you."

She starts on again, swiftly. Molly was the youngest and prettiest of three daughters of a poor working-man, who lived on a floor in Eighth avenue. This gambler liked her face very well. She went with him to places of amusement, fibbing to her father and mother for fear they would forbid her. One night, he

took her in a coach "to see his sister," as he said. He got her drunk, and she stayed there all night. The landlady refused to let her go out the next morning. She was told that she was so pretty that she could make any amount of money, wear silks and satins, go to the theatres, and ride in the park; that her father would disown her, and her character was gone, anyhow. So she hesitated, and was lost. Her handsome lover used to come to see her occasionally, but now he had "shook" her altogether, and this is why she is so sharp with him.

Did those two pretty young girls go to Lingard's, to the matinee, with him? Let us hope there were home influences enough around them to protect them. But just such as they have fallen a prey to nicely-spoken men and women. They are falling all around us. Cupidity and lust go lurking with cat-like claws after youth and beauty. There seems always room for "one more unfortunate."

It is spoken of as the "old, old story."

The question recurs, how did they become acquainted with him?

Probably, through an "innocent flirtation," or a "Personal."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LIFE IN STREETS AND STAGES—MORE PERSONALS—EMISSARIES
OF HADES—ASSIGNATION ADVERTISEMENTS.

The manner in which ladies are annoyed in our streets, and in our public conveyances, has become so outrageous, that some remedy ought to be applied. As we have said, they are followed, stared out of countenance, nudged, spoken to by strangers, and signalled with handkerchiefs.

The other day, a handsomely-dressed girl, with a rather independent, sprightly face, was observed by the passengers to be the recipient of attentions from a respectably-attired man opposite her. He gazed at her in a manner intended to be pleasing, and then suspicious movements of his knees became apparent. Suddenly, the lady sprang up, with a face white with anger, and addressed the gentleman sitting next to her :

"Will you be kind enough to change seats with me? That man doesn't seem to have room enough for his feet, and keeps treading on my toes."

The attention of all the persons in the stage was directed to him. Some laughed, and a stern old lady cried out: "Shame! shame!"

The man said nothing, and for a minute seemed to have the intention of braving public opinion, but he

kept growing redder and redder in the face, and before the stage had gone half a block he pulled the strap and got out.

Another method of flirtation is to point to a copy of a daily newspaper which gives up its most prominent columns to the advertisements of assignations and houses of bad repute.

Flirtations in public conveyances, are not always rebuked as in the case just mentioned as the following will show :

Fourth avenue car, Monday, 11:30, A. M.—Lady with blue sacque, shawl, and brown round hat. Gentleman who was reading the newspaper, and who gave up his seat, would be pleased to form acquaintance. Address, if agreeable. John Brown, through Personals, or at Herald office.

The young lady's acquaintance was easily formed—on the next day the following reply appeared :

Tuesday Personals—blue sacque, shawl, and brown hat. 117 East Twelfth street.

BELLA FIELDING.

Not merely Mr. John Brown, but also all who read the newspaper, were thus informed where they might find Bella Fielding. It is evident that Mr. Brown need not have been to the expense of his advertisement. He was too modest, as in the former case the man was too forward.

Two or three weeks ago, just as the lamps were lighting, two young girls were walking along Fourteenth street from Fourth avenue over toward Fifth, and a gray-headed old man with a cane was noticed walking close behind them. By-and-by, he got a little ahead and looked around in their faces. Then they

got ahead of him again, but he kept beside them, and began a significant series of "hems" and "haws" to attract their attention. He followed them past Broadway in this way, keeping close beside them, and at University place, as they stopped to let a car go past, he again stood a little in front of them and tried to draw his old face into a lascivious grin. The car passed, and one of the young ladies turned with a bright, spiteful face to him and said:

"Go away, you old wretch, with your 'hums' and your 'haws!' I should think you'd better be thinking of the grave than annoying women!"

The old fellow turned off immediately up Union square.

The great amusement of corner-loafers is to leer at women. The well-dressed men who stand at the corner of Houston street and Broadway are generally gamblers. They are known by their large diamonds, their shiny high hats, and their brazen manner of staring at the women who pass. They smile a good deal, illustrating the fact that

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain."

If a pretty girl happens to glance at them, they lift their eyebrows and open their eyes quite wide, with sometimes a laugh or a gentle wink. If a girl passes quite close to them, they will sometimes say:

"Hello, babie!" or "how are you, pretty!" or "day-day, sissy!"

If some unsophisticated girl should turn and smile, they would carry the insult further, and, pointing to Florence's saloon, say:

"Won't you go in and get something to eat?" Sometimes they will follow a girl and annoy her by go-

ing in front or behind her, and casting glances at her; and many girls, as we have shown, are flattered by this. Two of them will get very close behind a lady, or a couple of ladies, and talk very loud to each other something which they desire to be heard.

The corners of Grand street and Bleecker street are said to be more infested by pickpockets and thieves, who are generally of the same class as the others, but in less prosperous circumstances. But the best of them are only whited sepulchres, soaked with whisky "straight," riddled by diseases, hardened by crimes, knowing nothing of womenkind except in its desecrated aspect as an article of traffic, puffed up by indulgence until the title of "big bloats" become appropriate, searching out methods of robbery, and each one a component part of Milton's Great Adversary, seeking to make evil alone his good and his pleasure, and

"To hell

Draw after him the whole race of mankind
By him corrupted."

There is not space here to tell their deeper villainies.

A favorite method of misleading a girl is, as we have said, to point to a copy of a city paper, or to hold it in the hand. The next day, something like the following will appear.

Third avenue car, down town yesterday morning; young lady in black, who noticed gent opposite, who endeavored to draw her attention to Personal column of Herald in his hand, will oblige admirer by sending address to B., box 102, Herald office.

If she is a vile woman, undoubtedly she will do so, and that establishment will deliver her letter and do its part in helping on the assigation.

A gentleman will bow to a lady, and she, thinking it may be a friend, returns the bow. The next day, appears the following :

Tall lady, dressed in black, who acknowledged gentleman's salute, Broadway and Tenth street, please address D., box 119, Herald office, if she wishes to form his acquaintance.

Sometimes a man will whisper the word : "Personal" to the lady whom he dares not insult further, and the next day, the following appears :

Tuesday, December 7, 4 P. M.—"Can you answer a Personal?" Fifth avenue stage, from Grand to Twenty-third street. Please address Ben. Van Dyke, Herald office, appointing interview. To prevent mistake, mention some particulars.

Others more modest:

Will the lady that was left waiting by her companion on Monday evening, near the door of an up-town theatre, grant an interview to the gentleman that would have spoken if he had thought the place appropriate? Address Romano, Herald office.

If it was not appropriate to speak to her, how, pray, might it be appropriate for her to grant an interview, and what, pray, is the purpose of that interview?

It is really dangerous to notice a patron of the paper mentioned, for he immediately considers it ground for a "Personal."

Lady in Grand street car, Saturday evening, 7:30—had on plaid shawl, black silk dress; noticed gentleman in front; both got out at Bowery; will oblige by sending her address to C. L., box 199 Herald office.

Young ladies with attendants, are not more free from this public insult, as shown in the following :

Will the young lady that got out of a Fifth avenue stage, with a gentleman with a cap on, at 10, yesterday, at Forty-sixth street, address E. Roberts, New York Post-office.

This public notice must be pleasing to the young lady, and to "the gentleman with a cap on." It is a notice that the gentleman believes the lady to be willing to have an intrigue with him. If it goes as far as that, the newspaper will lend its columns to the assignation, as follows:

LOUISE K.—Dear, I have received your letter, last Saturday, but not in time to meet you. Next Tuesday, Dec. 7, I will meet you at the same time and place. Fast. Write to me again, and give your address. Your old acquaintance.

Or as follows:

L. Hattie B., Friday, at 2:30, P. M.

Or in this flattering manner:

Bright Moonbeam—will you leave home to-day at 3 or 4 o'clock, and walk down Broadway? Indicate the hour by those pretty fingers. I point to this.

Perhaps the lady is a little sly about it, and has a jealous husband watching her; so she advertises:

TANTALUS—I can not come so far unobserved. You can write me in perfect confidence. Direct as you did the last letter.

This newspaper also lends itself to the recovery of former lady acquaintances. Thus:

A gentleman friend would like to learn the address of Miss Josie Anson, formerly of West Twenty-fifth street; she went to New Orleans summer before last.

Another gentleman wants the address of *his* Josie :

JOSIE SINGLETON—When did you return from New Orleans ?
I saw you with Kate Davis, to-day. Send address.

Where are you, Kitty Underhill ? If you are not gone, are you
at "Sanchy's," still.

CHAPTER XL.

ADVERTISEMENTS BY STREET AND NUMBER OF HOUSES OF ILL-
REPUTE—THE SEQUEL—RELIEF FOR LADIES IN TROUBLE
—GAMBLERS, &C.—THE LIMBO OF LIBERTINES.

All this is bad enough, but are the six hundred preachers, and the eighty thousand church communicants of this city, aware that houses of ill-repute are regularly advertised by number and street in the newspapers? If they are aware of it—if the community is aware of it and permits it—then the cards of courtesans and the advertisements of houses of ill-repute might as well be put up in the panels of the street cars. If the public permits a newspaper to do it for the consideration of a few dollars, why make the pretense that there is anything wrong in the thing itself? If the advertisements are legitimate, then the business must be. All the advertisements in this chapter are *bona fide*.

Miss Gertie Davis, formerly of Lexington avenue, will be pleased to see her friends at 106 Clinton Place.

ERASTUS—Call on Jennie Howard, at 123 West Twenty-seventh street; I have left Heath's, 132.

ALBANY.

Here is another for the same number :

A.—If the handsome Spaniard is in the city, will he please call on his friend Anita Manzoe, at 123 West Twenty-seventh street ?

Which handsome Spaniard does she mean ?

LEGS—Call at 123 Crosby street.

COLTON.

The carman who moved the trunks from 79 Marion street, will please deliver them to Miss Laura Field, 143 West Twenty-sixth street.

JOE —Address your letters to 114 West Twenty-sixth street.

EMMA WILSON.

Here is a young lady from the same number, who, though evidently in the habit of reading the "Personals" diligently, did not happen to see them one morning :

LEE—Did not see your Personal in time. Address, 114 West Twenty-sixth street.

HATTIE L.

EMMA—Fifth avenue, remember your promise. I am at 129 West Twenty-sixth street.

MISS NELLIE BLANCHARD.

FREDDY T. L.—Don't forget my Christmas present. I am waiting for it.

ALICE CUSHMAN, 161 West Houston street.

FREDDIE—I have removed from 79 Marion street. Call at 129 West Twenty-sixth street.

JULIA ELLIS.

Both Miss Laura Field and Miss Julia Ellis seem to have lived formerly at 79 Marion street. Quite a coincidence.

A.—Miss Lizzie Olever, of Clay street, San Francisco. If still in the city, please send your address to Lou. Tremaine, of Chicago, to 132 West Twenty-seventh street.

HILL—No one to love, none to caress. Address a letter to Millie, 823 Broadway.

Peachers, please return my rings to 132 East Eighth street.

EFFIE G.

WILL—A letter will reach me, addressed to Millie A., 823 Broadway.

Thus deep ditches are dug for young men, corruption and pestilence are sent into our houses, and there is none to utter a word.

In the same "Personal" column may be found the sequel to some of these things:

ADOPTION—A very pretty, intelligent little girl (orphan), 2½ years, to adopt; full surrender. Also, one two weeks old. For particulars, call at the residence of Dr. Grindle, No. 120 West Twenty-sixth street, near Sixth avenue.

A beautiful female infant, four weeks old, American parentage, for adoption. Call on Dr. Grindle, No. 120 West Twenty-sixth street. See medical card in this paper.

There are five more children for adoption, advertised in the same issue. In the medical column, Dr. Grin-

dle advertises again, and a dozen more advertise relief, nursing, cures for diseases, and also to the effect, "ladies in trouble guaranteed immediate relief." The relief some of them get, is death; but who cares? The poor, betrayed creature, goes down into her secret grave and there is no retribution. Whose fault was it? "Take her up tenderly." "Lay her where the violets blow."

"Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
But lay her where the violets blow.

"If any born of kindlier blood
Should ask: What maiden sleeps below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

But whose is the sin?

Incidentally, gamblers, thieves, pickpockets, burglars, &c., advertise in this column. What do the following mean?

Badens badens—come to Jaten's, 1125 Wistar street, Philadelphia. Call for Kimble.

That looks like gambling.

BULLY—No letter received. Address 54 East Twelfth street, box 10, or pass Metropolitan at 12 Wednesday.

DITTO.

No newspaper with any character would lose it for the few paltry coppers which these filthy, scandalous, detestable notices bring into the coffers of the sheet which prints them. Every one of them, as it is paid

in, is dipped in the blood of the innocents. It is only absolute total depravity, and "pure cussedness," and there would seem to be nothing equivalent to its punishment except the old original unabridged fore-ordained and orthodox hell, the smoke of the torment from which ascends up forever and ever. But evidently, preaching about hell is not sufficient to stop it.

Rev. Dr. Chapin, the eloquent Universalist preacher, said, in his sermon on seducers, that if there was anything that would make him desire to believe in a place of eternal torture, it was the existence of such men unpunished in society. If there was any cold, bleak place, just outside of the gate of heaven, where a soul might stand shivering, looking in at the glory on the other side, he believed these men would be put there.

Whether this would be better than the hot place usually foretold, a casual writer can not say. But perhaps oblivion would be as sensible as anything for a heartless libertine, for if he were to be perpetuated even in Pandemonium, he would be a plague-spot and nuisance there.

The last Legislature passed a most stringent law against obscene advertisements, and advertisements for abortion, such as appear by the dozen, with little or no concealment, in the medical columns of the papers. Not the slightest attention has ever been paid to that law, and no grand jury ever thinks of indicting anybody under it.

CHAPTER XLI.

FUN, LOVE, AND POSSIBLE MATRIMONY—A BEAUTIFUL BUST
GUARANTEED FOR TEN CENTS—A RETROSPECT.

The weekly paper to which the schoolmistresses and postmasters' clerks of Massachusetts send their first poetical effusions, has become a panderer to desires of libertines and scoundrels, and to the vanity, frivolity, or worse, of the girls who read it. The object of the correspondence or acquaintance solicited is generally stated to be "fun." The following is addressed to New York girls :

A young man in New York, almost an entire stranger in the city, would like to form the acquaintance of some agreeable young lady, who would be willing to accompany him to places of amusement. All communications confidential, and returned if desired.

Address

C. L. BROWNSON,
New York city.

Now, he need not have sent this advertisement way to Boston to find ladies willing to go with him to places of amusement or any other place. He needed only to pay for a "Personal." What kind of a young lady does he think it probable will be willing to accompany a total stranger out until 10 or 11 o'clock at night?

The first thing he knows, he will get into a panel-house and find himself without any money to get home with. As he is an entire stranger in the city, that would be bad for him.

Here is another.

Three young men would like to open a correspondence with an unlimited number of young ladies. Object, fun, love, and possible matrimony. Address A. I. O'Brien, W. P. Carey, or A. H. Cunningham, Antelope Station, U. P. R. R., Neb.

These young men are more harmless, being further away.

Photographs are always urgently desired, and this is carried so far, that a regular agency has been established for the exchange of correspondents and photographs, which advertises as follows:

A permanent institution—ladies, send us your photographs, and we will furnish you with correspondents *free*. Gentlemen remitting 50 cents will receive photographs, and be placed in correspondence with three ladies *answering any description sent*; photographs and seven ladies, \$1; photographs and fifteen, \$2. Ours is the original and only fair-dealing firm. Try us; you will be more than satisfied. Metropolitan Correspondents' Agency, box —, Washington, D. C.

To the lady sending us the handsomest photograph, we will present a gold watch worth \$150. To the lady writing the neatest letter, \$75 in gold. To be awarded January 1, 1870.

Naturally, in the same paper is found the following advertisement:

Divorces legally obtained in all the different States, for desertion, drunkenness, &c., sufficient cause. No publicity. No fee until divorce is obtained. Advice free. Address M. House, attorney, &c.

The following advertisement promises a good deal for a dime :

Important information—To either sex, married or contemplating marriage; also the straightest hair curled; whiskers forced to grow; pimples, freckles, &c., forever removed; and a beautiful bust guaranteed for ten cents and stamp.

We also find in the same paper advertisements of clairvoyants, who will send pictures of future husbands; essays on social evils; circulars for ladies only; rich photographs from life; new articles for gents; a book on women and wine; a book on women of New York, or the underground world; lotteries; love secrets; all free for a stamp. And the following:

The "Brooklyn Personal Agency," established for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents of their opposite sex, has removed to "box—," Hartford, Conn. Send three cent stamp for circular.

The daughters of pious New England farmers must need a good deal of spending-money to answer all these advertisements. The paper we refer to is taken in the families of ministers and church members all over the land.

Is there no way to save society from these glaring curses?—no way to teach women the difference between villainy and good faith; between false and true love, between honest worth and good clothes; between the man who looks into their eyes with honest, true eyes of his own, and the one who smiles and flatters? Is there no rescue for that radiant-faced little blonde, and that bright-eyed brunette, with her round, wondering face? It seems that if one of these were to fall, that scene, at the moment, might well recur when

“Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;
 Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original.”

How sweet a face and form, either of these, for some honest, strong, manly young soul to love, to cherish, to hold in his heart of hearts, to carry to a pleasant home, where he might build an altar to all that is kindest and noblest in humanity! On such a marriage nature might assume a different mood, and smile as when Adam wooed Eve :

“ To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn ; all Heaven,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selected influence ; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.”

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SOCIAL EVIL OF TO-DAY—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The statistics of crime, furnished by our local authorities, afford a painful illustration of the extent of this evil, which is gradually gaining ground every day in our city. All large cities are more or less afflicted with it, and the difficulties that present themselves in the way of legislative enactment, to check its progress, is a source of much anxiety and difficulty to those in whose wisdom we look for a wholesome administration of our laws.

The Governor of New York, with a view of correcting its abuses, and to aid our legislators in framing a law for its suppression, called upon Superintendent Kennedy of the police department to furnish a report from each police precinct in the city, of the extent to which this crime is carried on. In anticipation of that report, that enterprising master of journalism, James Gordon Bennett, forthwith dispatched one of the shrewdest reporters of the *Herald* to glean, if possible, all the facts beforehand. It will probably occur to the mind of the reader that Mr. Bennett might very appropriately render the cause of morality a good service, and stay the growing evil, by a discontinuance of the assignation column of that journal, and place in its stead a directory where the fallen might apply

for succor and comfort, instead of a living advertisement to entrap the innocent victim from the path of rectitude to that of shame.

Since the city first began to crystallize in the present dense population, New York has been afflicted with this dreadful scourge to a degree not exceeded in any other city in America. To such an extent has the evil grown, that the present proportions are spreading an alarm through all classes of the community, whence comes the cry, "can we not stay it?" A close and intelligent examination of the facts placed before the reader, will, it is hoped, enable him to decide for himself upon this point. Surely, it is now time for most powerful agents to be at work; it is now time to concentrate all active energies to extinguish a vice which is doing more to desecrate peaceful homes, to disorganize society, to multiply disease, and to indoctrinate with subtle poisons the high and the low, the rich and the poor, than any other species of dissipation.

It is the parent of evil. It is not only a social evil, it is a sanitary evil, a financial evil, and is even becoming a political evil. Let any one reflect upon its enormity—that it comprehends every excess and panders to every appetite. Let him reflect that, like every vice, it is boundless. Unless restrained, unless hemmed in and narrowed down to prescribed limits, who can tell where the foul water will not flow? Who is prepared to say that an iniquity comprehending all others, the most powerful on earth, attacking the greatest weakness of men, will not, if neglected, plunge society into a debauchery that was respectable when Rome was glorious, and refined when Greece was in the day of her proud philosophy? A retrospection must convince any one that the social evil is a child of rapid growth.

It is nurtured by low passions, supported by plethoric purses, having among its patrons politicians, lawyers, doctors, judges, and even ministers, whose combined influence supports and keeps the institution alive, for they have made it an institution.

At first, as far as there are authentic records, the evil was rife among the low and base-born of men. It flourished there. No laws, no pronunciamientos of the church, no eloquent pleading of Christianity, no wisdom from the moralist, could in turn check it. The institution matured. As was its mission, its devotees swelled in number, its victims became more fierce in their efforts to obtain a higher hold upon the superior classes, until the day of its triumph drew nigh. Thrones groveled in the dust of prostitution, monarchs became customers of the vice, intrigue was the rule at courts, and virtue was regarded as a vulgar error. All the niceties of lewdness took their place in dress, and modesty became a common vagrant. Such is the history of the social evil from the hour when the Jews first defiled the purity of the race, and each succeeding century has shown that its foothold is becoming firmer and firmer. As public morals existed in the nations of antiquity, a steady decline can be noted from the day when this evil became an established fact. Take Athens. When this flourishing State of the remote ages permitted the vile creatures to solicit men in the public places, and placed the seal of official approval upon the most aggravating form of debauchery, it was then that Athens began to be overhung by the dark clouds of her future uselessness. The same is true of Rome. Public orgies were admitted, nay, in some cases compelled by law, and the higher classes became

tainted, and speedily gave themselves to unrestrained licentiousness.

At this time, the traveler can see the remains of the frightful excesses to which the Roman people carried their vices. At Pompeii, there have been excavated the houses wherein the syrens carried on their base business, exhibiting statuary in the most indecent postures. Figures carved in stone, and indicating, by the most revolting emblems, the nature of the house, are to this day visible among the ruins of the buried city. The scenes, in painting and relief alone, attest to what depravity men can sink.

In glancing at the evil in the countries existing at a later day, the same truths are apparent. Everywhere that ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, had sway, there could be found a looseness among the female population. In Spain, also, during the days of Phillip the Second; among the filthy brothels of the Italian States; in France, during the barbarities of the middle ages; in Portugal, where women have been universally depraved; in Belgium, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden and Norway, Great Britain, Mexico, Central and South America, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and among the semi-civilized nations, the evil has existed like a spreading contagion. In the more enlightened and progressive of the countries named, it has appeared in the lesser degrees. Hence the synonym of the social evil is ignorance. But from the time of the Jewish harlots to this hour in the city of New York, there has been no modification of the vice, save that it has, perhaps, intensified and gathered most of its disgusting features from the fatal radicalism of modern times. Through all the 6,000 years, it is proper here to remark, there has been no invention of

man capable of totally blotting out prostitution. But attempts to legitimatize and place it under police control, have been successful in nearly every European city. The question is, can New York profit by transatlantic experience?

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EVIL IN NEW YORK—STATISTICS AND FACTS FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

In this city, the vice must be encountered. To understand it, one has to perform the unpleasant duty of making facts of facts. Yet, after all, there are few statistics that can be considered reliable. This is to be deplored. No public institution has ever succeeded in ascertaining anything like accurate figures, and those we give rest greatly on speculation, and the experience of men who have devoted lives to the investigation of the subject. They are believed to be fair, and are not presented for the purpose of sensation, nor in the interest of a false purity. The sources of information are personal observations, statistics of the Boards of Police and Health, and the comprehensive examinations of W. W. Sanger, M. D. But, unlike any of these authorities, we place the number of all females who indulge their appetites promiscuously for lust or money at 10,000. Sanitary inspectors, who see more of domestic life than any other persons in the city, pronounce that there are at least 50,000 women who make assignations with men toward whom they bear a carnal affection. They assert that on the east side of the town, in the lower wards of the city, the condition of prevailing morals is frightful. Degradation is almost universal.

Among the upper classes, of course, there are no tangible evidences of infidelity ; where there are education and refinement, there are wits to work, and concealment is almost absolutely certain. The occasional escapades that have occurred in social life, such as the Richardson case, have had a good effect upon the community. They have aroused the clergy, called down the maledictions of the press, and have, all in all, improved the tone of public morals. Fear, if not conscience, is the powerful agent of right.

Using the statistics compiled by Dr. W. W. Sanger as a basis, but altering his figures to conform to the evil as it has increased, with 10,000 public women, the reader can ascertain valuable facts, and draw his own conclusions :

AGES.	No.	AGES.	No.
Fifteen.....	10	Twenty.....	1,340
Sixteen.....	85	Twenty-one.....	1,130
Seventeen.....	310	Twenty-two.....	880
Eighteen.....	705	Twenty-three.....	765
Nineteen.....	1,200	Above twenty-three	3,575

Three-eighths of these women were born in the United States, and the rest are of foreign countries. Of the United States, New York furnished the most, then Pennsylvania, then Connecticut. The Eastern States furnish the most, the Middle States the next largest number, then the Southern States, and lastly the Western States. Five-eighths were born abroad. Of these, Ireland furnishes more than one-half, Germany about one-sixth, England one-twelfth, British North America one-twentieth, and the other nationalities the lesser proportions. In large numbers, these fallen girls begin their career of shame almost immediately upon

entering the United States. The vast majority come to New York as emigrants, either to improve their worldly condition, or to find relatives who had already emigrated to these shores. The columns of the Press have from time to time plainly spoken of the gross outrages perpetrated on innocent peasant girls, and have severely condemned the brutality of those floating dens of infamy, which, if they safely bear their cargoes to port, really wreck all the virtue they contain on the rock of hopeless degradation. The intelligence of this class may be judged from the following figures :

Those who read and write well.....	3,570
Those who read and write imperfectly.....	2,730
Those who read only.....	1,095
Without education.....	2,605

The abandoned women born in this country are much superior to those of foreign climes. Indeed, many of them are highly accomplished, and have all the airs and graces of true refinement. The following shows their relation to society as concerned in the marriage tie :

Single.....	6,070
Married.....	2,450
Widowed.....	1,480

Ill usage by husbands, desertions, intemperance, absence of husbands for a prolonged time, infidelity, refusal to support wives, are all, in the order named, the several causes as assigned by married women for their depravity. Some husbands living with their wives deliberately abuse them for hire. Justice makes us record that this is seldom true of Americans.

Nearly one-half of all this class, single, married, and widowed, have had children, and the rest have not, and the children all told, in number are equal to the abandoned women. Considerable less than one-half are legitimate. About two-thirds of the total number live. The largest number of women have been on the town about one year, and from this point the numbers diminish both for a shorter and a longer period; but a very small percentage surviving ten years, and but an incredible small number beyond five years. The resources of these women are generally ascertained to be as follows :

Dependent solely upon prostitution.....	8,490
Other means of support.....	1,510

Those who worked for existence before adopting vice as a trade, were servants (in the largest number). Dress-makers, tailoresses, seamstresses, milliners, and saleswomen, come next in order. In worldly pursuits, it appears the daughters of farmers prevail over any others; next laborers, carpenters, masons, merchants, blacksmiths, and butchers. More than one-fourth have fathers living, and but a little greater number have mothers. They drink spirituous liquors in the following proportions :

Do not drink liquor.....	1,795
Drink with moderation.....	3,235
Drink intemperately.....	3,770
Habitual drunkards.....	1,200

Intoxication is so intimately allied with the evil that Dr. Sanger says : " Our decided impression is that not one per cent. of the prostitutes of New York prac-

tice their calling without partaking of intoxicating drinks." As a matter of fact, this is undoubtedly true. Many young men, with tastes for abandoned women, but none for drink, are thus driven into excesses over wine, whisky, and gin, until finally they embrace every species of crime and sink, as low in the social scale as it is possible for men to do.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CAUSES OF THE SOCIAL EVIL—A PRACTICAL VIEW—CLASSES OF WOMEN—CLASSES OF MEN—LOCALITIES.

The men who patronize houses of a doubtful character, and give to the social evil the only support that it has, may be divided into three classes:

First—The avowed libertines, who consist of gamblers, sports, and men of exquisite ease. They dress well, wear jewels, and have a fascinating abandon, with which they charm even virtuous women.

Second—The vast number of young men—clerks, countrymen, salesmen, and students—who, too poor to marry, seek the indulgence as a professed necessary recreation. They are by far the more numerous.

Third—The married men. This body is very large, and from a thousand inexplicable reasons contribute even millions which should be expended in their own families, and assist to debilitate their wives and offspring by insidious disease. A fourth class might also be named, as those who prey upon the earnings of the women, associate with them as lovers, and fill the station-houses, court-rooms, and State prisons, as blacklegs and criminals.

The localities where the social evil exists are constantly varying. Each 1st of May finds the gradations ascending the island with the flow of population.

Now, the vilest dens are in the purlieus of Water and Cherry streets, and about Baxter street, where dance-houses abound, low boarding-houses flourish, and the sailors carry on their low carnival among gins and whiskies. Almost decomposed masses of animated flesh degrade even the foul atmosphere of the Fourth ward. It would be indecent to describe the average appearance of one of these women. Greene street has within a year descended to the level of Water street. This thoroughfare is a stagnant sewer of the vilest degradation. Murder is an ordinary concomitant of a midnight debauch, and panel-houses are open to the patronage of credulous countrymen. By twelve o'clock the orgies commence, and the work of the police grows warm. Mercer street is next in degree, but business has driven away most of the worst rendezvous.

Here, it would be pertinent to inquire why Trinity church, a great pillar of morality, should rent, directly or indirectly, its property for houses of ill-repute, and derive revenues from the lowest species of personal sin.

Crosby street, Houston street, Wooster street, Amity street, and Bleecker street, improve little upon the character of the other localities named. They are all dangerous, and filled with females worn out by long service. Clinton place and Eighth street, are both, perhaps, better than the above localities in point of safety from disease. Thompson and Sullivan streets are known to all as quarters of the worst description. Thirteenth street is still an improvement—we speak only as “men of the world” regard these things—for there is no distinction in vice. Twenty-fifth street is still higher in the scale, and twenty-seventh street tops the whole. The establishments here are furnished in the most luxuriant style; Axminster carpets, complete sets

in satin, elaborately wrought by hand ; elegances that are unusual in private mansions are there to allure the caller. The rents are enormous, and the wages of sin are profitable. It is a singular fact, that the gambling hells of Morrissey, Chamberlain, and Ransom, are in the same neighborhood, and that the two vices go together. Madison square is the nucleus of all shades of the most luxuriant laxity. From this spot the social evil has less concentration, but houses of the superior class exist all over the city. Notorious women—such names as Macready, Wood, and Cozzens—still carry on their business in their less fashionable houses.

So long as there is general prosperity, so long will the social evil decline. Financial prostration helps it; indeed, it is the main pillar. In general, it is true that so long as vice is in demand, just in the same measure will there be the supply.

Touching the nature of its origin, we have traced to the borders of the primeval garden. What keeps it alive to-day? What are its causes in New York? The comprehensive cause is the care of children. It includes all others, and is the root of the evil. Any individual case will suffice to prove this, and the statement is boldly made, that nine times out of ten the parent is responsible for a ruined daughter. Letting moralizing go and adhering to facts, what can be noted now, in this city? Young girls are taken to lewd exhibitions at the theatres ; they are encouraged in lascivious styles of dress ; they are supported in expensive habits ; they are treated to doubtful literature, and thus woman's curiosity is fed until nothing will satisfy it but a complete surrender of their virtue. A reliable physician says, that more girls are seduced because of their curiosity than because of their lust. Desire is

doubtless a prolific source ; but anxiety for fashionable dress, for gaudy clothes, for luxurious lives, for general ease, for drink, for revenge, are, all in all, powerful incentives. Facts disclose that dress is ruining the sex. Married women secretly abandon virtue for its tinsel attractions ; young girls surrender chastity to their idol, and little is it dreamed how much outward ornaments are often the symbols of inward infamy. Adopted children, a lady asserts, who has worked many years in a reformatory institution, form the large class of common girls. This is something new to the question, and deserves attention. Unpleasant lives, want of acknowledged affection for their kind protectors, and general ingratitude, are stated as common reasons.

Wherever a woman comes from, and under what circumstances, she has a fixed position in the *demi monde* generally determined by her personal beauty. Her refinement and accomplishments have much to do with her status, and these, of course, naturally place her in the higher walks. Foreign women rarely occupy houses of the best class, but those where riot and debauchery have the most unlimited sway and the greatest obscenity. We divide them into three classes :

First—Women who practice vice secretly to gratify lust or obtain money.

Second—Women who fill houses of ill-fame.

Third—Women of the dance-houses and concert saloons.

Of the first class, nothing can be said. No law could prevent their criminal practices in one form or another, and they can only be left to their own consciences. The second class are the products of every misfortune which has been referred to above. Whether from the country, from abroad, or native to New York, this class

of women forms the bulk, the great mass of public bawds, who are almost hopelessly gone.

The average unfortunate is the girl of nineteen. She is fair in person, not beautiful, uses paints and cosmetics, and resorts to all the conveniences employed in building up a symmetrical female figure. She is low in her language, and vulgar in her address. She drinks, retires at two in the morning in a state of intoxication, and has a voracious appetite. She has at some time of her career been afflicted with disease; she goes to the hospital; her health fails; she can no longer sustain her course of reeking corruption, and she has either to reform or become a public pauper. She settles in the vilest dens of the city. No longer with any self-respect, she enters the dance-houses of Water street, dissipates into the Potter's Field, and is confined in the city cemetery. Her career lasts but five years, and then death; but five years of immorality—five years of debauchery—five years of increasing remorse—five years of loathsome suffering—five years wrapped in the shroud of an infamous death, turning to ashes without a solitary mourner!

The third class takes the dying embers of the second, and, heating them in the furnaces of Water and Cherry streets, fuses depravity with depravity.

CHAPTER XLV.

REFORMATORY—MIDNIGHT MISSION—A LETTER FROM A REFORMED ONE—WORK BY RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES—THE REMEDY.

It is gratifying to know that reformatory institutions on the island are doing an important work. All statements to the contrary, they are incomparably the worst foes of the social evil. A glance at the Midnight Mission, at No. 23 Amity street, will disclose the operations of all. The structure is a plain three-story brick house, with accommodations for twenty-five inmates. During the past year, 360 girls have been reclaimed from their evil ways. The system of obtaining girls is by cards, placed in the hands of a committee of gentlemen, who scour the streets every Friday evening, and circulate a card, bearing the following:

THE
COMMITTEE OF THE MIDNIGHT MISSION
WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU AT TEA,
ON FRIDAY EVENING, AT 10 O'CLOCK.
AT NO. 23 AMITY STREET,
BETWEEN GREENE AND MERCER.
—O—
ROOMS OPEN EVERY DAY, FROM 2 TO 4, P. M., FOR PRIVATE
CONVERSATION AND FRIENDLY ADVICE.

The girls answer to the number of a dozen a week. They tell the old story—a defiled emigrant, a seduced

servant, a deceived country girl, drink, opium, laudanum, morphine, and disease. The better class rarely seek the Mission—only those broken down in health—but all enter voluntarily. Refreshments are served, and offer extra inducements to the girls. Once in the institution, the girls are surrounded by spiritual influences, and also made, as far as possible, to forget their former lives. A majority do not sincerely reform. Those who are furnished work, seek other States, and finally marry. It is a noble institution. There has never been any deaths since its foundation. Work is found those with whom contrition is evident.

The following is from one whom the ladies' committee procured a situation :

DECEMBER 5, 1868.

DEAR MISS B.:

I feel as if I could not wait any longer to write to you. I think a letter from you would comfort me. I feel so lonely. I feel like one alone in the wide world. Dear Miss B., you don't know how hard it is for me to appear cheerful, when I feel so sad. I try to forget what is past, but I can not. It is always uppermost in my mind. I often think of you, and of how very kind you were to me, and wish I could see you again, and hear you read Sunday night.

The following figures show the almost incredible amount of work performed by the different religious missions up to January 1, 1870:

	CARED FOR.	DEATHS.
House of the Good Shepherd.....	680	7
Midnight Mission.....	360	0
Home in West Fourth street.....	80	0
House of Mercy.....	118	3
New York Magdalen Benevolent Society.	165	0
Total.....	1,403	10

Of these reclaimed women, 745 are foreign, and 658 are native. While 1,403 are emerging from sin, an equal number fill up the vacated ranks.

As to the remedy—there is none; but, as Dr. Harris claims, the evil can be lessened a hundred-fold.

These words close a report of the Board of Health, signed by three eminent physicians:

First—To oblige all hospitals and dispensaries, which receive pecuniary aid from the public, to treat venereal diseases.

Second—Registration of prostitutes, &c.

Third—Hospitals for prostitutes.

Fourth—The sanitary inspection of prostitutes. These, or something as simple as these, must be at the foundation of the proposed reform. The remarks made are intended to be explanatory of their effects. We know that we have not covered the whole subject of control or medical supervision. This must be the work of the Legislature. Much must be left to persuasion and to the influence of public sentiment, which we believe is earnest in its demand that prostitution shall be restricted and controlled.

JOHN D. STONE, M. D.,
WILLARD PARKER, M.D.,
JAMES CRANE, M. D.,

Sanitary Committee.

Besides these suggestions, all the good features of European cities should be adopted. Violence should be rendered impossible; panel-games and larceny placed under espionage; citizens should not have their homes polluted by too close contact of bawdy houses. Those hotels in Broadway which invite open assignations should be proclaimed by the law to be what they are. No bars or liquors of any kind should be permitted as adjuncts. Indecent public balls should be prohibited. Concert saloons should be broken up. Open solicitations in the street should be interdicted. Let safe-

guards of this nature be framed by the Legislature, and the evil will soon be under police control. Then, if there is not a reduction in the \$5,000,000 annually spent upon these women—allowing \$500 per head—disease will be less prevalent, vice less attractive, and the evil will go into decline.

The Legislature of 1868 undertook to enact laws to control the evil, but the opposition of moralists was too fierce. It was proposed to levy a fine of \$500 once a year upon every house carrying on the business, but the objection was that the State should reap no revenue from crime. Efforts will soon be made to reintroduce the subject, with a probability that the authorities will take some remedial measures. It is useless to dwell upon their necessity. Every man and woman connected with the missions, every physician, every citizen that cares for the public weal, every humanitarian, and every true Christian, pronounce with one voice that the Legislature must act. Meanwhile, the police are collecting statistics. Let the subject be studied and mastered, and a wise and politic statute framed. Reason has made this demand ever since New York was an infant colony.

“ Oh, woman ! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

“ The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may not decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be swept in showers away.

“ Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore ;
But Heaven, in pity, can forgive,
And bids thee ' go, and sin no more ! ' ”

CHAPTER XLVI.

DEBAUCHERY IN PARIS AND EUROPEAN CITIES—PARISIAN SOCIETY—THE BAD INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH SYSTEM—LONDON—TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

There are now upward of 10,000 common women in Paris, making about one to every 200 of the population. Of these, the city of Paris furnishes not over one-third. The largest number are the daughters of day laborers. Shoemakers, stage drivers, soldiers, and carpenters, are the parents whose daughters follow the practice to the degree and in the order named. About one-fourth of those born in Paris are illegitimate, and outside of Paris about one-eighth. Over half of those born in the city can not write their own names, and one-half are between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven. These syrens, statistics filed with the prefect of police have shown, practice their calling but a few years, and then sink into premature graves. The causes of the evil in Paris have been traced by an eminent medical authority to be the following, in figures which we have taken the liberty of modifying so as to preserve their value for the present day. They are to be relied on as correct. Of course it would not be possible to bring the figures down to within a fraction, as the people immediately concerned are not always will- to give the desired information:

Want.	2,880
Expulsion from home or desertion by parents...	2,500
Desire to support old and infirm parents.....	80
Desire to support other relatives.....	60
Widows with families to support	50
Girls from the country, to support themselves ..	500
Girls of soldiers, clerks, students, &c.....	800
Abandoned servants seduced by masters.....	560
Concubines abandoned by lovers.	2,850
Total.....	10,280

It is a provision of the police that there shall be but one occupant to each room, and that each room shall be provided with soap, water, and all the utensils of ablution; and that none of the disgraceful panel-games shall be allowed, as are at present so flourishing in this city. All houses are under complete control by the police, and no house will be tolerated within the walls of the city without an authenticated license. Every keeper of a house must be a female, as she must have been one of the *demi monde* herself. She must be of sober and of steady habits, with sufficient force of character to command a houseful of reckless and ungovernable bawds. She must have enough money to insure her against failure, and must own all the furniture of her house. In a pass-book, given by the police, she must enter the names of all her boarders, and record all inspections of physicians, all domestic changes, all fresh arrivals, all departures, and everything criminal or negligent among the girls. Failure to carry out these mandatory provisions is punished by a heavy penalty. Unlike the system in New York, the girls are not allowed to receive the earnings of their debauchery, but only their board, lodging, and clothes, the latter of which are very expensive. The social evil is

thus a regularly licensed business in Paris, the same as liquor-selling is in New York, and many brothel-keepers have been known to retire with handsome fortunes, selling their "good will" at a high figure. All the girls are visited weekly, and unless they subject themselves to medical examination are severely punished. Safeguards of every nature protect the public, and the whole Parisian system works wisely and well.

In Paris, society has been for centuries rotten to the core. The people live out of doors. There is no domestic sentiment, and the Frenchman is in his glory when he is gaming, drinking, and carousing. The capital of France is at this hour sought by Americans, who, not secure in following easy and indulging lives at home, seek for them in the strange resorts of a foreign city. This tendency is not peculiar to our own country, but is marked in Europeans of every nationality. Let any one make a superficial inquiry into the accomplishments of an English nobleman, a prince, or an archduke, and he will find that no part of his necessary training, according to the ethics of his royal clan, is among the organic libertinism of the second Empire. Perhaps this of all phases of the social evil is the worst as an argument for the license system. Napoleonic codes have put such fine points to debauchery, and go so far in their encouragement of gilded allurements, such as the *Mabille* and *Jardin des Fleurs*, that vice is really made attractive. No one will forget either of the two celebrated gardens named. Their fame is as wide as print can make them, or as tongue can speak their almost fabled enchantments. But who imagines that they could exist and flourish if they did not have the full encouragement and support of the law? Who imagines that the social evil would draw thousands of

patrons to Paris, were it not for an unusual degree of finish, and at the same time abandon, in the vice? The Mabille, for instance, is probably never neglected by the Parisian sight-seer. It is the magnet of Paris. When one enters, it is night-fall, and then a police regulation declares that every woman, lady or not, in the streets of the city can be insulted with impunity; the first things that meet the eye are those dark masses of luxuriant foliage which are seen everywhere in the great gardens of the French metropolis. Rows of colored globes, highly illuminated by intense gas jets, gleam through the shrubbery, and a fee of five francs passes the visitor into a night-park of wondrous beauty. Cascades, enchanting bowers, shaded arbors, thick clusters of bushes, rustic seats, nicely contrived episodes, have been placed by the hand of the landscape gardener with wonderful genius. About the middle of the garden is a large open space, a circular ring, in the centre of which is the music stand. Seats skirt it round about. *Cafes* stretch away on the sloping mound, and overhead patches of the starlit sky are visible through the leafy roof. Amid this beauty is the wildest dancing in Paris. Here the common women are congregated. The *cancan* flourishes, the harmonies float away on the evening air, and thousands of Parisian heels are higher than thousands of Parisian heads. A few pounds brings the rich Englishman to this scene, and he is happy. Assignations, of course, terminate the orgies. Hence, probably, the most frequent and exhaustless source of impurity in the world. Such is the Paris system. It needs no comment. Americans go there, who visit the scene as well as others. Young ladies return to this country tainted. Lust has received the support of its most powerful ally, and the current once

determined pursues its natural flow. Here resides a cause and effect for the social scientist.

London is also a bad city—worse, probably, than New York. The Strand at midnight is paced by abandoned women, who enact their revolting scenes by the implied sanction of the police. At the Alhambra, the Mabilles of Paris is reproduced. Other cities of Europe are equally licentious, but none is so foul as Hamburg, which, above the rest, spreads and increases the poison of the social evil. In Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic, Madrid, St. Petersburg, Liverpool, and particularly in seaport cities, the social evil may well cause the most familiar with crime to be surprised. The outpouring of emigration from these cities, the contact of American travelers, and the influence which one locality must have on another, however remote, all have their effect upon the condition of the evil in this city.

From the facts presented, it will be observed that the evil here recognized and guarded by law assumes many forms deleterious to the well-being of society. Whole peoples become libertines; virtue is the exception and not the rule. Unlimited revelries succeed lax morality; domestic peace is overthrown, and the marriage tie is merely a civil contract. This is bad, very bad; but is it worse than to have 5,000 women, who carry on a business which must exist as long as men and women are what they are, pursue their degrading calling, disseminating the seeds of ineradicable disease among the best blood of the Union? Is it worse than to see the vitality of the people becoming diluted year by year, and in each succeeding generation sowing constitutional complaints that make offspring undesirable acquisitions to society—glaring evidences of parental weaknesses? Is it well to sacrifice the health of

posterity—of millions unborn—to make an innocent sufferer decrepit and infirm, while he yet should be healthy and vigorous? That is the whole question. To state it is to answer it. Whatever may be the condition of the social evil in other parts of the world, in a physical and sanitary view, it is worse in New York than in any quarter of the globe. Two out of five, it is declared, suffer from incurable diseases. These they communicate to persons, who, in turn, spread them broadcast, till it is now believed that no one is safe as to the blood he is to marry, or as to the dangers in store for a long line of possible posterity.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DECOY SHOPS—ACCOUNT OF THE SEGAR STORE BAGNIOS—
LADIES' OPINIONS—THE WORKING GIRLS—BOARDING-
HOUSES—PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.

Those little "decoy shops" where surreptitious cohabitation is masked in the traffic of Havana segars, are a peculiar feature of New York fast life. One sees nothing of the kind in Boston, or Philadelphia, or any of the minor cities: there, indeed, thin disguises are thrown over the evil; but anything so naive and ingenious as the little "decoy shop," with its respectable little blind, labelled "segars;" and its decorous little pile of segar-box dummies, so well calculated to deceive the unwary stranger and "take him in," is a felicitous combination of inventive touches elsewhere unknown. These "decoy shops" are scattered about in various parts of the city below Tenth street; in certain localities they seem to flourish very luxuriantly, as one sees them in rows of three or four together. The atmosphere in the up-town regions does not appear to favor their growth. The women who keep them, the "madams," are nearly all Europeans. The proprietors treat the girls kindly; but wring from them almost the last cent of their wretched earnings. The girls state that they can make from \$30 to \$50 a week; but even when they earn the latter sum, they can seldom

save a dollar from one week to another. In the first place, the mistress claims one-half the money for general expenses of the establishment. Every girl is then charged from \$16 to \$20 *a week* for board. And as the horrible excitements of such a life constantly oblige the miserable creatures to stimulate themselves with ardent spirits, the few dollars they have left, after the above exactions have been deducted, are soon spent in gin and whisky. The girls are generally poorly draped; for it is a strange fact that these places are mostly supported, according to the current slang, by "regular customers," and therefore anything like attractiveness, or the illusions of art, are not required. The girls declare that at least four-fifths of their visitors are married men. These little hermitages of vice certainly present not the least curious among the various phases of the social evil in the city of New York.

In connection with the chapters on the sin of all sins, we give the following extracts from letters received from several ladies of position, touching some points which have heretofore escaped notice. Coming as they do from ladies, they are entitled to respectful consideration :

"I have witnessed in many cases the very men that we look to for order and safety encourage these poor deluded women in every possible way. The next step would be to have a law whereby working women could at least demand sufficient pay to keep body and soul together. These very men, who lavish thousands for their own sinful lust, pay a poor woman (perhaps with children to support) the shameful sum of fifty cents per dozen for shirts. With no education, sewing is con-

sidered the most respectable way of earning a living. When that fails, what is a woman to do? Men are too often put in positions where women would better perform the same duties. The free intelligence office so recently established by our city, is already known by many to be an unsafe place for young, comely women. Why not have there employed matronly, pious females, who could advise with the many unprotected who apply there, rather than a number of ill-behaved young men, who are ready to meet these very girls at any other place? No; men in office are afraid of each other. One would not dare read the other's record. While such an atmosphere of corruption exists, no effectual remedy can be used. Our midnight missions may struggle on and redeem some souls. Let men boldly and conscientiously perform the duty given them in their allotted offices of church and State; let ministers of the Gospel proclaim boldly to their people of the existing sins of fraud, extravagance, and licentiousness; let merchants attend more themselves to the giving out of work and paying of their sewing women; let reporters of daily journals follow the example so nobly set for them by publishing truth. Then may this existing, growing evil in our midst be decreased in its number to at least hundreds."

The second letter presents some very plain truths:

"I will confine my remarks to home 'scenes' or 'influences,' in their relations to the cause of this dreadful crime.

"The comprehensive cause of the social evil is the care of children, which means the want of proper care in their education, or the consequent fatigue which

it engenders. There are two great causes, in my opinion (in this city especially), for the very lax state of morality. The one is the boarding-houses, in which the female boarders are scarcely anything more than 'toys;' and the other cause is the ignorance of ladies generally who occupy private houses, in everything appertaining to household matters, economy and all else that really belongs to the true dignity of the mistress of the home. The insane passion for dress, which is for the purpose of obtaining admiration, and which, unfortunately, is here so strongly exhibited in the married woman, must have its influence upon the young and unmarried, and places the mother in their power; hence, the utter want of veneration and respect to the parents.

"I have visited Europe frequently, and have dwelt in London, Paris, Switzerland, and Germany; and on my return to this city, about four years since, shall never forget how shocked I felt at the contrast of the style of dress between the ladies in the above-named countries and here. Youth and age were exhibited to my eyes in about the same amount of nudity, while innate modesty would have taught the necessity of covering certain portions of the form which are calculated to excite the passions, but not the respect, of men.

"In good society abroad, I never saw such an abortion of dress as here, and many times I felt sad, as regarded this want of delicacy in costume, and have, with many intellectual friends, talked over and over again if it were possible we could change it. We saw no way open, as private ladies, except by our condemnation, whenever opportunity served, and this, unfortunately, would make us enemies, and as by adoption (though English) I am an American, I should regret this, though my advice for a better state of things would be given

from the heart, more 'in sorrow than in anger.' All that I have stated in my letter to you resolved itself into this: that instead of the women of this city turning their attention to the performance of duties devolving upon them as wives and mistresses of their homes, they, ignorant as they are, leave all such to servants, who are still more ignorant, and perceiving the want of knowledge in the ladies whom they are expected to serve, take advantage of this, and assume that of which they know nothing. Hence, those who hire them become in the power of the domestics, and this is one of the secrets, too, of 'bad servants.' The desire the women seem to aspire to is to gratify the admiration of men, regardless of family ties, connections, or position in life.

"I trust the time will yet come that woman will feel that the truest existence is made up of virtue, honor, and dignity, so that on the death-bed, when our Heavenly Father calls, she can say, 'Lord, I am ready! I have wronged no man.'"

The modern philosophers of the period, eloquent pulpit declaimers, and theological theorists who are charged with the care of souls, have been frequently found departing from the rules of theology and Christian example, to eulogize some new theory outside the pale of Gospel truths; and they have extended their pernicious influence so far as to set themselves up as a target for the press to fling the shafts of ridicule and odium at their unchristian doctrines, and the holy edifices over which they have been elected to preside, furnishing a fitting commentary of the hypocrisy they practice in their piety and charity. The latter being the basis upon which the superstructure of true religion is founded and upreared, is rendered comparatively

nugatory, and the theological atmosphere becomes noxious and corrupt from the exhalations of their oratorical rhetoric; we also find the temples of the Lord desecrated and blasphemed, the worshipers often purchasing the anecdotes of pulpit blasphemy and jest, at the stroke of the auctioneer's gavel, while the death-bed sinner, seeking the consoling balm of religious counsel, is regaled with the mockery of a banquet more befitting the gayety of life than the chamber of one departing in the agonies of remorse, with his soul unprepared to meet his God. Yet these are the doctrines introduced and promulgated by some divines to cancel the obligations they owe to their several congregations. Take for example, the pulpit teachings of one of these so-called divines, on Easter Sabbath last, at Lyric Hall, in this city.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in his discourse on the laws of matrimony, &c., prefaced it by an allusion to the season of Spring, with its attendant pleasures and joys, and remarked, that the resurrection of nature, after many months of bleak, cheerless winter, was symbolical of that great resurrection whose anniversary was being celebrated on that day throughout Christendom." Then, as a finishing stroke on his favorite theory, he concluded with the following :

"The marriage relation should be considered with a view to its better development; husband and wife should not be jealous of each other, and each should have full privilege and right to property to use and enjoy, so that the marriage bond shall be her bond, and not a legal one; so that man and woman should be bound together by their hopes and affections. These were the conditions upon which happy and healthful mar-

riages could be consummated. Marriage should not be the result of mere whim, impulse, or caprice, but be the result of thought and conscience. Then a sentiment of loving kindness will pervade the community, a low state of morals will be checked, and the children would be reared in a cradle of purity and truth, charity and respectability."

Will not some of our moral philosophers, who have homes and doating wives, reflect on the immoral tendencies of this licensed preacher of free love. It is a subject worthy of the best efforts of some philanthropist who is capable of the task of putting him through a course of reconstruction and aiding him in experiencing true religion.

Let those so-called teachers of morality, who abuse God's holy day with such utterances as we have just quoted, read the foregoing chapters on the "social evil," and see if they can not find a field for the exercise of their religious and "progressive" ideas, whereby "poor humanity" may be taught the path of right, instead of crying out against the law and customs that throw around the domestic circle that protection which is recognized as essential to the very existence of the social relation.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A MODERN KING HENRY—JAY HOWARD LIVINGSTONE AND HIS SIX WIVES—RUNNING EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF A BEAU OF LEISURE—HIS IMMOVABLE CHEEK AND BREADTH OF BRAIN.

On the 9th of February, the New York *Herald* published some incidents in the career of a heartless bigamist, thief, forger, and swindler, that aptly illustrates the imminent dangers resulting from answering "Personals." The lesson is so well rendered that the author is constrained to copy the article *in extenso* :

"The readers of the *Herald* will remember the publication of an article in these columns on the 15th of April, entitled 'the perils of matrimony,' relating the particulars concerning the cruel manner in which a person calling himself Jay Howard Livingstone had deceived a young lady of estimable character into marriage, after which robbing and then heartlessly deserting her.

"It will be remembered that the lady stated to Superintendent Warrin, of the Detective Police Agency, No. 72 Broadway, that she came from the South about eight months ago, and, having a few thousand dollars, thought to employ it best by renting a house and taking boarders. She soon became the mistress of a fine

establishment on one of the principal streets, and her house rapidly filled up. Among her boarders was a young man of pleasing address, who represented that he was connected with a down-town bank. Shortly after his arrival at the house, he became an ardent lover of the lady, his attentions soon resulting in a noticeable intimacy and finally an engagement between them. In the meantime, however, in order to protect herself from any imposition on the part of her intended, she interviewed him as to who and what he was, and received the following statements: 'I am in no particular business; live on a stated income from my property; have at present some \$17,000 deposited to my credit in a down-town bank; own considerable real estate and mining claims in California, and to endorse my statement I refer you to such and such leading business men in this city.' So far, so good, thought the lady. Inquiries were instituted, but somehow or other the references always seemed to be out of town and expected home soon.

"Time flew on, the couple were happy, and the demand on the part of the gentleman was constant for an immediate marriage.

"Everything on the surface seemed right, and the fascinating youth was to her all that fancy painted him. Why have a suspicion? How could such a man be anything else but honest and straight-forward? she argued; and the longer he continued his attentions the less the suspicions became, until finally the references were disregarded, and unmeasured confidence filled her heart.

"The day for the marriage arrived. Friends were invited and had commenced to arrive; but when near the hour for the ceremony, the bridegroom manifested great

despondency, and finally said that he had been disappointed in not receiving a draft that morning, and he did not like to disturb his \$17,000 deposit down town. 'If that is all,' said the intended bride, 'I can accommodate you. How much do you want?' Five hundred dollars would do now, as he desired to pay it to a friend whom he expected every moment with a small bill. The money was produced. Its effect on the face of the bridegroom was magical. A joyful smile shone upon his features, and all was merry as a 'marriage bell' should be.

"The bridal tour was to Montreal, where they took rooms at a first-class hotel, and all went on in the most serene manner, until one day the lady had occasion to visit one of her trunks, in which she kept her money and jewelry. Six hundred dollars of her money had vanished. The servants were accused, but no trace of the stolen money could be found, and here the matter for the time ended. At the termination of their sojourn in Montreal, the lady requested her husband to settle the hotel bill and start for home. To this request he said he could not comply, for he had no money. This led to words, then to strong accusations, to the effect that he had stolen her money. At last he acknowledged that he had opened the trunk with a false key and taken the money; he needed it; sent it to New York; asked to be forgiven; he would return it to her in New York as soon as he got to his bank, and would never do such an act again. Woman-like, she forgave him, and even went so far as to pledge her jewelry with the hotel proprietor for the board. Back they started for New York, she having confidence in him again, and placing the three trunks she had in his charge. As they were approaching New York, he gave

the three checks to her, and, in an innocent way, said: 'There are the three checks for your trunks, and you had better give them to the baggage man and let him take them to the house, as I will not be able to go with you after placing you in the carriage, as I have some important business to attend to.' This seemed satisfactory enough to the wife, who repaired to her room and waited the appearance of her trunks and husband; but no trunks or husband appeared, the only arrival being that of the hat-box, umbrella, and bundle. Where are the trunks and the husband? is the question the lady would like solved.

"She waited five days, and then consulted Superintendent Warrin's detectives, who have been arduously at work ever since gathering together the following facts concerning the man, in the hope of causing his final arrest. To show the audacity of the scoundrel, the following letter, containing, as it does, a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, was received on the day after the lady made her complaint at the office of the agency:

"APRIL 16, 1870.

"SUPT. WARRIN, DETECTIVE POLICE AGENCY,

73 Broadway:

"SIR—I have had the great pleasure of perusing the *Herald's* report of the 'perils of matrimony,' in which I appear the leading artist. That you may fully and properly understand the case, I write you, and if you will confer with Miss —, she will, I trust, acknowledge the correctness of my version of the unfortunate affair. My guilt I will not attempt to deny; still, I shall state some facts which will in some manner exonerate myself. * * * It matters very little to me as to what the papers publish; but to you, with whom this matter has been placed for investi-

gation, I forward the facts. About the 15th of March, I replied to a matrimonial notice in the *Sunday Mercury*, and addressed the reply to 'Europe, Union square P.O., 823 Broadway.' The advertiser in question desired to meet a gent going to Europe who would act as her escort. In a few days I received a reply, requesting me to call at — West Twenty-second street. I called, and there first met Miss —, and during my stay several gents called, and I was requested to wait their departure. The lady represented herself lately from the South; she gave me to understand that it was her desire to go abroad and remain; that she had, or would have, \$500 in gold, and that she would not marry the best man on earth. The evening passed pleasantly, and after a few days, I remained at her house permanently, and was treated like a gentleman. I offered to do so much, she willingly consented to go as my pretended wife to Europe, nothing being said about matrimony until later, when she proposed to be united, to which I consented. A day was named, but I refused, stating that a failure on the part of others to make prompt payments would cause a delay in our union. She then became frantic, and said it must be, if she died the next hour. I suggested that she would loan me a certain sum of money; this she refused, and brought the servant in to witness the refusal. However, we were married, as her only fixed desire seemed to be to get married. The reason offered to me was that she had taken an oath to never allow a man to embrace her unless he was her husband; and as that privilege had been bestowed upon your obedient servant, she was, of course, bound to marry me, if I left her the next moment. I endeavored, by every means in my power, to evade this mockery, but to no purpose. We started for Montreal, and the particulars of the trip you no doubt know all about. I have written Miss — of my desire in the matter, and if she follows my directions, and insures me of safety, I will return to New York and return her the property or its value; but to live with her, 'never.' No one but myself is concerned in the matter; I am alone responsible for all that has transpired, and am willing to suffer for it if I am not smart enough to elude your vigilant detectives. I will not be taken alive, and I warn any one who shall attempt my capture by force. I started life honestly, was disappointed in my domestic affairs, and have, I fear, become partially insane. I shall now seek some other clime

and try to live better and repent. Of 'woman, deliver me.' After I gather a few more facts, I will communicate again with you.

" Respectfully,

" LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A MODERN KING HENRY, CONTINUED—HIS LIFE SKETCH—
“SUNDAY MERCURY” PERSONALS.

“The history and description of this rascal are as follows: He is known as John Mallory Cook, *alias* Frank Cook, *alias* Captain Harrison, *alias* John Williams, *alias* Jay Howard Livingstone. He was born in New York; age, thirty-two years; height, five feet eight inches; slight build, weighs about 125 pounds; black mustache; hair, dark; small, slender hands; blue eyes; skin on the face rough; inclined to stoop in walking; cast-down look; front teeth slightly decayed; affable manners, and plausible talker.

“John Mallory Cook has for the last ten years been mostly living the life of a confidence man, or in other words, resorting to numerous species of rascality whereby to gain a dollar. His family connections are very respectable, and his disgraceful acts from time to time have caused them much sorrow. He has been guilty of numerous forgeries and thefts; but bigamy seems to be his specialty, he having no less than six wives living. One, by his heartless treatment, was hastened to a premature grave. The *modus operandi* in obtaining victims, was to insert ‘Personals’ in the *Sunday Mercury*. Among others, there was one who answered his advertisements, but was not easily caught, as the sequel will

show. It appears that she made his acquaintance in the following manner: She wrote him stating she would be pleased to see him in her hotel; he called at the appointed hour, and the interview lasted some time, she taking care to have some other friends in the parlor, unknown to him as her friends, while the interview lasted. He spoke of his being a miner, of his wealth, references as to facts, and said he was staying at the St. Denis Hotel; owned two carriages and two spans of splendid horses, for which he had paid a fabulous price, and as soon as they were married he was going with his new bride to California.

"On his first visit, he apologized for his clothes not being in the very latest style, and also for having seen rather more than a fair share of wear. Of course, this was unnecessary to the lady, and she very pleasantly begged him not to mention such a frivolous matter.

"The second interview brought the same clothes, and the same apology. The third interview, no apology, so the would-be-destined bride came to the conclusion that his wardrobe consisted of 'a pair of spurs and a shirt collar.'

"He spoke of his money, but could never get any credence for speaking the truth, and now she commenced to doubt him, and played her cards accordingly. He knew she had a beautiful wardrobe and some money; he was playing for a stake. The lady, to see if he really had money to lavish, as he stated, gave him a gentle reminder of certain articles of value that would be acceptable to her, but 'he did not seem to see it.' On one particular day, he was to have taken the lady out to Central Park for a drive, with his elegant pair of bays and new carriage and liveried servants, but on that same morning she received a note from him say-

ing, that on going that morning to his stables to give orders to his coachman, he found that his man had driven them out that morning for an airing, and that an express wagon had run into them and smashed his splendid new carriage, and injured the horses very much, so that he must postpone the pleasure of her company for a drive, but would meet her, by appointment, at her apartments that evening.

“That evening the lady was just folding up a very elegant lace shawl, which cost her \$250. When he entered, he inquired what such a shawl was worth. She told him, and placed it in a small box which belonged to it, and put it under the bureau. She did not require this shawl for some days—as she was going into the country on a visit—but alas! when she looked for it again the shawl was not there. She told the lady of the house of her loss, and as no person but ‘L.’ and the servant-girl had been in the room, the poor girl had her trunks searched, and was discharged, although, of course, there was no sign of her guilt. The lady now knows.

“Another day, just previous to their intended marriage, and departure for California, the lady was surprised to receive a letter, saying that a man named —, who was his agent, had that day absconded from the city with \$11,000 belonging to him, and consequently, the trip and marriage would have to be postponed for about ten days, until he could receive his remittances from California. The lady by this time knew her man to perfection, for he, knowing she had money, imagined, perhaps, she would reply, saying: ‘Never mind, I have money; you can repay me in California.’ But she always had kept him at a distance — ‘where he would neither founder nor get ship-

wrecked.' Now, she determined to get rid of him entirely. He next wrote to her saying he was very sick, and asking her to come and see him, but not at the St. Denis Hotel, but a miserable attic room in Bleecker street. He tried to induce her to assist him pecuniarily. Although of a generous disposition, she did not. She then said that she was going away for a few months on business, and would return soon, and by that time, no doubt, his affairs would be all 'fixed,' and his expected heavy remittances would come to hand, and then she would, perhaps, honor him with her hand.

"The detectives were further informed that he was one of the 'worst beats out,' and was capable of the meanest action. It appears that he used to call daily in gentlemen's offices, borrowing money, from one dollar to five dollars, stating that his wife was sick, wanted medicines, had no food, and was staying at a friend's house. He had no money to pay her fare home, and, in fact, any excuse to raise a dollar. One day, after Livingstone had left one of the gentlemen's offices, the occupant missed his great-coat, which, he was afterward informed by a person, Livingstone had confessed to having stolen.

"He was convicted for stealing some goods out of a store, and remanded for sentence, when, at the earnest solicitation of his wife, an influential gentleman proceeded to the court with the wife, and, after interviewing the Judge, the sentence of the court was suspended.

"He also pretended at one time to have mortally wounded himself with a pistol shot at the Brandreth House, but took care only to make a small flesh wound in the left arm. When his friends came, he pretended he was dying; but they told him 'his game was played out,' and only looked upon him with disgust. Upon

this occasion, he sent for one of his wives ; but she, knowing of his tricks, did not go ; so he immediately recovered. His great dodge was to take chloroform, when 'entirely busted,' and pretend that he was dying. This he has done several times. When in arrears for rent and board, he is immediately taken very ill, and sends for a doctor, and screams out as if his head was being sawed ; so that by such means he sometimes obtains sympathy, and remains two or three weeks longer, until they find him a 'fraud' and kick him out. He owes about twenty doctor's bills in this city.

"He also gave a bogus check to a gentleman, but for his wife's sake he was not prosecuted.

"From Cincinnati, Superintendent Warrin learns that in 1866, Livingstone married in that place the daughter of a prominent merchant, and at that time he was going by the name of Frank Cook.

"Everything appeared right as far as could be ascertained by the parents of the girl. The father gave the daughter \$2,500 for the bridal tour, which was to Johnstown, Pa., at which place he abandoned her, leaving her only twenty dollars, even taking her gold watch and other little presents given her on the day of the wedding. She had to return to her parents, and just three weeks after his marriage with the lady, his notice of marriage with another young woman was published in a New York paper. The young lady applied to a court for divorce, and obtained it at once. The father of the young lady declares 'he has no hesitation in saying that the man is one of the grandest scoundrels in the country, and it is to be hoped that he will be arrested and put in prison for the balance of his life, thereby preventing him from ruining any others.'

"It was also ascertained by the detectives that one

season he went to Long Branch, and hired a house, using the names of some prominent gentlemen for his references. At all events, by some means, he contrived to get the house on rental, it appearing that the landlord was an Englishman, and had just returned from England, and had in his possession a beautiful Paisley shawl, worth some \$400. A little sweet talk induced the gentleman to sell it to Livingstone. Of course, Livingstone took the shawl, promising to pay next day, and that was the last of the shawl and Mr. Livingstone.

"He next turned up in the army, under the name of Captain Harrison, and, owing to some of his rascalities, was compelled to retire (or left without permission) to parts unknown. He was at one time a correspondent on a paper, published in Lafayette, Indiana; wrote under the *nom de plume* of 'Iconoclast,' a suitable signature, it must be said, when the character of the man is taken into consideration, together with the significance of the word.

"Numerous letters from all parts of the country are being constantly received at the agency, speaking of the acts of this Livingstone. A large number of letters of sympathy have been sent to the care of the police agency for the lady who was his last victim, and of whom the man speaks so wrongfully in his letter to the Superintendent, published simply to show his character.

"The detectives found most of the lady's clothing. It was pawned by the man at Mrs. Lynch's, under the New York Hotel, Broadway, and at M. de Yonge's, Beach street, Boston. This property has been restored to her, much to the gratification of the lady.

"A forged check, purporting to be drawn by Mr. Meiggs D. Benjamin, an importer of this city, in favor of Jay Howard Livingstone, on the Second National

Bank of this city, for the sum of \$750, was found in an envelope, carefully placed, for fear of loss, in the safe of the Metropolitan Hotel, with Livingstone's name addressed on the envelope. This was placed there when Mr. Livingstone was once a boarder at the house; and it is only just to state that there is a Mr. Howard Livingstone, a gentleman connected with the California press, who generally boarded at the Metropolitan Hotel, and it is to be hoped that his name will not be confounded with that of the confidence operator.

"The detectives are on the 'trail' of the man, and Superintendent Warrin is using his best endeavors to arrest him, and make an example of him. The unfortunate victims are 'spoiling' for legal revenge, and his numerous wives would gladly conspire to make his future one of serenest felicity. Holders of bogus and forged checks, creditors, despoiled hotel proprietors, and swindled doctors, would be happy to give him a cordial reception.

"This, undoubtedly, is an extraordinary case, and, like all species of insane criminality, teaches a useful lesson, which the credulous should not be slow to study and ponder. In our boarding houses, hotels, and public resorts, there is a large class of women who are dressed up in gaudy finery and simulated smiles, making it the object of their daily lives to 'set caps for the rich Mr. A.,' and by artful wiles endeavor to consummate the marriage tie. It is the hope and pleasure of their existence to marry plethoric purses, and when they see a young man in elegant attire they fire their practiced arrows, believing in a ready conquest and the future delights of luxurious ease. If these damsels enchant, marry, and are suddenly deprived of their wardrobes, jewels, and happiness, at one blow, they receive but a

just recompense for their ridiculous folly. Such cases should inspire no pity. It is simply the fool eating of his own dish. That a woman who makes vain displays of dress and personal charms can produce lasting affection in a man's heart, is absurd ; for the first element, respect, is wanting in the beginning ; and these fortune-hunters who are married to men on a moment's notice, may always look for an infelicitous honeymoon, followed by a speedy divorce. Here is a clever scoundrel, who with ease married six women upon an imaginary fortune, and they were all bitten. Doubtless, he could upon the same representations marry a hundred more, and his success would be not so much an example of his own wickedness, as a commentary upon the female weakness for Mr. A.—‘How much is he worth?’”

CHAPTER L.

MATRIMONIAL AND PERSONAL BUREAUS—THEIR HISTORY—IMPORTED INFAMIES—THE MANAGERS, STAFF, AND ROOMS.

“ My plots fall short, like darts, which rash hands throw
With an ill aim, and have to far to go ;
Nor can I long discoveries prevent,
I deal too much among the innocent.”

Among the imported institutions of the metropolis, perhaps, none lead more to corrupt society, shatter the domestic circle, separate children, estrange husbands and wives, tempt virtue, and root out of the hearts of the young and innocent the good seeds planted therein, than do the matrimonial and personal bureaus, and private post-offices, that are springing up in all portions of the city, as agencies for the population of Pluto's dominions. These institutions are of recent establishment in this country, but have flourished in European countries for years, and are usually superintended by vile conspirators, whose only ambition is a love of gain. To accomplish their own enrichments, they descend to the vilest conspiracies and devices to entrap their victims and place them in their power. Having given the subject considerable investigation, it is proposed to expose the whole system in a few chapters, that the reader may be better acquainted with the infamous workings of the bureau, and the sad results that too often

follow a too confiding reliance upon the statement of the guilty wretches—the leeches—who bleed society, by their management.

The matrimonial and personal bureaus are chiefly located in the centre of the city, near Broadway, and contiguous to Washington Park. There are, in Bleecker street, West Washington place, Amity street, and at all points in the Eighth and Fifteenth wards, four or five of these offices. They are principally conducted by French women of questionable antecedents, who rent one or two floors, fit up a room on the lower floor as an office, with private doors, and another floor as reception parlors. In the offices are arranged tiers of letter boxes, which are rented out at fifty cents or one dollar per month, while outside on the street are locked boxes, intended for the patrons of the institution.

The proprietress of each establishment keeps constantly in her employ from two to four young girls—selected for their shrewdness in deceptive arts, conversational powers, and captivating address—and usually one or two young men, to personate such characters as she may select for them. These male and female *serviteurs* are not members of her household proper, but are usually secured from adjacent concert saloons and gambling dens, when their services are required, and are allowed a liberal commission on the business they are instrumental in bringing to the agency.

The objects of the bureaus are multifarious. They profess to bring together parties of opposite sexes for pleasure and friendship; arrange the groundwork for matrimonial alliances; secure rich wives and husbands for fortune-hunters; house-keepers and traveling companions for unprincipled villains, who do not desire to be tied down by matrimonial vows; young and in-

nocent maidens for lecherous *roués*, who desire to pursue a life of dissipation and riot at the expense of virtue and morality. The advertising columns of the Sunday papers are extensively patronized by these unprincipled female hyenas, who delicately extol the benefits of their establishments, and tempt the unsuspecting into the nets so cunningly set for them. The following, clipped from a city weekly, is given as an example :

In all large cities, and especially in the great metropolis of New York, it is almost impossible for gentlemen who are engaged in business from morning until night, and strangers who are daily arriving in our city, to become acquainted with ladies of respectability and refinement, for company and mutual pleasure. Appreciating, therefore, this great want of the period, the Personal Agency has been established, and we would respectfully announce that our resources are complete, and that we can in all cases supply any requirements of our patrons. Gentlemen desiring lady companions, or private friends, will send age and general style of lady required ; single address, with letter of introduction, 50 cents. Lists containing the addresses of three ladies, with separate letters of introduction, \$1. We would also notify ladies who desire to be registered on our book, to send full personal description, and inclose 50 cents. Ladies thus registered, are entitled to any and all introductions they require. We will not remove from our present location, as we had anticipated, but will continue to transact our business through No. -- Amity street, and we need hardly intimate to the public, that we are the only legitimate agency in New York that properly supplies the exigences of the period.

Caution—We do not pretend to be a “matrimonial bureau,” for they all prove to be humbugs, we merely furnish lists and introductory letters to our patrons, who can use their own discretion in subsequently cultivating each other’s society, for mutual pleasure or friendship. Address all letters to,

PERSONAL AGENCY.

Having received a visit from some unsuspecting victim, who has read the above, or a similar advertise-

ment, and deposited the "introduction fee," the proprietress at once sets to work to surround her victim, especially if she be an unsuspecting girl, unused to the tricks and devices of New York swindlers, with a network of mystery. She glowingly portrays to her the appearance and worldly prospects of one of her gentlemen patrons, who, having just arrived from Europe, has no means of making acquaintances, but desires an introduction to some accomplished young lady, upon whom he can lavish a portion of his fortune, and to whose recreation he can devote his leisure. The cunning woman will add, confidentially, that her patron is a wealthy gentleman, traveling *incog*, whose sole object, she has no doubt, is to secure a beautiful American wife. The ambition of her auditor is aroused, and an interview is promised—the Madame hinting that she will expect an additional fee of ten or twenty dollars should the acquaintance be mutually pleasant. A time is set for a formal introduction, and at the stated hour the victim takes a seat in Madame H.'s parlor. Madame, who has selected her most fascinating gambler to personate the distinguished foreign traveler, introduces him; there is a long interview, and appointments for others at a future time at the same place, and by degrees the unsophisticated maiden is led on, step by step, until she is in the absolute power of the plotters who surround her. Madame H., after the first or second interview, succeeds in drawing from the young girl an additional fee, and her male agent not infrequently effects the ruin of his victim, who pays for her own pollution.

The same mode of operation is pursued with gentlemen, who are made to bleed handsomely for an introduction to one of Madame H.'s painted syrens from

the concert saloons, who are not infrequently palmed off upon them as a Southern heiress of distinguished family connections.

Instances are known to the writer where gentlemen have paid as high as five hundred dollars for such introductions that they could have secured by stepping down into a Broadway concert saloon and breaking a bottle of wine, any night in the week, or patronizing the champagne vaults of one of the gilded saloons in Greene or Crosby streets, at an expense of four dollars.

About two months ago, an Englishman sojourning in the city, with more money than brains, paid to the keeper of an office near Washington Park, one hundred dollars for an introduction to a woman who, a week later, robbed him of \$1,000 by means of the panel dodge, at a house in Third avenue, near Thirteenth street.

It is not, however, alone by arranging interviews and securing heavy fees, that these pests and impostors swell up their bank accounts. They are avaricious and unprincipled, and hesitate at nothing to secure money from their victims of both sexes. Attached to nearly every agency, are a number of male hangers-on, who are in partnership with the proprietress, and who make a sumptuous living by black-mailing and securing evidence for unprincipled divorce lawyers. They call themselves detectives. Their *modus operandi* is to watch about the doors of these agencies for their patrons, many of whom are married men of wealth and standing, who have not forgotten their youthful follies. When any of these call at the bureaus, one of these prying spies is always near to track him to his home and discover his name. He immediately communicates with Madame H., who posts him upon the time

set for the next interview in her parlor; he is quietly secreted in an adjoining room, where he can hear every word uttered between their victim and his lady acquaintance, and should they adjourn to a furnished-room house, the detective usually is a spectator of all the incidents occurring within the secrecy of the chamber, the charming Miss Fannie De Lima, of New Orleans, (from a Bowery concert saloon) being in league with the madame and the detective. Having secured the evidence of "lawyer Jones'" unfaithfulness to his wife, the next step is to make money thereby. The following day, he receives a visit from the divorce detective, who coolly informs him of all the incidents of the previous night's adventure, and demands from two to ten hundred dollars as the price of his silence. A domestic flare-up, a divorce suit, a separation, prospective scandal, and children torn from their parents, are the pictures presented to the vision of poor Jones, who, if he has any regard for society, will cheerfully negotiate for secrecy, and in future give personal bureaus a wide berth. In some instances the victim refuses to be black-mailed, when the information is placed in the hands of an unscrupulous divorce lawyer, through whose instrumentality it comes into the possession of the injured wife, who pays liberally for it—the lawyer sharing the spoils with the proprietress of the bureau, the detective, and the cunning, characterless female, who woos the victim to his ruin. The lawyer usually succeeds in obtaining a large additional fee for conducting a suit for divorce, and the public, who read the details of the disgusting evidence, little suspect that all of it was secured by these plotting conspirators.

CHAPTER LI.

WESLEY H. COURTNEY IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION—A VISIT TO MADAME H.—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

In February last, a literary friend of the writer, who may be called Wesley H. Courtney, who is collecting material regarding some of the obnoxious institutions with which the city is cursed, determined to investigate personally these festers upon the fair fame of the metropolis. With this object in view, he visited Madame H., in W—— street. His adventures can be better described in his own language :

“ Calling at the number indicated, I found the front door ajar, and in answer to a gentle knock on a door on the left, it was opened, and I was shown by a servant into a small, plainly furnished office on the first floor. A female, of middle age, sat by a table surrounded by letters and books. On one wall was a row of letter boxes, on the other pictures, and on a desk near by some circulars regarding her employment office, to which the names of some of our best citizens, including Mayor Hall, were appended as references.

“ She arose to receive me as I entered, bowed politely and requested me to be seated. Madame H.’s appearance was quite prepossessing, and I at once felt at ease in her presence.

“‘What can I do for you, sir?’ Madame asked, in a business-like manner.

“Seating myself, I spoke with considerable self-possession: ‘I have just arrived in the city from the South, and intend to spend the winter here; I saw your advertisement, and called to see if you can aid me in making the acquaintance of some refined lady of respectability, not over twenty-five, with a view to amusement, and if mutually satisfactory, perhaps, matrimony.’

“‘Oh!’ exclaimed the scheming woman. ‘I see; you have no letters of introduction that will give you the *entree* into society?’

“‘None, Madame,’ I said, meekly.

“‘That is v-e-r-y unfortunate!’ she continued. ‘I fear I can not aid you, unless you can convince me of your honorable intentions. I might compromise myself, you see. My business has achieved quite a reputation for effecting excellent and happy marriages. During the past six months, I have been instrumental in bringing about over fifty unions between parties. Over a dozen of them were between persons worth several hundred thousand dollars. One poor, but worthy, English gentleman called, paid me my fee, and in two months he married a lady residing in Brooklyn, who has half a million in her own right. A young governess, whose parents reside in France, I succeeded in marrying to a wealthy planter in Macon, Georgia. I could give you many instances of this kind, but I have to be very careful always in not compromising myself. I effected an introduction between a Prussian Baron and a Miss S., of Lexington avenue; they were married; he proved to be a brute and impostor; beat and deserted the dear

child, and cheated me out of five hundred dollars he agreed to pay me for my services.'

“ ‘Well, Madame,’ I spoke with assumed candor, ‘all I can do is to state truthfully who I am. My name is Wesley H. Courtney; I am a native of Louisiana; own a large plantation on the Teche, and am worth about \$150,000. I am sincere in my desire to marry; can refer you to Rev. Mr. —, of — Church, New Orleans, and General H—— H——, of Mobile, for evidence of my respectability. I will pay you any reasonable fee on the day of my betrothal. Is that satisfactory?’

“ ‘Quite so,’ said my agent. ‘What style of a partner meets your fancy?’

“ ‘I desire a lady about five feet four inches in height; not more than twenty-five; light hair; blue eyes; blonde complexion; the ideal of health, and beautiful. She must be well educated, and especially proficient in music. Her disposition must be lively, and wit would be quite a desideratum.’

“ ‘How very fortunate it is that you called at the right time. Only last week, a lady answering this description commissioned me to represent her. Let us see,’ she remarked, opening a register and reading from it. ‘Her name is Laura de Cardock, twenty-five, Virginia, and a widow. Have you any objection to a widow?’

“ ‘Not in the least. Can you vouch for her respectability?’

“ ‘I can. I have seen her family papers. She is a descendant of the Randolph family; was the wife of a Colonel in General Lee’s army, by whom she had a child. Both are dead. She has property on the James river worth \$100,000.’

“‘That is sufficient,’ I said. ‘When can I see her?’

“‘Well, sir, call next Tuesday week coming, and I will have arranged the preliminaries. You know I must act carefully, and make full inquiry regarding you.’

“Handing her a card prepared for the occasion, she took my ‘pedigree’ and description, and politely showed me out.”

CHAPTER LII.

LAURA DE CARDOCK—A MEETING BY APPOINTMENT—MADAME
H.'s PARLOR—INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT—A MEMBER OF
THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"I must admit that I left the presence of Madame H. suspicious of her profession as to Laura de Cardock, the fascinating Confederate widow ; but I had attempted a *role* that I was determined to play to the end, at any hazard. With considerable anxiety, I awaited the evening that was to bring Wesley H. Courtney and Laura de Cardock face to face. It came in the course of events, and, disguising myself, so that any friend who might be in the neighborhood would not observe me enter premises of so suspicious a character, I sought the door. My application for admission was responded to by Madame, in person, who with a bland smile escorted me to an elegantly furnished parlor on a floor other than the one where I had been received on my previous visit. On entering it, I observed a lady dressed ready to go out, sitting in whispered conversation with an elderly gentleman, whom I recognized as a prominent member of the stock exchange. They sat on a sofa in one corner of the room, and as the lady's back was turned toward me, I was unable to scan her features. Madame led me to a seat at the opposite end of the room, and informed me that the widow had not

yet arrived. She cautioned me to be very careful in my first interview, as the widow was extremely diffident, and by no means to shock her with any appearances of 'love at first sight.' This caution was unnecessary. A moment after, the bell rang, and Madame arose hurriedly, and with the remark: 'That is probably the widow,' disappeared. As she closed the door of the parlor after her, the only lady in the room turned to the light; I saw her face, and started perceptibly. In those features I beheld Carrie Belnap, a confidence woman, whom I had seen several times arraigned at Jefferson Market and the Tombs, on the charge of extorting money, and once on the charge of being caught in *flagrante delicto*, with a male companion, in a Bleecker street house of pleasure. A few seconds after, she arose, and, accompanied by her male attendant, left the parlor. This circumstance placed me at once on my guard, and by the time Madame ushered in my widow friend, I was prepared to hear much and speak but little. The door finally opened again, and Madame H. entered, preceded by a lady, whose figure was all that my fancy painted it.

" 'Mr. Courtney, Mrs. Cardock, a friend of mine,' were all the words spoken by the subtle mistress of the establishment, as she drew up a heavily-carved chair for my distinguished *vis-a-vis*, who accepted it with a quiet, easy grace.

" We chatted for a few minutes on the weather, and other common topics, in the Madame's presence. Finally, the agent arose, with the remark :

" 'I must leave you now, my friends. You both desire this interview, and I have performed my full duty.'

" The Madame disappeared, and we renewed our conversation. I found my newly-made acquaintance ex-

ceedingly well-informed on all matters of music, the drama, art, and literature, and before I had conversed fifteen minutes, fully made up my mind that she had evidently been reared in affluence, if not in luxury. The widow de Cardock was a blonde of medium height ; had a rich treasure of natural hair ; blue eyes, that spoke of innocence and affection ; a figure of excellent proportions ; hands delicately formed, and devoid of all ornaments except a wedding ring and a solitaire diamond of small size. She was indeed beautiful, and one well-calculated to impress a man with admiration—if that one was susceptible of easy conquest.

“I was the first to broach the object that had brought us together. The widow dropped her eyes to the Brussels carpet, upon which she beat a tattoo with one of her little feet, and blushed coyly. I confided to her my circumstances in life, as proclaimed to Madame H., and informed her, with apparent candor, that my object was simply to secure a devoted heart that would share my loneliness away down upon the Teche ; that from our short acquaintance I was favorably impressed with her, and if I was not distasteful to her, I should be delighted with a more extended acquaintance.

“The widow de Cardock seemed very much disturbed, but finally admitted that in me she had not been disappointed. Since the death of her dear husband, who fell in battle for ‘our lost and holy cause,’ she had often felt the need of a friendly arm to lean upon, and a sympathetic heart to confer with, and share her joys and sorrows, and more stuff of the same sentimental character. She did not care for wealth, for of that she had a sufficiency for all purposes ; but in her heart there was a void left by Colonel de Cardock’s sudden taking off, that some deserving one might fill ;

and while she shuddered at this mode of forming an acquaintance, it was the only one open to her in this great city, where she had no acquaintances. She would be pleased to continue our acquaintance until we knew each other better, and if love came of it, submit to fate. The interview lasted for nearly an hour, and terminated with an exchange of references. As she arose to depart, I asked permission to escort her to her home, but she politely declined my offer—asserting that she had to do some shopping on Broadway. I remained after her departure, and on again meeting Madame H., expressed myself infatuated with my acquaintance.

“I should state here, that before our separation, another interview was arranged five days hence—the interval to be spent in inquiring into each other’s antecedents and character.

“On a card, she wrote the names of some gentlemen, as references. Among them, was that of Dr. B., of Richmond, a friend of mine. I immediately resolved to write him, and secure his good offices in clearing up the mystery that surrounded the blonde widow of Amity street. The resolution was no sooner formed than executed, and the next mail carried a letter to him, in which I stated that I had some business transactions in the monetary line with Mrs. de Cardock, and desired to ascertain all particulars as to her standing, socially and financially, before closing the negotiations. I carefully refrained from even intimating that any of the negotiations related to matters of love.

“Five days rolled away, and at four o’clock in the afternoon, I again met Laura in Madame H.’s parlor. My reception by her was characterized by unusual warmth, and I imagined a glimmer of zeal, or assumed affection, was thrown into it.

“ ‘Mr. Courtney,’ said she, in a frank manner, ‘I have made full investigations regarding you, and I find you are all you represent yourself to be. It gives me unfeigned pleasure to state it, for I must confess to you now, that at our first interview I was suspicious of your intentions, and feared you might be a gambler, or a man of equally bad antecedents. I am now satisfied that my fears were unfounded, and offer you my congratulations upon the results.’

“ ‘I am exceedingly pleased,’ I replied, ‘that such is the case, and trust the same good report may be made of you. I have written to Dr. B. and others, and hope to receive answers in a few days, as I am anxious to return South within a month to complete arrangements to put in the spring crop. I hope to have the pleasure to take back with me a beautiful wife to adorn my manor on the Teche,’ I added, with a deceptive smile, that Laura failed to observe, and accepted as a genuine compliment.

“ ‘I don’t know about that, sir, I am opposed to marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. But, maybe you can persuade me to take a trip South—for the benefit of my health, eh? Is the climate salubrious down there? I have never been further South than Florida, and was much pleased with it’

“ I replied to her question by eloquently depicting the beauties of Southern plantation-life, and the excellences of the Gulf breezes wafted inland. Laura listened attentively, her face animated with pleasure at the pictures portrayed, and then she spoke in soft musical accents :

“ ‘Yes, sir, I love the country. Several years of my life were spent on a Virginia plantation, and were years that I look back upon with longings for their duplica-

tion. Do you know, sir, I fancy I would like to realize Gay's lines.' And Laura's eyes shown with enthusiasm as she eloquently declaimed :

"O, happy plains ! remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms ;
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care ;
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor ;
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil ;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain ;
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain ;
No flaming heavens cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war ;
No trumpets' clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair."

" 'O, sir ! I have tasted the bitter fruits of war,' she continued, after a pause, and know how to appreciate such scenes as Gay portrays. Pardon my enthusiasm of the moment, it can not be helped. I am sure I should be happy in the country with one I could devotedly love and honor.'

"Here, our interview was interrupted by Madame H., who ushered into the parlor another of her patrons, who seemed to await the arrival of some one. Again I importuned my fair companion to permit me to escort her to her residence, but it was of no avail. She not only formally refused, on the plea of desiring to have an interview with Madame H., but declined to inform me of her residence, asserting as a reason for declining the latter request, that our acquaintance did not yet justify it, and I might possibly venture to call at her home. Foiled by a cunning woman, I submitted with the best grace possible, and after arranging for another meeting, four days after, took my leave of the premises.

Still, I lurked in the neighborhood for an hour, resolved to follow Laura to her residence. But she came not, and I left chagrined and indignant."

CHAPTER LIII.

A LETTER FROM RICHMOND—AT THE OPERA—LAURA EXPOSED
—NEGOTIATIONS ENDED—A SCENE AT PONCHON'S.

"A few days later, I received a letter from my friend B., in which he spoke in terms of praise of the widow de Cardock, whom he had known before her marriage. He represented her as the daughter of an ex-Senator, who had married Colonel de Cardock, and closed by stating that only a few days before the receipt of my note he had met her at a party given by one of his friends in Manchester; that she was quite wealthy, and rumor had her betrothed to a mutual friend of ours, who had won some distinction in the army.

"The reception of this note decided me in my suspicions. I had, from the first, suspected that the beautiful widow was an adventuress, whose representations were false; but when I learned from the letter that she was in Manchester, I was satisfied that my *protege* was a bogus Laura de Cardock, who, knowing the history of the genuine one, had assumed her name. I was not long in deciding upon my future course of action, which was to continue the acquaintance so singularly formed, and if possible discover something that would lead to the identity of the strange widow.

"On the evening named for our third interview, I proceeded to Madame H.'s parlors, and waited a few

minutes ere Laura appeared, who greeted me with unusual affability. Among her first inquiries, was :

“ ‘Have my references proved satisfactory, Mr. Courtney?’ ”

“ ‘Eminently so!’ I responded, with well-assumed delight; ‘I will read you one of the replies. A portion of the note is private.’ Laura was all attention in an instant. Drawing out Dr. B.’s letter, I read it through, carefully suppressing the reference to the appearance in Manchester of the widow de Cardock, and at its close, arose, and gallantly taking her hand, remarked :

“ ‘And now, Laura—let me call you by that simple name—I am satisfied. In you, I have found a jewel. Let us know each other better. I do not like the surroundings of this place, it is too public; let us go to some theater; I have tickets for the *Twelve Temptations*. Will you accompany me? Can you trust me?’ ”

“ Her answer was a pressure of the hand, and the simple words :

“ ‘Mr. Courtney, I will.’ ”

“ We were alone in the parlor, no spying eyes were upon us; I must confess that my lips belied my feelings within the next few seconds, and a thrill of pleasure seemed to possess the handsome widow. Taking her by the hand, I led her out of the lighted parlor, and half an hour after we were auditors at the Opera House, corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue. The performance over, we made our exit. I was determined that Laura de Cardock should not escape me this time, and that the night should terminate our matrimonial negotiations. Calling a carriage, I placed her within it, and whispered to the driver: ‘corner of Fifteenth street and Sixth avenue. *Ponchon’s* refreshment rooms.’ ”

"A few moments later, the carriage stopped.

"Where are we, Mr. Courtney?' she inquired.

"I have stopped for supper; let us go in,' I remarked.

"Laura permitted me to escort her to the gilded saloon, where, at the desk, I ordered private supper-rooms, to which I escorted my charge. A waiter answered our summons, and supper was spread. At its conclusion, I led Laura to a sofa.

"Mrs. de Cardock' I remarked, throwing into my tone some severity, 'the time has come for me to make you aware of certain facts that have come to my knowledge that seriously jeopardize our relations.'

"Laura betrayed alarm. I continued:

"The other evening, I read you only a portion of the letter from Dr. B. There it is, read it.'

"She took it mechanically, and perused it.

"Well, sir, what does that mean?' she inquired, with assumed *hauteur*.

"It means this, Madame, that Mrs. de Cardock is in Virginia, and that you are a fraud, a bogus imitation, endeavoring to play an infamous part at the expense of her fair fame. I have found you out in time. Now, tell me who you are, or I shall call in an officer and have you arrested as an impostor. You may cry out, but it will do no good! On the box with my driver is a detective, who knows your whole history. Confess your infamy at once.'

"Laura arose, and in her eyes I saw a gleam of defiance.

"How dare you talk so to me?' she asked. 'You mistake your person.'

"No, I do not. It is needless for you to assume a virtuous indignity. Confess quickly the whole details of your connection with Madame H., or I will turn you

over to the police. Confess, or I shall wring the secret out of you.'

"She sank down upon the sofa and feigned illness. An application of water outwardly, and a glass of wine inwardly, revived her.

" 'O, spare me, sir, and I will tell you all. I am not Laura de Cardock, my name is Henrietta Bronson. I am in the employ of Madame H., to personate such characters as she may order. I would not willingly deceive you, but I must make a living, and Madame remunerates me handsomely.'

" 'And who are you?' I asked. 'Henrietta Bronson is rather an indefinite explanation.'

" 'I used to be a lady's maid, and traveled extensively in Europe. Latterly, before connecting myself with this woman, I was in a concert saloon in Broadway. O, sir, don't force me to tell how I came there; make me not confess my own shame.'

"The girl spoke so earnestly that I was overcome by her distress.

" 'Collect yourself, Henrietta, I have been too harsh. I will not require you to recall unpleasant memories. But tell me, truly, all you know about this bureau. How is it conducted, and for what purpose?' I asked, coaxingly.

"She lifted her expressive eyes to mine, and, as she spoke, I could read the truth in every word.

" 'It was established for many infamous purposes. In the first place, Madame supplies gentlemen with lady acquaintances for a longer or shorter period. She inveigles girls in her meshes, and furnishes them to the keepers of places of bad repute, for which she receives a handsome remuneration. Then she is a female detective in the interest of the law firm of Catchem &

Beatem, who obtain divorces. Madame inserts attractive advertisements in the papers, receives answers, and, personating a young lady, conducts a correspondence, which usually results in an interview. When an interview is arranged, she delegates me or some other of her agents to act as the female principal. The secret usually is, that the married gentleman falls a victim to her plots, and the first thing he realizes is that a divorce suit has been commenced against him, and all the evidence of his irregularities, secured by Madame, stares him in the face. She frequently involves respectable married men by similar means, and in the event of no suit for divorce resulting, her agents succeed in wringing hush money from her victims of both sexes. You will say that it is an infamous business, but my part in it is only of a secondary character. Now, you know all, sir; are you satisfied?’

“‘Perfectly, Henrietta, but tell me how you came in possession of Mrs. de Cardock’s antecedents?’ I asked.

“‘It is very simple. Madame and she were fellow-boarders for a few weeks at Long Branch. Mrs. de Cardock was communicative; confided to her the particulars of her early history, and the names of some of her friends, including Dr. B.; you can guess the rest.’

“‘Yes, I can, and she palmed you off on me as the wealthy widow,’ I added.

“‘Just so.’

“‘It was cleverly done, but her schemes in this instance were frustrated.’

“‘Fortunately for *you*, and *unfortunately* for me, they were, was her cool rejoinder.

“‘Why unfortunate for you?’ I asked.

“‘Because I should have been your wife!’

“‘You would, would you! You are mistaken; I

am already a married man. Come, Henrietta, this farce has proceeded far enough, I will see you to Madame H.'s. Tell her I know all, and Mr. Courtney, the Louisiana planter, was not born with scales on his eyes.' I spoke with some severity.

"Ten minutes after, my carriage stopped at No — Amity street, and Laura de Cardock and Mr. Courtney separated forever."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE "ANCIENT MAIDEN" JULIET IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND
—HER GUSHING EPISTLES TO WESLEY H. COURTNEY—
PERTINENT QUESTIONS—THE FRENCH GOVERNESS—MAD-
AME VERE'S PERSONAL BUREAU.

The same gentleman who figured in the adventures with Madame de Cardock, one morning observed the following advertisement in a Sunday weekly :

"MATRIMONIAL—A young lady, of highly respectable connections, desires the acquaintance of a gentleman not over thirty-five years of age, with a view to matrimony. All that is required of him is to be respectable, industrious, and possessed of a moderate income. Address Juliet, care of Madame Vere's Personal Bureau, No. 19 Amity street."

Mr. Wesley H. Courtney at once resolved upon responding to this advertisement, with the view of gaining an insight into the workings of Madame Vere's institution for corrupting society and enriching the proprietress. This gentleman furnished to me the particulars, and I have embodied them in a correspondence. I give his own words :

"I immediately addressed the following letter to 'Juliet' :

"NEW YORK, February, 20, 1870.

"M'LLE—Your advertisement has attracted my attention, and I am prompted by the best of motives in responding. I am a

single gentleman, of respectability, anxious to obtain a wife who will do honor to the society in which I move. It is proper for me to say here that I have an income of \$2,500 per year from salary. I am a commercial agent of a West India firm, and spend about nine months of the year traveling in the South, Mexico, and the West Indies. Three months of the year I am in this city. Should you have no objections to travel, I could take you South with me, and give you ample opportunities for seeing the world. Please write me what you think of the proposition. Address Horatio, Amity street Post-office."

"This note called forth the following response :

"NEW YORK, February 24, 1870.

"MONSIEUR—I received your letter, but not soon enough to answer it before this. I will say that my respectability is well known among my acquaintances, and that it would be very little trouble for you to ascertain the fact; as to my disposition, it is that of a well-educated woman, knowing her duties, always ready to fulfill them. I am a French, lady from Paris, where I have been brought up, being only a few years in this country. I could tell you a great deal more, and will do so in future, but we must first see if the foundations of happiness are well prepared, for love is not so long coming when everything is well prepared to receive it. Is it not so ?

"But what astonishes me, is that you propose that your wife should travel all the time. How could that be ? It seems to me almost impossible. Perhaps you have never thought the matter over. However, should you find a manner in which you could arrange all things for the better, let me know, for I shall expect your answer in care of Madame Vere, 19 Amity street.

"P. S.—I regret I can't write English better."

"NEW YORK, February 28, 1870.

"DEAR M'LE—Your letter of the 24th is received, and seems to be characterized by unusual frankness; but there is no necessity for you regretting your inability to write English: I think you do it exquisitely. I will now state that I am a native of Louisiana; when ten years of age, spoke French fluently, but my

father, who was a Protestant clergyman, removed to Canada, and I forgot all I knew of the language. I have never connected myself with any religious party. Sometimes I attend the Protestant and other times the Catholic churches. Regarding our proposed travels in the South, I may say that it would not be necessary for you to travel always. You could be with me in New York about four months in the year, accompany me to Washington, Charleston, and New Orleans; *where* in each place I remain about a month, and then you could return home, and await my coming."

"Several other letters passed between us, for the purpose of explaining our religious views; Juliet being a Catholic, protesting that her husband must belong to that faith. One of these letters I will here give:

"MONSIEUR—From your last letter, it seems to me that we are very near agreeing, for in your last there are some sentences I like very much, but I do not wish to see you before certain points are made clear; so I must for the present decline a meeting. After these points are well understood between us, I think we may well meet. Have you ever been married? Are you a devout attendant at church? Are you strictly temperate? Is your health good? These are questions I desire answered frankly. What I have not said to you before, and what I perhaps ought to have commenced by, is that I am far from being rich, for I have given French lesson, in New York. I have done so in the best families of this city, making a very comfortable living, and somewhat more, for I have taught several years. I have always been well, very well treated. I have had proofs of affection from many of my scholars; but now I want more than those general kindnesses of strangers; I want a companion, a friend, for all the moments of my life. It is why I am talking to you, thinking you may one day be that dear one, without which there can not be real happiness. Now, I will ask you once more to tell me honestly in your answer, if you are disappointed, if you thought differently of my situation in life; if it is so, I can not be offended at your telling me openly, for you have not seen me; you have not my real name, Mrs. Vere does not know it, either,

and you very likely will never know who has written these words to you. I will expect your answer, I can not say without anxiety, but at the same time well disposed in both cases, as I know that there is One who decides for us."

"The reception of this letter rather puzzled me; I was all along of the impression that Madame Vere was my unknown correspondent, who was weaving a net to entrap me. I at once replied:

"M'LE—Your last note is to hand. I have never been married; I do attend church regularly; I am strictly temperate; and my health is excellent. These are answers to the main questions propounded. *** I am not a fortune-hunter. All I care for is an affectionate heart that I can confide in and devote my life to making happy. You say you have not given me your right name. In that you showed excellent judgment. There is one sentence in your letter I can not understand. You say that I 'may one day be that dear one, without which there can not be real happiness,' and a little further on, declare that 'Madame Vere does not know your name, and very likely I will never know who has written these lines to me.' M'le, I hope you are not trifling with me! This is the first time I have been suspicious of you; but perhaps I mistake your meaning. I shall await your answer with anxiety, and your consent to an interview."

"This note was despatched, and in due time it called forth the following answer, that confirmed my suspicions that my correspondent was Madame Vere herself, and not a French governess. However, I was determined to see the end of the romance. The letter read:

"MARCH 11, 1870.

"MONSIEUR—Although you very kindly say that I write English well, I think you will see that you are mistaken, or else how would you have thought that my earnest and sincere letter was the result of a trifling mind? I believe I said, 'should you be disappointed on account of my situation in life, or in my re-

ligious views, then, *before seeing me*, let me know it, as neither you nor Mrs. Vere knows my name or address, and that I can not be offended by your frankness.' I do not see that I meant to trifle in saying that—therefore, I must have expressed myself wrongly. I will say no more about it, I think we have discussed the most important subjects; now, what remains to be said will be talked over when we meet. I have thought of many places, but I came to the conclusion that *Mrs. Vere's place would be the best, as from there began the correspondence*. She said that Sunday evening was the most convenient to her, and I thought it might be the same to you; so, unless you write immediately to me that you can not come that day. I shall be there Sunday next at eight o'clock, P. M., 19 Amity street."

CHAPTER LV.

MADAME VERE'S OFFICE—A NIGHT VISIT—COURTNEY DISAPPOINTED—EPISTOLARY NEGOTIATIONS—A MEETING—WALKS, TALKS, AND RAMBLES—DELICATE QUESTIONS ANSWERED—COURTNEY'S FAREWELL LETTER TO THE MAIDEN.

"I had now conducted the correspondence to a point that was likely to be productive of some good results, *i. e.*, giving me admission to Madame Vere's rooms. On the evening named for the meeting, I took up a position in Amity street, opposite Madame Vere's, at the hour named. Presently, a lady of small figure, plainly dressed, and veiled, entered the place. Still, I did not follow. My object was to permit the hour of meeting to pass; secure her departure; then enter; apologize to Madame Vere for my tardiness; draw her into conversation, and depart, making another appointment. Fifteen minutes after eight o'clock, the veiled female came out, and, walking down the street, entered the University place cars. I retraced my steps, approached the door, and pulled the bell. It was answered by a man of forbidding appearance, who looked very much like an Italian organ-grinder, who demanded my business in broken English.

" 'I desire to see Madame Vere on business,' I replied.

"He cautiously scanned my features, and intro-

ducing me to a small office, plainly furnished, invited me to be seated, and asked :

“ ‘What name, sir, shall I give?

“ ‘Tell Madame I am the gentleman who is to meet M^{lle} Juliet here this evening.’

“The man disappeared through a rear door, and a moment after, a slovenly-dressed woman entered, carrying a filthy infant in her arms.

“ ‘M^{lle} Juliet has been here and gone, sir,’ was her first remark. ‘She waited some minutes, and stated that she would write you, and appoint another interview.’

“I thanked her for the information and retired, after having taken in at a glance the contents of the room, which contained letter boxes, register books, circulars, chairs, a table, and a few pictures.

“On the following day, I received a note from Juliet, expressing her regrets at our failure to meet, and naming the following evening, at the same place, for an interview. This appointment I resolved to keep, as I was now convinced that Madame Vere and Juliet were distinct persons, although I was not satisfied that they were not working in concert.

“At eight o’clock, sharp, I entered the despicable resort, at the invitation of the villainous-looking man I had met on the occasion of my former visit. The room, or office, was not empty. A female, the one I had seen enter before, sat in a chair near the table, unveiled. The man introduced us, and left the office, closing the door after him. Juliet, who had by letter placed her age at twenty-five, to me appeared to be about forty years of age. She blushed slightly as our eyes met for the first time, but as I conversed freely and gayly on general topics for a few minutes, her em-

barrassment wore away, and she betrayed no signs of emotion. I felt a loathing of her from the moment I placed my eyes on her, but carefully suppressed my feelings, for she was decidedly repulsive to look upon. About five feet eight inches in height, a length of body above the waist that by no means compared with other parts; a neck that stood up like that of an ostrich; a nose resembling the sharp prow of an iron vessel; eyes very much like a serpent's, and hands that would split number nine gloves—she was by no means a beauty.

“‘Let us leave this place, M’lle,’ I said. ‘It is rather cheerless. We may commune with more freedom on the public thoroughfares, where one does not know another’s business, and there are no listening persons to catch the sounds of lovers’ voices.’

“‘Truly, sir,’ was her quick response, ‘I must confess I do not like the surroundings.’

“I opened the door, and we stepped out into the street. Down through Washington Park we rambled, entered Sixth avenue, and down through Carmine and Varick streets to Canal street we journeyed, unnoticed by any of the divorce spies that I took care should not see us. I found from her conversation that she evidently had no connection with Madame Vere, beyond employing her office as a meeting place. The conversation was mainly regarding the marriage relation, and our negotiations by letter. She gave me her family history, and the names of the families in whose employ she had been as a governess, and I so cleverly dissembled, that, on parting, she expressed her satisfaction with me as an applicant for her heart, but declined to give me her name, or permit me to call at her house until we knew more of each other. Miss Juliet assured me

that she resided with her mother and brother, who were carrying on a lucrative business in which she had an interest, but declined to confide the location of her home. After asking me to write her on the morrow, and candidly express my impression and wishes after an interview, she requested me to see her to a Sixth avenue car. Five minutes after, we parted.

"The next day, I addressed her a letter full of flattery and praise, that I knew would have its effect upon the heart of the aged applicant for matrimony, and it brought a response, requesting me to meet her at the ladies' room of the Harlem Depot the following evening at eight o'clock.

"I was there in the deserted room at the hour named, determined to make that the last meeting, satisfied, as I was, that M'lle Juliet was an adventurer, whose only object was to wring from me a promise of marriage that she could force me to fulfill. She came, finally, and notwithstanding the wild March winds were howling without, and blowing the snow over housetop and steeple, she proposed a walk. Down through Fourth avenue we strayed to the Bowery, into Bleecker street, before we were really conscious of the long distance we had walked. During the journey, the conversation was upon our dispositions, expectations, and religious beliefs. I urged her to confide to me her real name and residence, that we might no longer meet clandestinely, but this she firmly, yet politely, refused to do, assigning as a reason, that she had one more question to propound to me first, which, if satisfactorily answered, a full admission to her home and aged heart should be my reward. I had no desire to be admitted to either, but I still plead beseechingly, and urged her to propound the question at once. The fair (?) maiden of forty,

blushingly declared she would rather ask it by letter, and took her departure, with the promise made to me that she would ask the momentous question that very night.

"The following day, my curiosity was gratified on the receipt of this note:

"WEDNESDAY EVENING.

"DEAR MONSIEUR—It is after half-past ten, and yet I am decided that the evening should not pass without my telling you these two important points, which I so well intended to tell you when I saw you. Well, suppose blessings attend our union, would you not adopt my religious tenets for the spiritual welfare of our family. This may not be important to you; to me it is everything. I should much prefer to remain single (which I do not intend doing). This is why I thought I had better let you know this very important point before your coming to see me at my home, for should you object to this, I would a hundred times rather not know you any longer, for I should in that case be afraid to be induced by your kind and pleasant ways to do different, and that would be for a future time taking away all my happiness. Do not believe me a bigoted woman; no, not at all. But this, it seems to me, is the foundation, and not a mere idea or fancy; it might happen so that you have on that point the same opinion as I have; then you can see yourself how could we agree. Tell me honestly, and frankly, will you not? We know so little of one another, that it would be yet time to cut short our acquaintance, while a little later it could not be done, without heart-burnings to both of us. Consider well what you are going to write; I shall preciousy keep your answer as a proof of your declaration. If in the negative, your reply, I promise you I will burn every one of your letters. The second point is this: I am not twenty-five—I am thirty years of age. Of course, I will give you the proof of this. I shall let you know where you can see me, after receiving your response. Are you satisfied with a wife aged thirty years, who loves deeply, devotedly, loyally?"

"I appreciated the importance of the queries propounded by the 'ancient maiden,' and at once seated

myself to reply. I append my farewell to her, written on the following day :

“ THURSDAY MORNING.

“ M’LLE—Your long note reached me yesterday, putting questions that your extreme delicacy prevented you to apply to me verbally. I will answer candidly. 1st.—I have always felt it to be sinful on the part of parents to interfere with the religious opinions of children, especially when parents are adherents of conflicting theories of religion. I hold that at the moment a child reaches the age of reason, when they can judge for themselves, it is criminal for parents to coerce it into any particular belief; but much better to permit it to select its own form of worshiping its Creator. As to the second question, whether your age is an objection, I must answer candidly in the affirmative. You say you are thirty; but you forgot to say how many more years might be added to that without misrepresenting your sylph-like appearance, that really charmed me on first sight, and recalled to me the artist’s ideal of Jephtha’s Daughter, as she sits surrounded by the fairest of Egyptian maidens. Let me now, before I close, and finally bid you farewell, say that I am not anxious to secure a traveling companion this season. I am still young, and can wait. Still, I would not wish that we should part in anger. To be frank with you, M’lle, I only answered your advertisement from curiosity, and that I might gain knowledge; the importance of which, to others, might be as good seed judiciously sown. I have been entirely successful, and through your kindness have been enabled to penetrate the infamy that attends the nefarious business of matrimonial agencies. For some time, I suspected that you and Madame Vere were identical. I have discovered my error, and believe that you are a young lady, who, having been disappointed in securing an affinity so often, that you begin to yearn for a conquest, and as a *dernier resort*, appeal to the personal columns of the press. I will not chide you. I believe you are pure and noble at heart, but too ignorant of the world to trust it too confidently. Take a young man’s advice, and in future eschew ‘personal bureaux’ and matrimonial columns in your search for one who will comply with your requests, he being desirous for a help-mate, if women in these later days can be called such—some believe that a

help-eat is a much more appropriate title for most of our American women. Adieu, M'lle; adieu to dreams of prospective bliss; to my chilly rambles on the avenue; to meetings in Madame Vere's office, and to affectionate missives. I will not, like Hamlet, tell thee to get to a nunnery, for thou art too beautiful to waste away your transcendent beauty within damp walls; but get thee home to thy mother, and learn wisdom by our talks, walks, and disappointments. And, finally, be assured I am too honorable a gentleman to take advantage of our negotiations to your detriment. I know not your name, nor residence, and I shall never attempt to lift the veil that hides these secrets from me. Adieu, again, fair lady, beautiful as the ceres that blushes when kissed by the hot breath of a tropical sun, and hides its charms from view. Hide thine from me—the *ignis fatuus* has been dispelled. Horatio is himself again, and you still remain a maiden."

"Such was my leave-taking. My lady friends will doubtless exclaim, 'wretch!' But I feel that I have not committed any grave error. I never received a response, but I believe Juliet is still in search of a husband, from the following, clipped from the matrimonial column of the *Sunday Mercury*, of May 9th:

"A young French lady (Catholic) of unblemished reputation, wishes to meet with a gentleman matrimonially inclined. Wealth not required; but comfortably situated, thrifty, and honorable. Proposals only entertained. Address Miss B., box 41, 76 Bleeker street, one door west of Broadway."

Let us all hope that the ancient maiden will 'try, try again,' until she secures an affinity more in unison with her feelings than Wesley H. Courtney.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF BOARDING-SCHOOLS—MARIANA GRAVES—
A LIFE BLASTED—A “WAVERLY” PERSONAL—HARVEY
GLYNDON—MOCK MARRIAGE AND DESERTION—LOVE
TURNED TO HATE.

The education of young girls in boarding-schools is always fraught with danger, unless they be surrounded with parental influences, or have minds steeled against contamination. Many a young girl has left the parental roof, pure and uncorrupted, for a rural female school, and returned a giddy flirt, with an artificial education, and a character that disqualifies her for the duties of a wife and mother. In the privacy of their seminary rooms, they first contract habits that render them vicious, and root out the good seed planted by a religious mother, as many a parent has learned too late. The associations of these schools are usually of a demoralizing character, and there the young miss learns her first lesson in deception and sin. There are, we will admit, many honorable exceptions; but as a system, the country female seminaries are prolific of ruin and degradation. Many instances have come under the notice of the author of these pages, where families first date their disgrace and humiliation to the trivial circumstance that they trusted a devoted daughter's edu-

cation to a ladies' seminary. We will give one as an illustration of the position we have assumed :

In 1863, there resided in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a prominent lawyer, whose name was never mentioned by his fellow-men except with honor. We will call him Harwood Graves. He was the head of a family of three daughters. The eldest, Mariana, at the time we write of, was sixteen years of age; educated under the eye of a Christian mother and father, she left home for Fort Edward Seminary, in New York State, with a future full of promise. In the seminary, she soon became a favorite with pupils and teachers—was petted and spoiled. Whenever there was a picnic, Mariana Graves was the belle; when there was a Maying party, she usually won the queen's crown. Time passed on, the associates by whom she was surrounded flattered her by compliments paid to her beauty and accomplishments. She became careless of study, and dreamed of a gay life in the busy outer world, where she would be relieved of the stringent rules that characterized the school. Ere she had been an inmate of Fort Edward Seminary a year, Mariana fell a victim to her vanity. A "Personal" appeared in the *Waverly Magazine*, as follows :

"Wanted, by a young student at the New York College, a lady correspondent, witty, pretty, and young, with whom the advertiser can regale his leisure by a cheerful correspondence. Object amusement, and perhaps matrimony, on graduation. Address Harvey Glyndon, New York city."

Several of the girls read and discussed the phraseology of this "want," and they unanimously selected Mariana Graves as the most talented to open a corre-

spondence. The next post carried a letter to Harvey Glyndon; answers came back, and for two months a correspondence was conducted between the parties, and photographs exchanged. The picture of Harvey Glyndon awakened slumbering thoughts in the breast of Mariana, who, until now, had never known what love was. When vacation came, she wrote to her parents that she was so deeply engrossed in her studies that she would forego the pleasure of a visit to the parental roof. A few days after, Harvey Glyndon appeared in the town of Fort Edward, and was introduced to the matron as Mariana's brother, who was at an Eastern college. For days, they rambled in shady groves, strayed by murmuring streams; and as the time arrived for the opening of the next term, Mariana was tired of books and school restraints—in love with the handsome and fascinating Glyndon. One night, she was missed from the school-building, and on a table, in her room, was found a brief note to the matron, announcing her elopement and contemplated marriage with her lover, Harvey. There was a week of scandal in the seminary, a month of mourning about the family circle of Harwood Graves; yet no intelligence reached Ann Arbor of the whereabouts of the erring daughter.

After her elopement from the seminary, Miss Graves and her lover spent a week or two traveling at the watering places as brother and sister, and, finally, after the round of pleasure became tedious, they arrived in this metropolis of sin. Mariana now insisted that Glyndon should fulfill his promise of marriage, and he readily consented. A mock ceremony was performed, which Miss Graves, in her simplicity of heart, supposed gave her the title of wife. The lovers boarded at a hotel for a month or two, when Glyndon one day sug-

gested a boarding-house where expenses would be reduced. The young wife readily consented. That afternoon, their baggage was deposited on the second floor of a fashionable house in Neilson place, and they became boarders. This opened a new field of amusement for the unsuspecting wife, for Madame C. had many visitors, and eight or ten fascinating lady boarders; yet, she never for a moment, in her simplicity, suspected the character of her residence. Two days after they had entered the place, Glyndon disappeared, leaving a note behind explaining the situation, informing her that the marriage ceremony was performed by one of his friends improvised into a priest, and recommending her to return home to her friends, or remain a permanent *attache* of Madame C.'s elegant mansion. The shock that followed threw her into a fever, from which, ten days after, she emerged a changed woman—the possessor of a heart burning with hate for mankind. She remained for months in the house, and became lost in the vortex of dissipation, into which so many had been plunged before her. It was about this time, when she was known as Julia Livermore, that she was one evening pointed out in the Waverly Theater to the author, who first learned from the lips of a detective her brief but eventful history. The detective had, a year before, been employed by Mr. Graves to search for his lost child, and by the means of a photograph traced her to Madame C.'s house, and endeavored to wean her away from her evil associates, but in vain. Her better nature had been soured, and my detective acquaintance informed me that the handsome Julia took special delight in venting her vengeance upon her own sex. For years, I heard no more of Mariana Graves, *alias* Julia Livermore, and she nearly passed from my mind,

when one day in April, 1868, I met my detective friend on the corner of Grand street and Broadway. After exchange of greetings, he spoke to me of the heroine of the above story, and handed me a slip cut from a city journal, which I will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER LVII.

JULIA LIVERMORE IN A NEW ROLE—THE ATTRACTIONS OF CRINOLINE LAID ASIDE FOR THE FREEDOM OF TIGHT-FITTING BROADCLOTH—ARREST OF A WOMAN IN MAN'S ATTIRE—HER CAREER AT THE WATERING PLACES AND IN NEW YORK—FOUR YEARS IN BORROWED COSTUME—FEMALE FLIRTATIONS WITH WOMEN.

Receiving the newspaper extract, I bade the detective farewell, and returned to my hotel to peruse it at leisure. The article is given below. In the banker, I recognized a well-known resident of Washington, who unenviably figured in the impeachment trial of ex-President Andrew Johnson—a venerable gentleman I had often met in fashionable Washington and New York society—and Charley Morgan, the dashing nephew, I had often seen the banker introduce at New York clubs, and private soirees in Fifth, Madison, and Lexington avenues. The details, as published, are these :

“For some four years past, a young female, the particular *protege* of a wealthy and prominent banker of this city, has been practicing a most surprising and successful deception on the community at large, by assuming the dress and aping the manners of one of the sterner sex ; but, unfortunately for herself, she came to grief last Sunday, by an ignominious arrest at the

hands of a lynx-eyed sergeant of police. This young woman, known to her intimate female friends as Julia, but rejoicing in the cognomen of Charley Morgan among her deceived male acquaintances, is a beauty of the brunette order; but her features are, as may be supposed, of the masculine type, yet not sufficiently so to render her at all less good-looking. She is of the medium height, well-formed, yet has none of that peculiarity of form which renders deception in such cases almost impossible. She wears her hair cut short, and parted at the side and back, and usually has it brushed well forward. If the stories about this remarkable woman are to be credited, and they come from authentic sources, she has not worn the usual dress of her sex for nearly four years past, but has constantly appeared, both in public and private, in male attire of the latest style and most expensive materials. During all this time, she has been in the company of the wealthy banker, mentioned above, who has lavished large sums of money upon her to gratify her peculiar whim of counterfeiting a fast young man. As the nephew of the banker, she has been introduced into some of the best families in this city, and has necessarily been on intimate terms with the fast young bloods about town, and has been their companion in many a 'spree.' In the character she assumed, she spent her money freely, drank champagne cocktails, and smoked segars with the fastest of her boon companions, and occasionally indulged in a 'swear.' Her 'uncle' supplied her with the needful to gratify her extravagant tastes, and many of the bloods about town well remember the champagne suppers, succeeding visits to the opera, at which 'Charley Morgan' acted the host with such natural felicity that her real sex was not for

a moment suspected. During the summer, the 'uncle,' accompanied by his charming 'nephew,' made the rounds of the watering places, where the nephew paid such court to the fair ladies as to cause many a heart-ache. Her team was the fastest and most stylish on the road, and she handled the ribbons with such a masterly hand, that a ride behind her spanking team was considered so great a boon that the ladies almost fought for the privilege.

"Another singular phase of the case is, that Charley Morgan was always a favored and acceptable visitor at the fashionable '*maisons de joie*' in this city, and there is no doubt that some of the queens of the *demi monde* were in her secret.

"But her career was doomed to an abrupt termination. Some time ago, this enterprising young female was a guest at the New York Restaurant, registered as Charles F. Morgan, and was a frequent visitor at the haunts of the *demi monde* in the Fifteenth Ward. During her perambulations by night and by day, she attracted the attention of Sergeant Lucien P. Fields, of the Fifteenth Precinct, who thenceforward kept a strict watch upon her movements, whenever she went abroad. Becoming convinced that Charley Morgan, who was well-known by reputation throughout the ward, was a woman in male attire, he determined to arrest her on the first opportunity, and, last Sunday afternoon, the sergeant carried his resolution into effect. 'Charley' had just left the fashionable resort kept by Louise Walcott, in Neilson place, when she was seen by the sergeant, who at once arrested her.

"She treated the arrest very coolly, laughed at the absurd idea that she was anything but what she appeared to be, and so nonchalant was she, and so perfect her

disguise, that the sergeant was for a moment staggered. He, however, took her to the station-house, where she gave her name as Charles F. Ward, the name of her uncle, to which the police added the *aliases* of Morgan and Julia. By order of Captain Charles W. Caffrey, she was locked up in one of the rooms of the station-house. She was attired in a black broadcloth frock coat; dark vest, cut low to show a broad plaited shirt-bosom, adorned with handsome diamond studs; light cassimere pantaloons; patent leather boots, and fine black Derby hat. All these articles were of the finest quality, and most exquisite cut. She also wore a heavy gold neck-chain, and an elegant gold watch. Her entire outfit was perfect, and her appearance would stand the closest scrutiny. She really appeared to be a fast, beardless boy, of perhaps eighteen summers. She persisted for some time that she was a man, but on a proposition being made looking to the solving of the disputed point, she admitted the truth. In the meantime, her friends had heard of her mishap, and were making extraordinary efforts to procure her release. Miss Louise Walcott called and had a long interview with her, and numerous other friends called. Finally, the services of Justice Ledwith were procured, and that official called at the station-house to order her discharge, but that being contrary to police regulations, the magistrate proceeded to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where, at nine o'clock at night, with the connivance of the late Inspector Leonard, he opened court, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before him. Captain Caffrey produced the prisoner, and after hearing the complaint of Sergeant Fields, the magistrate reprimanded Julia and discharged her. She left the court-room accompanied by a bevy of friends, and it is

thought will not be caught in such a scrape again. This is one of the most remarkable cases of the kind on record, and it is almost incredible that the girl could have practiced the deception to such an extent and for so long a time without detection."

There remains but little more to be said regarding the *protege* of the Washington banker, *confidante* and friend of Cranston. The *World* and *Herald*, at the time, exposed the despicable course of Justice Thomas Ledwith in opening court at nine o'clock on Sabbath evening to discharge a woman, who, through the connivance of the banker, in man's apparel, had been introduced into the best family circles of New York society, and paid court to virtuous maidens; and the subject passed from the public mind. In a future edition of PERSONALS OR PERILS OF THE PERIOD, we may follow up the career of this remarkable woman, who, for the present, is not a prominent actor in the world's drama.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE CALHOUN LETTERS—COMPLETE SERIES OF THE INTERESTING EPISTLES OF MRS. LU. G. CALHOUN TO MRS. MCFARLAND—LETTER OF MRS. SINCLAIR.

We should deem our labor incomplete did we omit the following, which will be known for all time as the "Calhoun Letters." As they bear, somewhat, upon matters which we have endeavored to illustrate in the preceding pages, they will not be considered out of place.

I.

77 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK,

Sunday evening, June 24, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. MCFARLAND

It was a good inspiration which led you to write me, and to believe that I wanted to hear from you. A dozen times since you went away I have sat down with the express and absolute purpose of writing you, and then some dreary manuscript interposed, and my interesting pen labored till it was so tired that it had no power of purpose left. My work is of that discouraging order that consumes time and patience, and exhausts the forces, without building any monuments of progress. Revising, correcting, and mending—compar-

ing, rejecting. Eminently useful, greatly easier than writing, of which I am not fond, but rather dreary. I have been so very busy that I have not written much since you went away. Besides my work for the *Tribune*, I do a certain class of book reviews for the *Independent*, and go about with hands so very full, that I have seldom opportunity to take up private letters. For, as I dare say you know already—but as it is the central fact of the universe, it will bear repetition—I am housekeeping!! I attained that blissful condition, to my extreme surprise, on the first of May. We heard of the house but two days before; took it, and bought one tea-kettle at once. For myself, I am most pleased. I enjoy the freedom and largeness and hospitality of home. And as we must live in shells through all this mortal pilgrimage, it is so much more comfortable to have them of the largest and pleasantest. Our house is very pleasant, as you shall see when you come back. But for this ignorant present, I could wish myself with you, in the smallest farm house that ever took root in a cleft of the hill. For know, O, mountain nymph, that the weather is terrific. Doors and windows swing wide, the generous palm-leaf is plied, but we carried over the ghostliest breeze from Northern peak, or Western lake, or Eastern ocean. June in the country, with a wreath of roses and white hands scattering dews, and June in town, in the brassy helmet of August, with sun-burned fingers shading blinded eyes, are no kin together. Last week, the *Tribune* sent me on a flying visit to Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, the fruits whereof you shall have when they become immortal in Tuesday's issue. Saratoga is dreadful, but the lakes and far-away hills filled me with delight. You know I am a cock-

ney of cockneys—know nothing of the heart and wonder of country life. Never have seen the mountains in my life, save a scattered peak or two, and yet, to me, they are wonderful—things not to talk about unless the dweller be very fine; constant companionship with nature belittles him. I think men grow blind and deaf to the glory that is above their heads and beneath their feet. *Don't they?* I walk in the dark, but it seems to me that meadow and mountain, roses and river, are more to me than to the man of whose estate they are part. And, as art and culture must teach me the wonderful secrets and charms of nature, so I fancy must city life train me into country uses. I have no taste for wigwams; but, all through the soft spring and passionate summer, an eagerness for woods and waters possesses me. Just now, I am imprisoned in the loop of the editorial scissors, and am so base that I shall doubtless continue to be a bondsman all the season, save when the *Tribune* lets me out to do its journalistic warbling, keeping a string about me, that I may not fly too far. If it should believe its vital element of the success of the paper to have two or three letters from the White Mountains, I am the person to sacrifice my ease in its interest, and I shall find some practicable route through Shelburne, that I may take a peep at you.

Everybody is out of town. Mrs. Ward has gone, and the Sinclairs went last week, and everybody else whom I know, except Mr. Richardson, who has a room here, and is so delightfully agreeable and good-natured, that not even this dreadful weather makes him cross, which is saying a great deal for his Christian discipline. Mr. Greeley has almost finished his book, and then he is going away—probably to Saratoga, to trip the light

fantastic toe. Mrs. Greeley has had a hemorrhage, and is very feeble. For myself, I am very well, rather tired, having made my jaunt in three days and written three letters, and very anxious of the dryads and hema-dryads.

I hope you will study *toward* the stage, if not *for* the stage, this summer. That goal seems to me so inevitable, and so desirable, if you cultivate your very great gift at all, that whenever I think of you, I wish you were in your rightful place. The drama is the beautiful art, and you are worthy to be its prophet. My own dreams of serving it will never be hopes now; but, whenever I see brave young feet set toward it, and thoughtful brows bent thitherward, I cry, "godspeed," from my inmost soul. I am so weary to-night, and so warm and uncomfortable, that I have written a most stupid letter; but I would not longer let your dear note go unanswered. I love you, and want to know you better. I have no doubt that we met in this great highroad because each had something for the other, and we well know what it is. Write me at the office or here, and be assured of answers as speedy as my tired pen can write. Ever and always, believe me, affectionately yours,

LU G. CALHOUN.

II.

77 CLINTON PLACE, Aug. 26, '66.

Sunday afternoon.

MY BELOVED FRIEND

It is after dinner, and I am bilious, so expect a soporific. Your last two letters were forwarded me at Long Branch, but I had no time to answer them there,

and I came home only last night. You have been very good to take so much trouble for me, and I want to see you, and thank you with lips and eyes, and yet it is quite miserably possible that I may not be able to come at all. I am going to tell you all my private affairs, so you will see that this letter is only for your dear self.

You know we are housekeeping for the first time in three years, and expenses are terrifying; but I knew Mr. Calhoun wanted to do it, so I thought we could manage; and when I began to receive a regular salary, I resolved not to ask him for anything for my personal wants. Therefore, I have taken care of myself entirely for the last six months. But I have been away for the *Tribune* three times, and, though the paper pays my traveling expenses and my board bill, still I had to dress more than I should at home, and I am forced to buy many things which I should not otherwise. Moreover, I was obliged to put out all my sewing, because I have not had time to do it, and my clothes, and dress-makers' and seamstresses' bills this summer have been over two hundred dollars. 'Then I took one of my sisters, who is not well, to Saratoga, and that cost me almost fifty dollars, and I pay the school bills of the other, which are ninety dollars a quarter, and altogether I have exactly no money now. Of course, if I were to ask Mr. Calhoun, who is the best man in the world, he would tell me to go, but I know he can't well afford to let me just now, and I don't want to break my resolve.

So I shall have to wait till I can hoard a little, and I fear that will be too late to find you. I shall not go to Shelburne if you are not there, of course. I have not much cared to go at all, except to see you—only that. I wanted to take mother, who has never seen the White Mountains; whose health is delicate, and who

is of course growing old. It will be a bitter disappointment to me, on her account, if I can not go. *You* will soon be at home, so that I shall see you in any event. But one thing I will not do, is to "rustle in unpaid-for silk." I had the spectacle of new dresses, and don't mean to have another for a year. I have been trying all summer to save money for some books, for which I am famishing, and some other delightful things, but I suppose I never shall. Do you know I have almost decided to lecture this winter, if I can persuade anybody to hear me, which is problematical. I am going to work at my lectures at all events, and shall resume my elocution lessons to strengthen my voice. I *know* there is as much in me as in Anna Dickinson, and I mean to coin my heart for drachmas, if it be possible. If I can arrange to earn seventy-five dollars by doing extra work these next two weeks, look for me. You know I shall have just double bills to pay, but I want mother to have a nice time, and be able to go just where she likes. Father used to be rich, and now they are poor; but mother has never been reconciled, and I want to give her all the pleasure within my very narrow grasp. So, my darling, I have told you all my disappointments. When I thought I should be able to go by this time, my bills had not come in, and I did not know how difficult it would be for me to manage them. And I have so many persons besides myself to consider. My heart has gone to you ever so many times, and I shall follow in my body if possible.

And now to leave this miserable ledger business for something better. For myself, I have avowed my immediate future. All this fall and winter, I shall do my speedy utmost to make money. It is the one potent servant, the comforter, and consoler, and helper. In

its uses I mean, of course, not in itself. And you—I hope your desire and purpose for the stage has not faded nor been trampled out by hard hoofs of necessity. Have you had any encouragement? I am very useless in that way, having no direct theatrical influence, but I'll try to obtain some. I *know* that you would succeed, and I fully believe it to be your best and noblest work. Nothing so much as the stage needs good lives and good heads. I know I could help you in the direction of your wardrobe, but I feel there isn't much else I can do.

However, my dear child, the helpers will come. Of course, I know that the life is by no means an easy one. I know that I counsel you to discouragement and toil, and contact with coarse people and slights. But if I had half the confidence in *my* powers, that I have in yours, I should have been on the stage months ago, and I know that I should not have failed. I think you have so many gifts; your beautiful voice, your changing color, your varying, soulful face, your earnestness and freshness of nature, your love for your art—and in your love for your art and your love for your children you have also the highest incentive. Dear child, I wish I could make your path straight and smooth to the highest success; but only that success is highest to which we make our way with pain and toil. When you come back, we will have long talks about this matter, and see if we can not make our eager ambition give place to excellent doing.

I believe Stuart might be induced to place you on the staff. They have absolutely no lady at Winter Garden. That Miss Johnson is a chambermaid of the most hopeless order, and how Edwin Booth can play with her passes my understanding. Now, if ever, wo-

men of power are needed on the stage, and I believe way can be made. You know Stuart loves the *Tribune*. I'll write to Mr. Gay and persuade him to use his influence if it will do any good. A Mr. Long would help me. Write me anything—all your hopes and fears and troubles. I have seldom in my life been so frank with *old* friends as in this morning of our love with you. I hope you will be moved to let me help you with your burdens, if that be possible, or at least to tell me what they are.

Meanwhile, I shall indulge a lovely dream of seeing a fitting Desdemona, and Juliet, and Ophelia, and Maritana, to an Othello long unmatched, though often dreadfully wedded; a doting but incomprehensible Richelieu; a Hamlet, who must have been mad to love such a maiden as the stage has long cursed him with, and a Don Cæsar, whose one unpardonable crime was his admiration of the abominable Gipsy he is compelled to make love to. If you do succeed in making an engagement, I shall not have one shadowy fear of your histrionic success, and I shall really feel that I have done some good in the world—a condition of feeling which I have often felt to be unattainable. One has no business not to do his peculiar work. I shall always feel that it was mine, and that I wronged myself in not doing it. But I was helpless. I swam strong seas, and was wrecked in peaceful waters at last. But take care, my darling, that you do not make the same mistake. I know that you will be a happier woman, and therefore a better one, if you *can* do the work which is in you.

When are you coming home? We must see much of each other this winter. We can not afford to miss that, I think. I need you, and I am sure you want

me. My dear, I don't quite suppose we shall be able to set the world right, but we may do something toward keeping each other right. I get dreadfully tired and discouraged, and the mistakes of my life well-nigh overwhelm me at times; and if I can catch somebody to preach to, I always find myself wonderfully improved in temper and cheerfulness. I perceive that you have a beautiful patience, which fits you to be a victim, and I dare say I shall make you one. On the other hand, when other people are worn out, I possess the most indomitable patience and hope, so I may help you.

I hope you will bring back health and strength from those far hills, and a whole harvest of freshness, to be used all winter as need calls. With the spirit of prophecy strong upon me, I foretell that this winter will be a crisis to us both, and I hope a long season of good work in the right direction. Let us weave our hopes about the coming months, and cover them with garlands of peace. I need that, O, so much.

I must stop for the charming interruption of correcting an endless proof. This worthless letter must go, because I shall not have time to write another. Let me hear very soon from you, please; and remember that, whether I am so happy as to come or remain here and await you,

I am ever freely yours,

LU G. C——.

Did you ask me once what was my name? It is the pretty Italian name, Lu-ci-a; but everybody mispronounces it, so I like the diminutive better. Please use it.

III.

77 CLINTON PLACE.

Saturday, 1st.

MY DEAREST CHILD:

Do you know what is my panacea for all my woes? Mr. Richardson. Nobody is half so kind or unselfish as he, and when I am "*stuck*," as the newsboys say, I just tell him, and his clear common sense and kind heart always find a way into smooth paths again. Therefore, if I and he were here, I should just trust him with the whole story, and send him to see Stuart, whom he knows very well. Alas! he left for Kansas on Wednesday, and my right hand is wanting. So I must e'en do the next best thing. I can not at this moment tell what, but my inspiration will come in the course of the day. It always does. I never met Stuart but once, when he was very courteous. He would not remember me now, but if it is the best thing for me to go and see him, I shall go. I shall just find out all his ways from one or two Bohemians who know him intimately, and then visit him and ask him to come and take luncheon with me, as will most propitiate his lordship. My dear, this thing is going to be done. I *know* it *can* be, and I *mean* it shall. I shall set about it to-day, and have progress to report when you come back. Mrs. Mowatt is a shining exception to Mr. Stuart's theory. Mr. Vandenhoff is another. Charlotte Cushman went on the stage to sing, not to play. Madeline Henriques, to her admirers, and Mrs. Jennings, are two more. But it is for us to establish precedents, not to follow them. What did our fathers die for else?

Actresses are born, not made, and if most of our actors were trained for the stage, it is quite time we had

some who were not We may hope for decency, if not for genius. Think of that dreadful Johnson, at Winter Garden, as one of the trained school! Or indeed, of all Booth's support, for that matter. I know that we can do this thing, and we must. Of course, you can take a feigned name for your country engagement, and when you are announced here, they can say "her first appearance at this theatre." I should do it, by all means. Of course, it is no *previous reputation* that Stuart wants, but only the assurance that on the stage you will know your right hand from your left. It vexes me when he has such materials in use that he should interpose objections to better, but I suppose it is necessary.

Well, my darling, there is more glory in plucking bright honor from the pale-faced moon than in being petted with sugar plums of ease, isn't there? The very effort will make the fruit better worth. We'll see; but don't have one doubt of the end. It is perseverance and will that win in the end, and you have talent for *fifty* actresses as at present rated. Your letter has but just come, and I dashed off this sheet that you might not be kept waiting. I'll write again when I have news to tell. I want to come to you more than I can tell you. *I want you*, and I am starving for the living bread of rocks and hills and rivers, but I must e'en feed myself with paving stones, I fear. I don't suppose it will be possible for you to come. If any kind fate should bequeath me a lottery ticket of value in the brief interim, I will be with you on that good Friday. I am the scribbling Sisyphea whose rock rolls down faster than she can bring it up again. I fear I don't sing at the endless task like my antetype. Ah! well, life is nothing but the use we make of it, and it is better to get false teeth for people who need them than

to gather apples of Olympus for one's self. What will be your Salem address? Come to me as soon as you are back, and let me know the New York number. We must gather what gold we can in town, if the mulleins and Aaron's rods did have to fall into melancholy graves without the benediction of my smile. You will be very good indeed to let me read with you. I shall enjoy it and profit by it immensely. My voice is penetrating when in best condition, but strong only in low notes, and they are rusty now. What I want is fulness of tone, and I think I can gain that by diligent work. I must stop. I hope you can read this crooked scrawl.

Ever and always, my beloved, yours fully,

Write often.

LU.

IV.

77 CLINTON PLACE,

Thursday, April 27.

Hurrah, my darling! All my wheels are turning the right way, and the world moves. Mr. Stuart has just gone. He *did* answer your second letter at length. Booth was with him when it reached him, and he read it to that divine man, "who feels interested in" you. I quote the words of the Potentate. And if you will play such parts as Queen, in Hamlet, and others at first, you can have an engagement with the miracle! here!! this winter!!! under an assumed name!!!! Or if you don't want to do that, Mr. Stuart will give you an engagement in the country; but I advise here *first*, by all means. My darling, I could not be happier if I had discovered a gold mine. Maybe we have. Think of playing with Booth. I believe I should die of that

rose in aromatic pain if such a privilege were mine. My dear, this is such a good omen. Youth, and hope, and beauty, as poor Miss Flite used say ; but there is no sad moral in this case. I hope this will reach you in Boston, it will comfort you so much ; but if it does not, it will be only because you will be here, where I can tell you of all the wire-pulling I have done. I am really good for something, I believe, after all ; and when you succeed I shall felicitate myself as none other. I pray you pardon this incoherent scrawl. I am so delighted I know not how to be consecutive. In all my prayers hereafter, I shall name W. Stuart by name. Nobody could be kinder than he, and he wants you to come and see him as soon as you are here. "Such larks, Pip!" And Booth! he has talked about you, and himself proposed to bring you out! See Naples and then die!

I must stop to catch the mail. My darling, I put two loving arms about you, and gave you the heartiest and hopefulest blessing you ever had in your life. Come at once. If you should come on Saturday, and don't have time to come and see me, go to church, Mr. Frothingham's, Fortieth street, near Sixth avenue, on Sunday morning, and sit with me, pew 89, and we'll talk it all over afterward.

Ever devotedly,

LU.

V.

MY DARLING :

I suppose you must be snow-bound, as I am, and I send a good-morning. Lillie and Junius pronounced your "Lucy Capulet" better than Madame St. Juliet. There is *incense* for *genius*. I shall work all day, and

be ready to help you to-morrow. Sacrifice yourself by going to Hennessy's, or in any other way !

My fate cries out, and informs me that I wish to know him. Really to get *at* him.

I am quite sure there is something behind his gray eyes and mobile face. I don't like knowing people indifferently. Husks are such dry fare. But people with cores and fruit within draw me so ; there are just three persons who are much to me in the flesh—J. R. Y.—and you can guess the other two.

But my dream-friends are numerous. Booth is one of them. Spiritually, he is my intimate. He would be amazed to see with what I have endowed him, and how confidential he is with me. Do *you* have such whims ? My novel will be a study of psychology, I fancy. A strange story. The boy waits. I begin to say that I love you dearly—always shall—always must. That you are heroic and high, and a gospel to me who need one. Some day, or rather some night, I shall tell you such a story of my turbulent existence. I would rather write it, but I shall never have time. Suppose I write my novel in letters to you ? How much we have to say to each other, that we never shall utter till the leisure of the New Jerusalem offers opportunity.

Ever, my darling, yours,

LU.

VI.

FRIDAY MORNING, Feb. 22,

MY DARLING CHILD.

What *can* I say to comfort thee ? My heart bleeds over thee. Would I could enfold thee forever more.

My darling, if it were not for Percy, I should take thee away and keep thee as soon as I go home. I do not suppose Mr. C. would let me keep him. My precious, you *must* make your decision. It is profanation for you to stay with that man—you *shall* not. No woman ought to put her womanhood to shame as you have been forced to do for years. It is most cruel, most devilish. You can not work, you can not advance, you can make certain of no future for yourself and the children while you stay. There is no justice, no reason, no hope, in your doing it. My darling, you will leave him scathless; the world is more generous than we think about those things. Every thoughtful man or woman will justify you, and you can shake off the shackles and work with free hands. It is dreadful to have you fight against such odds. I think you could live, yourself and Percy, for what you earn now; and if you can only be free so that you can improve, your salary will be increased. It is wonderful that you have been able to do anything with your disabilities, and I do think that now you may do so much. Oh, *do* leave him, my darling. It is so wrong that you should stay with him.

FRIDAY EVENING.

MY DARLING:

We have just received Mr. R——'s letter. I am *so* glad that you have left M.; do not, I *beseech* you, return. Do not let any weakness of mercy possess you. It is happy that the stroke has fallen, no matter what heart-break come with it. I could be glad that you suffer, if your suffering would keep you away from him. My darling, for whom I would die, *do* not so wrong your womanhood as to go back. You *must* not; *shall* not. When I come back, you shall come straight

to me and *stay*. I will have it so. I will come to-morrow, if you need me. *Write* me, my darling—all things. Even if you are distracted, write. It will calm you, and help you. All my heart flows to you. I would help you, guard you, heal you, if I could. My darling, you can not be misunderstood. I, a proud woman, tell you, that, only by leaving him can you justify yourself to yourself, and to the world of *noble* people. My darling, my money and purse and grief are yours forever. You will not hesitate to come to me, for you love me. *This* is a poor note, I have had to scrawl in pencil. What I have not had time to say in ink: to-morrow, when, if you are better, I shall write you a better letter. All my heart is yours. Let Mr. R—— help you. He is good and strong. Stay where you are till I come. Then come to me. My darling. I love you and sorrow for you.

Thine ever,

Lu.

VII.

MRS. SAMUEL SINCLAIR TO MRS. MCFARLAND.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

Mrs. C. read your letter to me this morning, and I am almost heart-broken for you. My dear, what are you going to do? Whatever you decide upon, of course, your friends—your *true* friends—will accept. But I do hope you will act with firmness and decision. It seems to me that one great effort is only a question of time, and the sooner it is made the better, for you and your children. Do not for one moment longer entertain that

morbid idea that you are responsible for the life of one who is sure to break you down completely, and ruin, perhaps, your children, if they continue to live with him. It will kill you to live this way, and you must not do it. Those dear little boys must be taken care of, and who can do it but their own dear mother?

My dear Abby, I love you like a sister, or I should not write this. Anything that I can do for you, I will cheerfully. Do not despair. You have health, youth, and good friends, and all your friends, without an exception, will support you. I have no doubt of your success on the stage, but should you find that too trying for your health, you can do equally well by writing. I think you are very modest in your own estimation. I think you *write* better than almost any one I know; and should you give your time to it, I have no doubt of your exceeding any American female writer in a short time.

I must suggest one thing, and that is to get Percy away from his father as soon as possible. You know Percy now believes in him, and the longer he remains with him the more intensified will this feeling become, and, of course, the longer it will take to erase it.

It seems a long time since I left you, and I am quite ashamed of not having written before, but our time has been wonderfully filled with Washington gayety, and I am very apt, as you know, to neglect writing to my friends when I feel certain all is well. I have not been jealous, although you have written to Mrs. C. several times. I love her too much not to be willing to give her more than half of what I would receive. Is she not good and charming? How is dear little Danny? I wish he could come to Mary's birthday—the 9th of March. You must come, and bring Percy. We may

not be home before the 8th, but I don't dare write that home. Remember, that *Fear* is your friend. I hope you will not neglect her in my absence. Now, my darling, do write soon. I shall hope for something definite.

Your devoted friend,

C. A. S.

CHAPTER LIX.

AN ALLEGORY—FROM THE HEIGHTS OF MORALITY TO THE ROCKS OF DEATH.

Under the title of a few moral reflections, there appeared a short time ago in a journal devoted to witticism and caricaturing, a faithful delineation of the levity and disregard for the sanctity of the marriage relation, and its moral obligations; and portrayed, by wood-cut representation, a sage philosopher, the editor of a prominent city paper, and an eminent New England divine, coming down from the "heights of morality," arm in arm, to participate in an unholy banquet, and through their pernicious teachings and unholy example, leading souls from the pinnacle of morality to the degrading depths of sin and ruin. It was a truthful reflex of the results of a melancholy and tragic occurrence, that occupied the courts of law for a period so long, that it has had no parallel in the annals of criminal investigation in this country.

The allegory gives the picture a truthful outline of the consequences resulting from heterodox theories, and teaches an excellent lesson from which they may derive a moral—thus:

I.

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

"The world is full of change. Human nature, ever restless, seeks to sway the mind with strange theories and doctrines. The human mind, often weak and ever fallible, is prone to fall victim to specious reasoning.

"And in the vision which shall be here described, we have the restless and the fallible, the tempter and the tempted, the victor and the fallen. In the foreground, there is the *ignis fatuus*; in the rear, following, the hapless victims of a dread hallucination.

"Where is there perfect felicity on earth? Man, dissatisfied with what has been since the creation of the world, rebels against the eternal law which makes him taste the cup of bitterness. Woman, the reflex of man, shares in his perturbation of spirit.

"Not all men and not all women, thank Heaven, seek happiness at the cost of morality. At present, the great majority of mortals accept the lights and shadows of life uncomplainingly, preferring them as they are, to the fatal brilliancy of uncontrolled desire.

"For from the yearning of the few for unceasing felicity on earth, it came about that Love, the holiest, the purest, and the noblest of all passions, was made to serve as the screen for license. And it was the prostitution of a sacred element, which formed the subject of the vision, making the description less a satire than a sad reality surrounding us."

"Thus spake the Seer, in slow and measured accents, preliminary to telling of the vision which he saw in years gone by. And there was an earnestness in his voice, which gave to his words a wisdom they may not, to the careless reader, seem endowed with."

II.

FIRST PART OF THE SEER'S VISION.

"The old man stroked his silvery beard and began :

" 'I stood upon the heights held sacred as the home of purity, and I saw men and women around me, patiently submitting to the sorrows, and thankfully partaking of the joys, of earthly existence. And the Man and the Woman were one. Both were full of faults—both full of sin ; yet the one bore with the failings of the other, for each felt and admitted that hatred aggravates sin, and sin breeds death.

" 'On all sides about me, were contentment, submission, and resignation. Virtue upheld love ; love conquered discord. There was no paradise, but there was all of happiness to make life sweet.

" 'From the midst of all this placid morality, I thought there suddenly came the murmur of disorder. On the top of the height, near unto me, had been a man and a woman, with hands linked together and hearts joined. Each had sworn to love and cherish the other while life lasted, and, perhaps, it was that both had endeavored to faithfully perform their vows. The woman, she was beautiful, and the man, he was poor. Wherefore, it was that the tempter came, and whispered, that Beauty dwelt ill with Poverty. She listened, half indignant at first ; then, as the fiend painted a picture of the joys which Beauty could possess if it chose to cast aside restraints, the woman next listened, and at last approved. As the poet says :

" Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

“ ‘ And thus I thought that in the vision the woman smiled upon the fiend, then loosened her hand from the grasp of him who was her husband, and, with her love turned to disgust, snapped the bonds asunder which bound their hearts together. He, with a pleading face, knelt before her, upraising his arms to Heaven, and calling upon her not to forsake him. Again she hesitated, trembling like the glacier on the Alpine mountain ; but the fiend once more whispered in her ears, pointing with his finger to the distance.

“ ‘ Behold ! ’ he said. ‘ Behold the light that beckons you on to where alone the happiness of luxury and the luxury of happiness are enjoyed forevermore.’

“ ‘ Then, with a scornful gesture, the woman turned from him who was her husband. But once more he clung to her, pleading for her to stay with him. And he held *their* children before her, and in their names bade her to obey the oath she had taken to cleave to him so long as life lasted. Still, she was obdurate ; and again she cast him from her with a scornful gesture.

“ ‘ And the fiend held out his hand and she took it. The flame of desire was in his eye, and it seared and blackened all that was virtuous within her. For though, perchance, she was yet pure in body, her mind had become dark with corruption. The insidious poison of libertinism had coursed through her veins, and she was as one lost to purity.

“ ‘ Hand in hand, the twain walked down the heights of morality to the river, whose waters were divided and distinct. On one side, they flowed light and clear and beautiful, their silver ripples dancing in the sunlight to the murmur of their own music. On the other side, they were as black as the silence of the dead—

sluggish, flowing with a low moan. But beyond the *ignis fatuus*, hovered its single light, imparting to the distance beyond the space of darkness, a beauty indescribable.

“‘As the twain stood on the brink of the river, preparing to cross over, he, that was the husband of the woman, rushed down to where they stood, and made a last appeal.

“‘Mine, by right,’ he cried. ‘Mine, by love!’

“‘Love!’ she answered, scornfully. ‘Love is free! Hearts beat in unison. Thoughts blend in thoughts. There is no echo in my heart for you. My thoughts and yours are wide apart.’

“‘And I thought the fiend smiled, and said: ‘Come.’

“‘They entered the waters together, and I watched them pass hurriedly through the silver waves, until they reached the black and sluggish stream, when both were lost to view.

“‘The man stood gazing at them for an instant. Over his features there passed a spasm of unutterable agony. For awhile, he stood irresolute, as if bewildered by what had transpired. At length, with a shrill cry of anguish, he plunged into the river, following the woman and her tempter. I saw him pass through the clear waters, and heard his last cry of woe, as he plunged into the black waters and faded from sight.’”

III.

SECOND PART OF THE SEER'S VISION.

“The ancient Seer paused for a brief moment. He buried his venerable head in his hands, seeming as if he desired to recall to memory the scenes which, in the

vision, followed the passage of the river by the three beings who had so strangely broken the peace which had reigned upon the Heights of Morality.

“The Seer spoke again :

“‘In wonderment and grief, I sat pondering over what had taken place. Ever and anon, I gazed across the river, and endeavored to peer through the hollow ; but the vast nothingness of space, with the single light of the *ignis fatuus* in the centre, emitting its strangely penetrating rays, and beckoning on the weak and the wavering.

“‘Sadly, I was about to turn away, when, suddenly, the entire horizon was illuminated by a soft melodious light, which penetrated every inch of earth as far as the eye could reach. From the heights, I saw, with startling distinctness, every drop of the black waters—now no longer black, for they were of a bright crimson hue, and seemed as blood.

“‘For a long distance from the bank, was a vast swamp, which ended only where large rocks upreared their jagged heads—rocks whose many points were dyed with the blood which had flowed from the bruised and torn feet of many pilgrims.

“‘And in the midst of this vast swamp, I saw men and women struggling toward the rocks. Upon the slimy substance, in shining letters, were such words as ‘Murder,’ Adultery,’ and ‘Homes Desolate.’

“‘I thought I sought out amidst the struggling mass of human beings for those who had but a while ago crossed the river, following whither the *ignis fatuus* led. And I saw the tempter lying cold and dead at the feet of the man whom he had wronged. The woman, having sunk in the mire of her own iniquity,

wore a face of despair. For her, there was never more of peace and happiness.

“‘I looked again, and up the rocks there toiled many pilgrims, led on by the strange fascination which had made them blind to all save a promise of something grand, yet undefined, which had made them give up the certainty of life, with its clouds and sunshine, for the chance of—what? A dream, a fancy.

“‘Looking again, I saw from behind the rocks the lurid glare of fire, and into this fell men and women, blind to their danger ere it was too late to stay the fatal fall. Theirs was the sin; the rocks they traversed were the rocks of Death, and the price of sin is Death.’”

IV.

END OF THE VISION.

“The old Seer continued :

“‘The deep silence which had reigned while I beheld all these things, was broken by a voice. Turning toward the point from which it came, I saw an angel hovering over the Heights of Morality. Her face was directed toward the sin-encompassed pilgrims, but the features were hidden from view by her hands, as if from very grief she had concealed them.

“‘And the words that she uttered, were those thundered to the world by the Great Unseen, through the prophet on the Mount—words, which, in every part of the globe, are numbered among the great mandates of Omnipotence.

“‘They were these :

“‘THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY.

“‘THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR’S WIFE.

“The vision faded from sight, but it left an impress upon my memory which shall remain forevermore.”

“The old Seer arose, and departed, and we gazed the one upon the other, feeling that his was not the language of cynicism, nor the words of satire; but that his vision was but the reflex of this world’s sin, and of sin’s consequence.”

The reader can not have failed to discover in the above allegorical ideal, the names of the principal actors in the great tragedy of the “period.” The only tempter, however, which the “Seer” could discern in his vision, was man, sinful man.

AUTHOR'S VALEDICTORY.

The author has now arrived at that critical period of his literary effort, in which no little anxiety is felt for the result of a labor hastily performed, and at such intervals of time as could be spared from the ordinary routine of business occupation ; nor has this volume been submitted to the public without due consideration of the construction that may be placed upon it by the critical reviewers of the press, or the characters introduced under assumed names. To the former, I would respectfully say, in kindness, deal with it as its merit or demerit deserves ; from the latter, I have no favors to ask, and none to expect ; to them I would also say, if the *chapeau* is appropriate, and fits, by all means, wear it : but if its shape and form has become so conspicuous to the public eye that it is so easily recognized by the casual observer, assume one that will have for its character three essential qualities : firstly, modesty in its exterior ; secondly, a due regard for the moral influence it may exert on society ; and lastly, to crown the intellect with the ornament of virtue, that will confer not only a lasting

benefit to the wearer, but offer an example for good to the communities in which they mingle, and to whom they owe a proper regard for all things that will improve the tone and morality of the sphere in which they move.

The enlightenment of the age in which we live, and in a country like ours, budding into vigorous prosperity and wealth, surrounded with untold advantages and blessings, we are the observed of all observers, and we should prove to our transatlantic cousins that we are advancing so far in the scale of civilization that we are forgetting the vices and follies of the countries from which they sprung. But the author has some apology to make to the general reader and the public, for exhausting their patience in the perusal of a subject in which, in expressing his views, he may have unwittingly caused some to blush; but they may take into consideration that it is best to give the unpleasant samples (a tithe only of what the author has in his possession), the light of truth, however unpleasant they may seem, and to offer a part of such as he has collated in his observance of vice, error, and criminal guilt; from which, it is hoped, a moral lesson may be derived, in exposing them; and he can consistently use the poet's thoughts, and say :

“ These samples—for alas ! at last
 These are but samples, and a taste
 Of evils yet unmentioned—
 May prove the task a task indeed,
 In which 'tis much if he succeed,
 However well intentioned,”

The subject might have been written by some more gifted pen, that could have lent the charms of imagery and embellishment to the scenes and incidents ; but when it is considered that it will be read by some who prefer the attractions of a " Personal " and its vicious allurements, to a more refined idea of moral sentiment, it may not have been out of place in the author to assume a role where criticism may be freely employed, for using the plainest language to convey a moral—and if others more competent assume the task where I have left off, let them not follow, like

" Philosophers, who darken and put out
 Eternal truth by everlasting doubt ;
 Church quacks, with passions under no command,
 Who fill the world with doctrines contraband ;
 Discoverers of they know not what, confined
 Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind ;
 To streams of popular opinion drawn,
 Deposit in those shallows all their spawn ;
 The wriggling fry soon fill the creeks around,
 Poisoning the waters where their swarms abound."

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